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DECATUR'S STRUGGLE WITH THE ALGERINES.

Virtue & Co. Publishers, N.Y.

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Chapin. Godfrey

New York.
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BATTLES OF AMERICA

BY

SEA AND LAND:

CONSISTING OF

THE COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY BATTLES,

THE WAR OF 1812, AND THE MEXICAN CAMPAIGNS;

WITH

BIOGRAPHIES OF NAVAL AND MILITARY COMMANDERS,

AND

ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTES.

BY ROBERT TOMES, M.D.,

JOINT EDITOR OF COMMODORE PERRY'S "EXPEDITION TO JAPAN," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A SERIES OF STEEL ENGRAVINGS OF NAVAL AND MILITARY INCIDENTS AND BATTLE SCENES, CHIEFLY FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY F. O. C. DARLEY, ALONZO CHAPPEL, AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS.

VOL. II.

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VIRTUE, YORSTON AND COMPANY,
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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-one,

By ROBERT TOMES,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

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VOL. II.

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BATTLES OF AMERICA.

CHAPTER LIII.

General Burgoyne in Straits.—His Wants.—He seeks Relief by an Expedition to Bennington.—Opposition of Officers.—Major Skene, of Skenesborough, carries the Day.—The Force.—The Hessians and Colonel Baume.—Small Means and Great Ends.—The Slow Germans.—The Plodding Baume.—A Capture.—Encouragement and Discouragement.—The Americans on the Alert.—General Stark and his Quarrels.—His Influence.—Colonel Seth Warner and the Green-Mountain Boys.—Stark comes up with the Enemy.—A Successful Skirmish.—A Soaking Rain.—Breyman and his Lumbering Germans.—Intrenchments of the Enemy.—A Fighting Parson.—Molly Stark's Prospects of Widowhood.—The Fight.—Victory.—Losses.—"One Little Hair" too late.—Stark's Glory and Rewards.

1777. General Burgoyne had so far exhausted his resources in his difficult march to Fort Edward, and Schuyler's efforts to deprive him of the natural supplies of the country had been so successful, that he found himself unable to prosecute his onward route to Albany, where, forming a junction with Colonel St. Leger, he proposed to concentrate his forces. His chief want was horses with which to draw his baggage-wagons and artillery, and to mount his cavalry regiments. Having learned that Bennington, in the "New-Hampshire grants" (now Vermont), was used by the Americans as a deposite for stores, and that it contained not only live stock in abundance, but large quantities of corn and flour, he determined to send an expedition against the place. General Phillips, of the artillery, and Baron Reidesel, who commanded the Hessians, opposed the enterprise. They contended that, to send a detachment into the heart of the enemy's country, would be to incur too great a danger. Burgoyne himself thought that a large force might be required; but Major Skene, of Skenesborough, who pretended thoroughly to know the country and the sentiments of the people, declared that the friends of the British cause were as five to one, and that they only required the appearance of a protecting power to show themselves. General Burgoyne accordingly, trusting to Skene's apparently superior knowledge, followed his advice, and despatched but a small force to Bennington, consisting of about five or six hundred men in all, with two light fieldpieces. Of this small detachment, one hundred were Indians, a few British and Canadians, but the greater part Hessians, among whom were two hundred dismounted dragoons belonging to Reidesel's regiment. Lieutenant-Colo-

nel Baume, a German, was appointed to the command; and Major Skene was sent to accompany him, and aid in the execution of an enterprise of which he was the chief instigator.

The force was meager, but it was expected to accomplish great purposes, as may be inferred from Burgoyne's instructions to Lieutenant-Colonel Baume, who was ordered to proceed through the New-Hampshire grants; cross the mountains; scour the country from Rockingham to Otter creek; to get horses, carriages, and cattle, and mount Reidesel's regiment of dragoons; to go down Connecticut river as far as Brattleborough, and return by the great road to Albany, there to meet General Burgoyne; to endeavor to make the country believe it was the advanced body of the general's army, who was to cross Connecticut river and proceed to Boston, and that at Springfield they were to be joined by the troops from Rhode Island. All officers, civil and military, acting under the Congress, were to be made prisoners. He (Baume) was to tax the towns where they halted, with such articles as they wanted, and take hostages for the performance. "You are to bring all horses," adds Burgoyne, "fit to mount the dragoons or to serve as battalion horses for the troops, with as many saddles and bridles as can be found. The number of horses requisite, besides those for the dragoons, ought to be thirteen hundred; if you can bring more, so much the better. The horses must be tied in strings of ten each, in order that one man may lead ten horses."

With these great designs in view, Lieutenant-Colonel Baume, with his small force, set out on his expedition. **Aug. 13.** General Burgoyne, at the same time, moved his army along the eastern shore of the Hudson, and encamped nearly opposite to Saratoga, where, having thrown a bridge of boats across the river, he sent over his advanced guard, under General Fraser.

Baume had not a long march before him, Bennington being only about twenty-four miles to the eastward of the Hudson, but he and his heavy Germans were slow in their movements. "The worst British regiment in the service," says Stedman, the English military annalist, "would with ease have marched two miles for their one." Rapidity of motion was not one of the virtues of the German troops. They were not only naturally less active than the British, but were weighed down by the monstrous accoutrements introduced by Frederick the Great into the Prussian armies. Their hats and swords alone weighed nearly as much as the entire equipment of a British soldier! The Germans were the last men who should have been selected for attempting a surprise, which requires above all things celerity of movement.

Baume went on, plodding his way slowly but faithfully. On the first night he reached Cambridge, where his advanced guard of Indians and Canadians succeeded in dispersing a small party of Americans guarding some cattle. The following day he got possession of the mill of "Sancook," with a large supply of "very fine flour," a thousand bushels of wheat, twenty barrels of salt, and about "one

thousand pounds of pearlash and potash," which the Americans, flying before him, had left as a prize behind them. From this place, on the morning of the 14th of August, he writes a despatch to General Burgoyne, which, upon the whole, is quite encouraging. "By five prisoners taken here," he says, "they agree that from fifteen to eighteen hundred are at Bennington, but are supposed to leave it on our approach.... People are flocking in hourly, but want to be armed." There were, however, already some drawbacks to his successful progress. The Americans were breaking down the bridges, and delaying his march; and the Indians were giving him no little trouble. "The savages," he declares, "can not be controlled; they ruin and take everything they please." With their superior skill in horse-stealing, the Indian allies were the first to get possession of these animals; and, unless they received hard cash for them, they would either destroy or drive them off. Baume, notwithstanding, is still hopeful, and adds, in his deliberate way, "I will proceed so far to-day as to fall on the enemy to-morrow."

The Americans, however, were vigilant, and were preparing to receive the lieutenant-colonel and his Germans. Ever since the success of General Burgoyne at Ticonderoga, the eastern states had been making strenuous efforts to protect their frontiers from invasion. New Hampshire, being the first exposed, was foremost in preparing to defend herself. The militia of the state was called out, and a detachment under General Stark ordered immediately to the frontier.

Stark had only accepted the command of the New-Hampshire militia on the condition of being left at liberty to serve or not under a continental commander as he pleased. The general was vexed by the treatment which he had received at the hands of Congress, that body having, by the appointment of younger and less-experienced men above him, slighted, as he thought, his superior claims. He had therefore left the general service in disgust, but was too devoted a patriot to abandon his country in the crisis of its trials; and, when his native state was threatened, he did not hesitate to come forward in her defence.

John Stark had, while a youth, fought in the French wars. At the first sound of the cannon at Lexington, he had left his sawmill, and, calling together the backwoodsmen of New Hampshire, had hastened to Boston, where he was foremost in the struggle at Bunker's hill. He had served in Canada under Montgomery and Arnold; and he had shared in the victory at Trenton under Washington. Although these services may have been forgotten by Congress in the strife of partisanship, they were held in fresh remembrance by his own state.

Stark's influence in New Hampshire was so great, that his appointment was no sooner made, than fourteen hundred men rallied to his standard. These were not raw militia, but brave and true soldiers, well officered, who had already, like their veteran commander, seen service.

Stark's resolve to act independently of the orders of any continental commander was soon put to the test. General

Lincoln, who had been sent by Washington to the North, to aid Schuyler, had now reached Manchester, some twenty miles north of Bennington. Here Stark met him, and was ordered to join Schuyler at Stillwater. With this order, however, he refused compliance, confronting Lincoln with the "condition of service" which the state of New Hampshire had accepted. The matter was finally referred to Congress for adjustment, when that body resolved "that the council of New Hampshire be informed that the instructions which General Stark says he has received from them are destructive of military subordination, and highly prejudicial to the common cause at this crisis; and that therefore they be desired to instruct General Stark to conform himself to the same rules which other general officers of the militia are subject to, whenever they are called out at the expense of the United States."

Stark, however, was a plain man, and had no fastidious regard for the nice distinctions of legislative privileges. He would do everything, he said, to promote the public good, but nothing that was inconsistent with his own honor, and went on, resolutely bent upon the sole object of defending his state, now threatened with danger. Having heard of the advance of Lieutenant-Colonel Baume, the veteran Stark hurried back to Bennington, where he was soon followed by Colonel Seth Warner and his "Green-Mountain Boys," who had returned to New Hampshire after St. Clair's surrender and retreat from Ticonderoga.

On reaching Bennington, Stark learned that Baume's Indians were at Cambridge, twelve miles north of him. He immediately sent forward Lieutenant-Colonel Gregg, with two hundred men, to oppose them; and the next morning, having rallied his brigade and **Aug. 14.** the militia, and being reinforced by Warner, who had come into Bennington with his men drenched by a soaking rain, he marched himself with all speed to meet the enemy. Warner's regiment was left behind to "dry" and refresh themselves. Stark had got but seven miles on his way, when he met Gregg and his party in full retreat, with Baume's force in pursuit, only a mile in their rear.

Stark at once halted his troops, and drew them up in order of battle. The enemy coming up and seeing his strength, did likewise, taking their position on a hill very advantageously situated. Stark confined himself to sending out small parties to skirmish with their advance-guards, and with such good effect, that thirty of the enemy were killed or wounded, without any loss on his own side. As his ground was not suitable for a general action, the American commander withdrew his troops a mile farther back, and encamped. The whole of the following day was mostly lost, for **Aug. 15.** it rained heavily from morning till night. A council of war, however, was called, at which a plan of action was agreed upon. Two detachments were to be sent to attack the enemy in the rear, while a third should oppose them in front. Lieutenant-Colonel Baume, in the meanwhile, took advantage of this pause to send to Burgoyne for a reinforcement; and Colo-

nel Breyman was immediately despatched with five hundred men to his aid. His progress, however, was so slow, with his lumbering Germans, that, although he had but twenty-four miles to march, he took over two days to accomplish it! "This Breyman," says the author of "*Knight's History of England*," "like most of his school, was a pedant and a formalist, who had no notion of marching, even through a rough country, except with all the order and precision of the drill-ground: he halted ten times an hour to dress his ranks." Of course, such a laggard was not likely to be up to time, and we shall find that his arrival was too late for him to render any aid.

Baume, in the meantime, continued by means of intrenchments to strengthen the position which he had chosen, upon the high ground, within a bend of the little Wallormscook river. Although the rainy weather kept the two opposing parties, for the most part, within their encampments, there was an occasional skirmish between them; and the Indians were so frequently picked off by the New-Hampshire riflemen, that they began to desert Baume, telling him that they would not stay, because the woods were filled with Yankees.*

General Stark, before leaving Bennington, had sent expresses in all directions throughout the country, to summon the militia, and they now began to come in. Before break of day on the morning of the 16th of August, Colonel Symonds marched into camp with a considerable body from Berkshire county, Massachusetts. Among the volunteers was a warlike clergyman of the name of Allen. So impatient was he for the fight, that he no sooner arrived, than he presented himself to Stark, saying, "General, the people of Berkshire have been so often summoned without being allowed to fight, that they have resolved, unless you now give them a chance, not to turn out again."—"You wouldn't surely wish to march while it is dark and raining!" replied Stark. "No, not just now," answered Allen. "Well," responded the general, "if the Lord will only give us once more some sunshine, and I do not give you fighting enough, I'll never ask you to come out again."

As the day advanced, the rain ceased, and the sun shone brightly; so Stark prepared to begin his operations against the enemy. In accordance with the plan agreed upon with his officers on the previous day, the general sent Colonel Nichols, with two hundred men, in the rear of the enemy's left, and Colonel Herrick, with three hundred, in the rear of their right, with orders to join their forces and make a simultaneous attack. To the right, Colonels Hubbard and Stickney were detached, with two hundred men, while a hundred were sent to the front, in order to draw the attention of the enemy in that direction. The command of the main body the general reserved for himself, with the view, as soon as the action began, to push his men forward and make a charge in front. **Aug. 16.**

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when the attack was begun, by the advance of Colonel Nichols upon the rear of Baume's intrenchments. "Forward!"

* Lossing.

shouted Stark, at the sound of the first gun, as he led his troops on against the enemy's front. "See there, men!" continued he; "there are the red-coats! Before night they are ours, or Molly Stark will be a widow!" And his brave fellows, responding to this homely speech of their general with a loud huzza, pushed forward. In a few minutes the action was general. "It lasted two hours," wrote Stark, "the hottest I ever saw in my life. It represented one continued clap of thunder." The Indians were the first to give way. Finding that they were about to be hemmed in by the Americans in the rear, they fled, yelling and jingling their "cow-bells," but received a fire by which three were killed and two wounded as they ran between the two detachments of Nichols and Herrick, that were closing to form a junction.

The Germans, nevertheless, spiritedly resisted, clinging to their guns within the breastworks as long as their ammunition lasted; and then strove to defend themselves with sword in hand, and with the brave Baume at their head. The Americans, however, though armed only with their "brown firelocks," and with hardly a bayonet, mounted the fortifications and assailed them with such dashing gallantry, that the enemy were obliged to give way. "Our martial courage," said Stark, "was too hard for them." After a severe loss in killed and wounded, among the latter of whom was Baume himself, they were driven from their ground, leaving their artillery and baggage behind them.

Stark's militiamen, who had been promised by him all the plunder taken in the enemy's camp, now left their ranks to secure their booty. The retreating Germans, hearing of the advance of Colonel Breyman with a reinforcement, began to rally, and might have renewed the engagement to the disadvantage of the undisciplined Americans, scattered about in their search for plunder, had not Colonel Warner's regiment, which had been left behind at Bennington, luckily come up at this moment, and began the attack afresh. Stark, too, gathered as many of his dispersed men as he could, and, forming them, pushed forward. The battle was renewed, and continued obstinately on both sides until sunset. The enemy, however, were forced to retreat, with Stark close at their heels, who pursued them until dark. "Had day," said he, "lasted an hour longer, we should have taken the whole body of them."

The laggard Breyman came up with his slow Germans only in time to meet Baume's force in full retreat. "Had he been *one little hour* sooner, the fate of the day," according to the British authorities, "might have been different; but now he had nothing to do but to put the fugitives of Baume's detachment into some order, and retreat to the place he had come from."

Seven hundred of the enemy were taken prisoners, among whom was Baume, who soon after died of his wounds. Two hundred and seven of them were left dead on the field. The Americans had about one hundred killed and nearly the same number wounded. Stark himself lost "his horse, bridle, and saddle," in the action. Four pieces of brass cannon, sev-

eral hundred stands of arms, and a miscellaneous collection of brass-barrelled drums, stores, swords, and baggage-wagons, fell into the hands of the Americans. These (or their value) were claimed by Stark for his troops, since, as he declares in his official account, that he promised "the soldiers should have all the plunder taken in the enemy's camp."

The Americans were everywhere greatly inspirited by this triumph at Bennington. The gloom, which had previously so darkened the hopes of the people in the North, now began to disappear before this dawn of victory in the East. The militia became more self-reliant, and proved themselves more worthy of the trust of others. They had succeeded in overcoming European regulars, and had put to flight the much-dreaded Indian savages arrayed against them.

General Stark's share in the victory was handsomely acknowledged. Congress, forgetting their own wrongs, now thought only of his rights, and, appointing him a brigadier-general in the continental army, reinstated him in the position which he claimed.

CHAPTER LIV.

Court of Inquiry upon Generals Schuyler and St. Clair.—Schuyler superseded.—Washington declines to nominate a Successor.—Unpopularity of Schuyler, and its Causes.—General Gates appointed to the Command of the Northern Department.—Courtesy of Gates and Schuyler.—Schuyler chagrined.—Gates agreeably disappointed.—Gates's Attack upon General Burgoyne with his Pen.—Military Rhetoric.—Burgoyne's Answer.—Movements of General Arnold.—A Master of Grandiloquence.—A Yankee Trick.—Yan Yost Cuyler.—The Success of his Mission.—The British forsaken by the Indians.—An Indian Practical Joke.—Fort Schuyler relieved.—Arnold hastens to join Gates.

1777. Congress had determined that a court of inquiry should be held, to investigate the conduct of Generals Schuyler and St. Clair, in consequence of the surrender of the posts at Ticonderoga and Mount Independence. They were accordingly ordered, though the time was not yet specified, to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to headquarters. In the meantime, it was resolved to supersede General Schuyler in the command of the northern department. The appointment of his successor was referred by Congress to Washington, who, however, declined this responsibility, telling them in reply: "The northern department in a great measure has been considered as separate, and more peculiarly under their direction; and the officers commanding there always of their nomination. I have never interfered further than merely to advise, and to give such aids as were in my power, on the requisitions of those officers. The present situation of that department is delicate and critical, and the choice of an officer to the command may involve very interesting and important consequences."

Aug. 1.

When Congress authorized Washington to make the appointment, the New-England delegates were so anxious that their favorite should receive it, that they wrote to the commander-in-chief, urging him to appoint General Gates, and expressing the opinion that "no man will be more likely to restore harmony, order, and discipline, and retrieve our affairs in that quarter." This attempt to influence his judgment probably induced Washington to decline all interference in the matter. On the question being again brought up before Congress, Gates received the appointment.

General Schuyler, of whose patriotism and active devotion to the interests of his country there could be no doubt, was exceedingly unpopular with New England. The cause has been attributed to the old quarrel growing out of the dispute in regard to the boundary-line between his native colony of New York and that of Massachusetts Bay. Schuyler had served as a boundary-commissioner, and, in his zealous defence of the claims of New York, is supposed to have incurred the ill feeling of New England. It is far more probable, however, that the formal manners, and the claims to social distinction of the more aristocratic "New-Yorker," did not accord with the rude simplicity of the equality-loving "Yankee." Gates, who was of a social turn, and easy in his manners, on the other hand, succeeded in conciliating the New-England people, and possessed at this time all their love and confidence. His appointment, therefore, was gladly welcomed; and, although with the success at Bennington, and the difficulties then in the way of Burgoyne, by the strenuous exertions of Schuyler, the army and the inhabitants of the North and East had got rid of much of their panic, there is no doubt that the appearance of Gates served greatly to quicken the restoration of their confidence and courage.

Schuyler courteously received Gates when he presented himself at the camp at Van Schaick's island (where the Mohawk enters the Hudson), **Aug. 19.** to assume the command of the army. Repressing his vexation at the treatment of Congress, the superseded general told his successor that he intended to remain in the camp for the present, and begged him to avail himself freely of his services.

That Schuyler was deeply wounded is apparent from his letter to Washington. "It is," writes he, "matter of extreme chagrin to me to be deprived of the command, at a time when soon, if ever, we shall probably be enabled to meet the enemy —when we are on the point of taking ground where they must attack to disadvantage, should our force be inadequate to facing them in the field — when an opportunity will in all probability occur, in which I might evince that I am not what Congress have too plainly insinuated, by the resolution taking the command from me."

General Gates, when first setting out, was not much encouraged by the prospect of his northern command; but when he reached the camp, he found that the tide of affairs had taken a more favorable turn. "Upon my leaving Philadelphia," he wrote to Washington, "the prospect this way appeared most gloomy; but the

severe checks the enemy have met at Bennington and Tryon county have given a more pleasing view of public affairs. I can not sufficiently thank your excellency for sending Colonel Morgan's corps. They will be of the greatest service to the army; for, until the late successes this way, I am told it was quite panic-struck by the Indians, and their tory and Canadian assassins in Indian dress. Few of the militia demanded are yet arrived, but I hear of great numbers on their march."

Gates inaugurated his command by an attack with his pen on Burgoyne. That general had sent in a complaint of the treatment received by the prisoners taken at Bennington. Gates retorted by denouncing the employment of the Indians, and holding Burgoyne responsible for their cruelties. In the course of his letter he described, in a strain of turgid rhetoric, the tragic death of Jane M'Crea, and concluded by saying, "The miserable fate of Miss M'Crea was peculiarly aggravated by her being dressed to receive her promised husband, but met her murderer, *employed by you!*" Nor was this all; he added: "Upward of one hundred men, women, and children, have perished by the hands of ruffians, to whom it is asserted *you have paid the price of blood!*"

After Gates had elaborated his epistle, he called General Lincoln and his adjutant-general (Wilkinson) into his apartment, read it to them, and asked their opinion. They modestly declined to give it. The general, however, pressed them, when they both declared, as might be expected from the extracts which we have given, that the letter was too personal. Gates, with the usual vanity of authorship, replied testily, "By G–d, I don't believe either of you can mend it!" It was therefore sent without amendment.

Burgoyne was naturally indignant at the charges of Gates, and took pains, in a long answer, to refute them. In regard to the tragic death of Miss M'Crea, he declared that it was no premeditated barbarity; that no one regretted it more than himself; and that, moreover, the murderer should have been executed, had it not been believed that a pardon on the terms to be granted would be more efficacious to prevent further outrage. As for the other Indian cruelties, Burgoyne denied them, and, in regard to the complicity of which he was accused, emphatically asserted—"I would not be conscious of the acts you presume to impute to me, for the whole continent of America, though the wealth of worlds was in its bowels, and a paradise upon its surface."

It may be presumed that Gates himself did not believe that Burgoyne was the criminal which his letter would seem to indicate. His object was to exaggerate the cruelties of the enemy, in order to excite the horror and indignation of the country. He was merely availing himself of what he believed to be a justifiable *ruse de guerre*, and it proved wondrously effective. Gates's exaggerated statements and rhetorical bombast accorded with the excited and unreflecting sentiment of the times, and his letter became immensely popular.

General Arnold, who, as we have seen,

had gone to the relief of the garrison at Fort Schuyler, soon overtook the detachment of eight hundred men, under General Learned, which had preceded him. On reaching Fort Dayton, at the German Flats, where there was a small guard of continental troops, it was found that the whole force which could be mustered amounted to only nine hundred and forty-six regulars and one hundred militia. It was therefore deemed imprudent, with so meager a force, to attempt an attack upon Colonel St. Leger, who was investing Fort Schuyler with a miscellaneous body of Indians, Canadians, and regulars, numbering no less than seventeen hundred. Arnold sent to Gates for reinforcements, and in the meantime tried the efficacy of a proclamation. He was a great master of grandiloquence, and on the present occasion outdid his usual efforts.

Presenting himself as the "Honorable Benedict Arnold, Esquire, general and commander-in-chief of the army of the United States of America on the Mohawk river," he proclaimed a free pardon to all who joined or upheld him, "whether savages, Germans, Americans, or Britons," provided they should lay down their arms and take the oath of allegiance to the United States within three days. Those who would not were threatened with the "just vengeance of Heaven and their exasperated country," from either of which no mercy was to be expected! Colonel St. Leger was denounced as a "leader of a banditti of robbers, murderers, and traiters, composed of savages of America and more savage Britons," who were threatening ruin and destruction to the people. This swelling manifesto had its effect, but proved less efficacious than another device which sprang from the teeming womb of Yankee ingenuity.

Lieutenant-Colonel Brooks, of the Massachusetts line, suggested the employment of a man of the name of Hanyost Schuyler, or Yan Yost Cuyler, as an emissary to be sent into the camp of the enemy, with an exaggerated report of Arnold's numbers, in order to alarm the Indians. This fellow, who was known to be a tory, had been arrested while prowling about the American encampment, and was condemned to be executed as a spy. He was now brought before General Arnold, who promised him a pardon if he would perform the service required of him. He readily consented, and was sent away to St. Leger's camp; while, to secure his fidelity, his brother was kept as a hostage.

Cuyler is spoken of as a half-witted fellow, but he was evidently much more of a rogue than a fool, as was proved by the cunning with which his mission was accomplished. He was, however, greatly aided by some Indian confederates, one of whom suggested that he should shoot bullets through his coat, in order that his story might appear more probable to the enemy. One or two Indian accomplices also agreed to follow Cuyler, and substantiate his reports of the strength of the Americans.

Cuyler accordingly presented himself among the Indians before Fort Schuyler, telling them how he had barely escaped (of which his riddled coat was indubitable proof) from the bullets of the enemy, who

pursued him and were advancing in vast numbers. The savages listened unsuspiciously, and asked with alarm, "How many are coming?"—"A thousand!" he had seen in one body, answered Cuyler, and "a thousand in another," and he did not know "how many more," but, looking up into the surrounding trees, he declared that he believed "they were as numerous as the leaves." Soon came in one of Cuyler's Indian confederates, about whom his fellow-savages pressed as eager listeners; and receiving from his lips a confirmation of Cuyler's story of the approach of the Americans, and still more extraordinary accounts of their force, they became greatly alarmed.

Colonel St. Leger was soon conscious of the agitation among his Indians, created by these reports. The chiefs hurried to him, and, confronting him angrily, thus addressed him: "You mean to sacrifice us! When we marched down, you told us there would be no fighting for us Indians; we might go home, and smoke our pipes; whereas numbers of our warriors have been killed!" St. Leger strove to allay their fears and anger, promising to lead them on himself against the enemy, and cover them with a van of three hundred of his best troops. They appeared quieted for the time, and agreed to go out the next morning to choose the proper ground for a field of battle.

St. Leger went out accordingly early on the following day with his Indian warriors, and, having chosen his ground, drew up his force. Soon, however, there came an Indian, a second confederate of the wily Yan Yost Cuyler, with the report that the enemy were advancing with two thousand men; and immediately he was followed by a third dusky fellow, who declared that all Burgoyne's army had been cut to pieces, and that General Arnold was pushing forward by rapid and forced marches with three thousand men! The savages now became so panic-stricken, that two hundred decamped immediately, and the rest threatened to follow. St. Leger called Sir John Johnson to his aid in this emergency, but even his undoubted influence over the Indians proved on this occasion of no avail.

The savages persisting in their determination to leave St. Leger, unless he should retreat, he was forced to comply. He proposed, however, to retire with deliberation during the night, having first sent on before him his sick, wounded, and artillery. But the Indians were too impatient to go, and too eager for the confusion of a hurried movement, to consent to a delayed and orderly retreat. They artfully kept up the alarm in the camp, by causing messengers to steal away and come in again, with rumors that the enemy were approaching. The colonel, notwithstanding, resisted their importunities to march, until the savages "grew furious and abandoned; seized upon the officers' liquor and clothes, in spite of the efforts of their servants; and became more formidable," says St. Leger, "than the enemy we had to expect." He was now forced to retire before night, and, having called in his advanced posts, hurried off toward Oswego.

"They went off," says Gordon, "and St. Leger was, about noon of the 22d [Au-

gust], in such hurry and confusion, as to leave his bombardier asleep in the bomb-battery. His tents, with most of the artillery and stores, fell into the hands of the garrison. Some of the Indian sachems, who were highly disgusted with him, concluded to play upon him, and divert themselves at his expense. In the evening the flying troops came to a clay soil, pretty soft. St. Leger and Sir John Johnson were in an altercation, St. Leger reproaching Sir John about his Indians, and Sir John blaming St. Leger for not carrying on the siege differently.

"A couple of Indian chiefs, upon a rising hill at a small distance, with light enough to observe their situation, and near enough to notice their wranglings, which proceeded almost to fighting, directed an Indian to withdraw some considerable way behind them, and then to run after them, crying out with all imaginable earnestness in the Indian language, '*They are coming! they are coming!*' and to continue it.

"St. Leger and Sir John, upon hearing the dismal note, made off as fast as they could, but often tumbled into the dirt. The men pushed off in the greatest hurry. The Indians renewed the joke; and continued thus, and in like ways, till the royalists arrived at the Oneida lake."

The garrison at Fort Schuyler were greatly mystified by this sudden movement of the enemy. Colonel Gansevoort knew the strength of the besiegers, and how day after day they had been laboriously proceeding with their works, apparently with full confidence in a successful issue to their operations. They had peremptorily summoned him to surrender; and, although he had resolutely answered that he would defend the fort to the last extremity, there had seemingly occurred nothing in the relations between the besiegers and besieged to justify this sudden retreat of the enemy. The mystery, however, was soon cleared up by the arrival of the cunning Cuyler at the fort. Fearful that his trick might be detected, and he meet with the punishment which he deserved, the rogue had fled in the night, during the confusion of St. Leger's retreat, and made his way to Colonel Gansevoort, to whom Cuyler, himself the principal agent, now disclosed the *ruse* by which St. Leger had been forced to raise the siege.

General Arnold did not await the result of his cunning device against the enemy nor reinforcements from Gates, before marching. He resolved, with his usual impetuosity, to push on to the relief of Gansevoort with the force at his command, however small. But he had not got far when a New-York regiment found him, having been sent by Gates, to whom Arnold thus wrote from the German Flats: "I leave this place this morning, with twelve hundred continental troops and a handful of militia, for Fort Schuyler, still besieged by a force equal to ours. You will hear of my being victorious — or no more. As soon as the safety of this part of the country will permit, I will fly to your assistance." He was still pressing forward in his march toward the fort, when he heard of the success of his *ruse*, and accordingly determined to return and join Gates.

Aug. 21.

CHAPTER LV.

Washington in Perplexity.—The British in Chesapeake Bay.—General Howe's Object.—Philadelphia.—The Course and Voyage of the British Fleet.—Washington marches from Germantown.—The March of the Americans through Philadelphia.—Landing of General Howe.—Want of Horses.—Forestalled by the Patriots.—Young Henry Lee.—"Light Horse Harry."—General Sullivan under a Cloud.—Washington determines to give Howe Battle.—The Indefatigable Commander.—Chad's Fort.—Order of Battle.—Approach of the Enemy.—Battle of the Brandywine.—Vain Efforts of Gallantry.—Retreat of the Americans.—The Killed and Wounded.—Conduct of the French Officers.—Gallantry of Lafayette and De Fleury.—Lafayette wounded.—Sullivan again under Censure.—He is recalled and retained.

1777. WASHINGTON, after being a long time perplexed in regard to the movements of General Howe, and forced to shift his encampment hither and thither, now to one side of the Delaware and again to the other, finally concluded, together with his officers in council assembled, that the enemy's fleet had most probably sailed for Charleston. It was, however, thought expedient not to follow Howe to the southward, but to move the army toward the North river. On the very day that Washington was preparing to march in accordance with this resolution, he received intelligence that two hundred sail of the enemy had anchored in Chesapeake bay, off Swan point, nearly two hundred miles from the capes. There was now no doubt that Philadelphia was Sir William Howe's object, although the route he had taken, as Washington remarked, was "a very strange one."

Aug. 21.

The course of the British fleet, which had caused so much perplexing speculation, had been directed, not according to any wily schemes of General Howe, but by the caprice of the weather, and the force of circumstances beyond his control. The army had embarked on the 5th of July, but was detained by a head-wind at Sandy Hook until the 23d, and after sailing did not make the capes of Delaware until the 30th. It was Howe's intention to have sailed up the Delaware to Philadelphia, but, receiving intelligence that the Americans had raised prodigious impediments on that river, he changed his mind and stood for the mouth of the Elk, which opens into Chesapeake bay. He was now so baffled by the prevalent southerly winds of the season, that he did not succeed in entering the Chesapeake until this late period (the 21st of August). His troops, both cavalry and infantry, crowded into the holds of the transports, during the hottest season of the year, and unprovided with the necessaries and comforts for a long voyage, suffered greatly. The soldiers were weakened by the protracted confinement on shipboard, and the horses became nearly useless.

Washington now changed the direction of his march, and determined to proceed from Germantown, where he was then encamped, in a southerly direction along the western bank of the Delaware, in order to meet and oppose the approach of

the enemy. He also sent for General Sullivan, who was at that time on the North river, to join him with his division. With the view of exerting "some influence on the minds of the disaffected there, and those who are dupes to their artifices and opinions," Washington marched his army through Philadelphia.

The whole force amounted to nearly nine thousand men, and that their march through the city produced the impression desired may be inferred from the account given by Graydon, who from "the coffee-house corner" beheld them as they passed. "These," he says, "though indifferently dressed, held well-burnished arms, and carried them like soldiers, and looked, in short, as if they might have faced an equal number with a reasonable prospect of success." Passing on through Philadelphia without halting, the army continued its march through Derby and Chester, to Wilmington.

Sir William Howe, in the meantime, had landed on the banks of the Elk river,

Aug. 25. at the head of Chesapeake bay, and moved his troops to within two miles of the town of Elk (Elkton), in Maryland, where he encamped them upon the hills. Howe had lost so many horses during his long voyage, that he was unable to send out those mounted parties by which he had hoped to scour the country, and secure supplies. The Americans were thus enabled to frustrate him; and, being now provided with an excellent cavalry-force, they succeeded not only in securing a good portion of the public stores deposited at the head of the Elk, but in greatly harassing the British advanced pickets. Young Harry Lee, with his light-horse, did great service in these skirmishes.

Lee was a young Virginian — at this time only twenty years of age. His namesake, General Charles Lee, declared that "he came forth a soldier from his mother's womb." Washington warmly welcomed the youth when he first offered his services, gave him the command of a company of light-horse, and watched ever after with fond admiration his spirited career. "Perhaps," says Irving, "there was something beside his bold, dashing spirit, which won him this favor. There may have been early recollections connected with it. Lee was the son of the lady who first touched Washington's heart in his schoolboy days, the one about whom he wrote rhymes at Mount Vernon and Greenway Court — his lowland beauty." Lee's gallantry, in fact, was noticed by the entire army, and his services as a cavalry-officer were so remarkable, that he was popularly known as "Light-horse Harry." Washington took care to record the deeds of his youthful compatriot: "*Ten o'clock.*— This minute twenty-four British prisoners arrived, taken yesterday by Captain Lee of the light-horse," is a postscript to his letter to the president of Congress, dated Wilmington, 30th of August.

General Sullivan, in obedience to Washington's orders, had joined the army with his division. He came back, however, with some imputations resting upon his conduct in an unsuccessful enterprise against Staten island. It was resolved to appoint a court of inquiry to investigate the matter, while in the meantime he was left in

full command. Sullivan was frequently exposed to charges of ill conduct; but, as he always brought forward proof of his courage and the sincerity of his patriotism, he never failed to reinstate himself, if not in public opinion, at any rate in his rank in the army.

Washington's army now amounted to fifteen thousand men, although the effective force, from sickness and other causes, was calculated at only eleven thousand. He had determined, however, to give the enemy battle, though the latter were estimated to possess the greatly superior strength of eighteen thousand. There were not wanting those who considered Washington's resolution to fight under the disadvantage of such inferior numbers as imprudent. He believed, nevertheless, that, with the choice of a good position, he might make an effective resistance. Moreover, he thought that, to retreat before General Howe, and allow him to march to Philadelphia without opposition, would dispirit the country and injure the cause even more than a defeat.

Washington was indefatigable in preparing for the contest. He was constantly in his saddle, riding about the country, in spite of the heavy rains, to reconnoitre the position of the enemy, and to select proper ground for opposing their advance. It was finally concluded to move from Wilmington to Newport, where the army was posted in a line along the bank of the Red-Clay creek. The British, in the meantime, had advanced within eight miles, and taken their position on Iron hill. Skirmishes ensued between the advanced pickets of both armies, but with little advantage to either side.

Sept. 7.

General Howe now made another forward movement, with the apparent intention of attacking the Americans. Washington waited for him the whole day; but finding that he had halted at Milltown, within two miles of the American encampment, and it appearing probable that the enemy only intended "to amuse us," says Washington, "in front, while their real intent was to march by our right, and by suddenly passing the Brandywine, and gaining the heights upon the north side of that river, get between us and Philadelphia, and cut us off from that city," he judged it expedient to move his position immediately.

Sept. 8.

Washington accordingly retired, and, crossing the Brandywine, posted his army on the heights, near to Chad's ford. The Brandywine, rising by two branches, that unite at what is called the Fork, flows in a small stream from west to east, and empties into the Delaware, about twenty-five miles south of Philadelphia. The principal ford of the river was Chad's, on the direct road to the north, although there were others above and below.

Sept. 9.

Having crossed the Brandywine, Washington posted his centre along the eastern bank, near Chad's ford, where, expecting the main attack of the enemy, he commanded in person. His right wing, under General Sullivan, was moved two miles above, on the same side of the river; and his left, consisting of Pennsylvania militia, under General Armstrong, to

the same distance at a ford below Chad's. The main body, with the general-in-chief, was composed of Wayne's brigade, Weedon's and Muhlenberg's, under General Greene, together with a body of light-infantry commanded by General Maxwell, and the artillery. Sullivan, on the right, had his own division and those of Lord Stirling and General Stephen. With Armstrong, on the left, where the position was considered of less importance, there were no troops but militia.

Sept. 10. On the following day, the enemy had advanced to Kennet Square, within seven miles of the Brandywine. Washington, in the meantime, sent General Maxwell and his light-infantry across the stream, to post themselves on the high ground on both sides of the road leading to Chad's ford, the passage of which they were ordered to resist to the utmost. Sullivan, too, was directed to be on the alert in watching the fords above. This officer was apparently vigilant, but only extended his watchfulness to some four miles to his right, as far as the fork where the two branches of the Brandywine unite, and beyond which it was thought there was no likelihood of the enemy attempting to cross.

After halting a night at Kennet Square, the British moved on early on the morn-

Sept. 11. ing of the next day, in two columns. One, under the command of the Hessian general, Knyphausen, advanced in a direct line along the road to Chad's ford. The other, commanded by Lord Cornwallis, and accompanied by General Howe, diverged to their left, and proceeded by way of the Lancaster road, which ran nearly parallel to the principal stream of the Brandywine, and crossed the two branches or forks which form it at its rise.

As soon as General Knyphausen was discovered advancing toward him, Washington prepared to give him battle, thinking that his column was **Sept. 11.** the main body of the enemy. Knyphausen came on, firing his artillery, but was soon checked by General Maxwell, who from the heights on each side of the road poured down upon the advanced guards such a severe fire, that they were forced to fall back until reinforced by the rest of the troops. So large a force now came pushing on to their aid, that the Americans were obliged to retire across the ford and join their main body under Washington. Three hundred of the enemy were supposed to have been killed and wounded in this preliminary skirmish, while the loss of Maxwell was only about fifty men. Knyphausen held back his troops, halting them on the heights from which the American light-infantry had retired. He did not seem anxious to renew the engagement, though frequently provoked to do so by skirmishing-parties from the other side. Maxwell crossed the ford a second time with his light-corps, and drove an advanced party from their ground, with a loss to the British of thirty men left dead on the spot, and a number of intrenching-tools with which they were engaged in throwing up works for a battery. Knyphausen still held back, and some of the Americans on the other side of the river began to indulge in the belief that

they had effectually put a stop to his further progress. The wary Hessian general, however, had a part to perform, as we shall see, and designedly resisted all provocations to engage.

While Washington was speculating upon the probable manœuvres of the British in his front, he received a despatch, at about twelve o'clock, from General Sullivan, informing him that one of his officers had reported that a large body of the enemy, supposed to amount to five thousand, with sixteen or eighteen field-pieces, was marching along the Lancaster road. Washington immediately sent orders to Sullivan to cross the Brandywine and attack this division, while he himself proposed to advance by Chad's ford against the other. The former was the main body of the British, which, as we have seen, had marched under General Howe and Lord Cornwallis to the left, with the view of taking a long, circuitous route, leading across the unguarded fords of the branches of the Brandywine, and thus gaining the rear of the Americans. The division in front of the commander-in-chief, though supposed by him to be the main body of the enemy, was only a smaller column sent under Knyphausen to divert the Americans in front, while the main attack should be made by Howe and Cornwallis against their right flank and rear.

Washington, having thus discovered the march of the British column under Howe and Cornwallis, was in a fair way of thwarting their designs, when another messenger arrived in all haste with intelligence from Sullivan, contradicting the information which he had sent but a few moments before. Major Spear, of the militia, had come in from the fork of the Brandywine, and, having heard nothing of the enemy, "was confident" that they were not in that quarter. The orders for crossing the Brandywine were now countermanded; but Washington took care to secure more certain intelligence by sending Colonel Bland, with a troop of cavalry, to reconnoitre the country beyond General Sullivan's position, and report at the earliest moment to that commander the result.

In the meantime, one Thomas Cheyney, a farmer of that neighborhood, and a firm patriot, came riding in upon his "spirited mare all in a foam," and declared that he had seen the British, in a large body, on the north side of the river. Washington affirmed that it could not be, for he had just received contrary information. "My life upon it," answered Cheyney, with a round oath, to give emphasis to his declaration, "it is true!" He was, however, listened to incredulously, when his story was confirmed a moment after by the following despatch, received by Washington:—

"Two o'clock, P. M.

"Dear General: Colonel Bland has this moment sent me word that the enemy are in the rear of my right about two miles, coming down. There are, he says, about two brigades of them. He also says he saw a dust back in the country for above an hour. I am, &c.,

"John Sullivan."

Howe and Cornwallis had thus carried out their design with success. They had

succeeded, by a long circuit of seventeen miles, in crossing the Brandywine at the fords over the two branches of the river, and gained the rear of the right wing of Washington's army without opposition. They now took an advantageous position on the high ground near the Birmingham meetinghouse, which Sullivan's delay in waiting for orders gave them an opportunity of doing without the least show of resistance. The order to attack came from Washington as soon as he learned the approach of the enemy.

General Sullivan was directed to bring his "whole right wing to bear at once against Howe and Cornwallis;" while Wayne was ordered to keep Knyphausen in check at Chad's ford; and General Greene to post himself with the Virginia brigades in a position between the two, and hold himself in reserve and ready to assist either as might be required.

Some absurd misunderstanding about etiquette delayed Sullivan's troops in getting into line of battle after marching to meet the enemy. General Deborre, a veteran Frenchman, who had a command in Lord Stirling's division, assumed the post of honor, on the extreme right. Sullivan claimed this as his own position, and, while manœuvring his men to take it, the British began the attack, and came upon the Americans while in the confusion of the change. The consequence was, an almost immediate rout of the right and left wings. The centre resisted spiritedly for awhile, but it soon gave way, and fled with the rest through the woods in their rear.

While the enemy got somewhat bewildered among the trees, in the course of their pursuit, the American officers strove to rally their men. Among them was Lafayette, who had hurried from the side of Washington to join Sullivan's division so soon as he found that it was likely to be in the hottest of the fight, and had been engaged in the struggle as long as the centre held its ground. Now that it had given way, he dismounted, and, with Sullivan and Lord Stirling, was striving to bring back the men to the attack, when he was wounded by a musket-ball in the leg. His aid-de-camp was, fortunately, near by, and, lifting the marquis upon his horse, hurried him off.

Knyphausen, as soon as he heard the first gun from General Howe's column, which was the signal agreed upon, strove in earnest to push his way across Chad's ford. Wayne, however, succeeded in keeping him pretty well in check.

Washington, who found that the right wing would be hard pressed, ordered General Greene to the relief of Sullivan; and that officer moved with such speed, that his division marched four miles in forty minutes! He came up, however, only in time to meet the Americans in full flight, closely followed by the British. He then, by skilfully opening his ranks to allow the fugitives to pass, and closing them afterward, succeeded in protecting their retreat. While checking the pursuit of the enemy by his artillery, Greene retired to a narrow defile at a short distance beyond Dilworth, where he made a gallant stand with his Virginians. The British repeatedly attempted to force him from his position, but were constantly foiled

Chapuel

by the stubborn resistance they encountered. Greene was thus enabled to cover the retreat of the whole army. General Howe finally drew off his troops from the pursuit.

In the meantime, General Wayne struggled manfully against Knyphausen, at Chad's ford, until the defeat of Sullivan, when he ordered a retreat. This, however, soon became a confused flight, in the course of which his baggage and artillery fell into the hands of the enemy. The Pennsylvania militia, under General Armstrong, had been too far removed from the scene of conflict to be engaged, and retired early in safety.

The whole American army was now in full retreat. "Fugitives, cannon, and baggage," wrote Lafayette, "crowded without order along the road leading to Chester." It was the young marquis's first taste of actual war, and the impression of its horrors was naturally very strong. In spite of "that dreadful confusion," and the "darkness of the night," of which he speaks, having had his bleeding wound bound up by a surgeon, he was, however, as he tells us, indefatigable in trying to check the flight of the fugitives at Chester bridge, where he posted a guard. On reaching this place, Washington reformed his scattered troops, and halted until the next morning, before continuing the retreat toward Philadelphia.

The number of the killed and wounded has never been accurately ascertained. The loss of the Americans, however, was declared by General Howe to be three hundred killed, six hundred wounded, and four hundred taken prisoners; while his own was estimated by him at only ninety killed, four hundred and eighty-eight wounded, and six missing. On the day after the battle, the British general wrote to Washington, informing him that the wounded Americans were so numerous, that his own surgeons could not attend them. **Sept. 12.**

The French officers took a prominent share in the Brandywine battle. The young Lafayette, as we have seen, gallantly sought the place of danger, and was wounded. The veteran Deborre—who had insisted upon the command of Sullivan's right—had, in consequence of the flight of his troops, been the first to yield to the enemy. Congress voted to inquire into his conduct on the occasion. At this resolution he was greatly indignant, and wrote to that body, resigning his appointment, while he declared that, if the Americans did run away, it was not his fault. His resignation was readily accepted; for, whatever may have been his military qualities, he had become so personally unpopular in the army, that Congress was rejoiced to get rid of him. Captain Louis de Fleury fought so bravely, that he won Washington's admiration, and was rewarded by Congress with the gift of a horse, to compensate him for the one that he had lost in the engagement. The baron St. Ouary (or Ovary) was less fortunate, having been taken prisoner. General Conway (who was a Frenchman by adoption) had stood among the foremost with his eight hundred men in the centre, while the right and left had given way.

General Greene complained that the

Virginia regiments of Weedon and Muhlenburg, which, under his command, had so gallantly defended the pass at Dilworth, were not noticed by Washington in his report to Congress. The commander-in-chief explained that he had been more reserved in praise of them because they were Virginians, and lest it might be supposed that he was prejudiced in their favor.

General Sullivan was held responsible by public opinion for a large portion of the disasters of the day at the Brandywine. A resolve was passed by Congress, recalling him from the army until a court of inquiry should be held. Washington, however, declared that he could not spare him at such a crisis in the public affairs, and Sullivan was accordingly left undisturbed in his command.

CHAPTER LVI.

General Burgoyne in Receipt of Bad News.—The British Commanders mutually in the Dark.—Burgoyne determines to advance.—General Gates proposes to meet Him.—His Resources.—General Lincoln hanging on the Rear of the Enemy.—Successes of Colonel Brown.—The Americans at Stillwater.—Bemis's Heights and their Fortifications.—Burgoyne willing to risk All.—"A Victory, and an Empire!"—A Brilliant Plan.—The Arrival of the Enemy.—A Halt.—The Opposing Lines.—Arrival of General Stark.—A Hearty Welcome.—The First Battle at Saratoga.—Morgan "ruined."—The Impetuous Arnold.—Progress of the Struggle.—Burgoyne claims a Victory.—The Baroness Reidesel and Lady Harriet Ackland.—Their Devotion and Fortitude.—Life in a Camp.—Following the Drum.—Battle Horrors.

1777. When the discouraging intelligence of the defeat of Baume at Bennington and the flight of St. Leger from Fort Schuyler reached General Burgoyne at Battenkill, on the Hudson, he would have fallen back with his troops to Fort Edward, within reach of his magazines on the lakes, and there waited the progress of events. He had, however, been positively ordered by the British government to form a junction with Sir William Howe, and he determined at all hazards to perform his part. He nevertheless looked in vain for the co-operation of Howe. That general, in consequence of his long delay on the coast, after leaving New York, did not receive his despatches in time to pursue the plan of operations laid down by the government. He was already in Chesapeake bay before the orders to co-operate with Burgoyne reached him. He was then too far engaged in his expedition to Philadelphia to obey them. Burgoyne, however, having no intelligence from Howe, still looked for a junction from New York, and determined to push on toward Albany, in order to do his part toward effecting it, so soon as he should receive from the north the necessary supplies for a march.

The American army, having retired before the British to Van Shaick's island, where the Mohawk unites its waters with

those of the Hudson, was now so strengthened by reinforcements, and encouraged by the late reverses of the enemy, that General Gates determined to march his troops back to meet the advance of Burgoyne.

Gates felt confident in his means. His army now numbered about six thousand strong. With him was General Arnold, restless and eager for action, who had returned after his successful *ruse* against St. Leger. With him, too, was the famous Colonel Morgan, with his five hundred riflemen, to whose ranks were added two hundred and fifty picked soldiers from the line, under the command of Major Dearborn, who had marched with Arnold through the wilderness of Maine, and was an old comrade of Morgan. Colonels Van Cortlandt and Livingston had lately come in with their two New-York regiments. Arnold was Gates's major-general; Poor, Learned, Nixon, Glover, and Patterson, were his brigadiers. Morgan, Cook, Van Cortlandt, Henry and James Livingston, Cilley, Scammel, Hale, Brooks, Butler, Bailey, Wessen, Jackson, and Marshall, were the colonels. Morris, Dearborn, and Hull, were among the majors. General Wilkinson was deputy adjutant-general, and Colonel Morgan Lewis quartermaster-general.

General Lincoln was now in the New-Hampshire grants, with the militia, which was daily gathering in force, hanging on the left and rear of Burgoyne's army, and watching an opportunity for action. This soon offered. While Burgoyne was kept in forced inactivity, waiting supplies, Lincoln gained his rear and sent forward a detachment of five hundred men, under Colonel Brown, against the British posts on the lakes. This enterprise was conducted with such secrecy and address, that Brown succeeded in surprising and gaining possession of all the outposts between the landing at the north end of Lake George and the fortress of Ticonderoga. Mount Defiance, Mount Hope, the old French lines, two hundred batteaux, an armed sloop, several gun-boats, and two hundred and ninety-three prisoners, were captured, almost without a blow. The fortresses at Ticonderoga and Mount Independence were too strongly garrisoned for Brown to master with his small force; but he succeeded in releasing a hundred Americans held as prisoners, and bringing off as a trophy the continental flag which had been left by St. Clair on his retreat. He still continued in Burgoyne's rear. **Sept. 18.**

The American army began to retrace its steps toward the enemy on the 8th of September, and next day reached Stillwater. Here Kosciusko, who was the chief engineer, traced a line for intrenchments, and set a thousand men to work; but the position being discovered to be untenable, Gates moved his army to Bemis's heights, and began to fortify his ground by breastworks and redoubts.

Burgoyne, having finally received his baggage, artillery, military stores, and thirty days' provisions, from Lake George, on the 13th and 14th of September he crossed the Hudson with his whole army to Saratoga. He had now risked all upon the chance of forcing his way to Albany. He had concentrated his troops,

he had abandoned his communication with the lakes, and his only hope was now to move forward. "There was much to discourage and positively nothing to encourage" such an advance, but Burgoyne was determined to obey orders; and, moreover, there was something so enticing to a military leader in a plan, the successful execution of which it was believed would not only secure a victory, but an empire, that it is not surprising he should have risked all on the chance, however remote, of such a prize.

The British ministry believed that Burgoyne's force by moving southward along the banks of the Hudson, and Sir William Howe's by advancing northward, could form a junction at Albany. Here there would be gathered a great army, which would cut off all communication between the eastern and southern provinces, and crush out all further opposition. "Without question," says an English writer,* "the plan was ably formed; and had the success of the execution been equal to the ingenuity of the design, the reconquest or submission of the thirteen United States must in all human probability have followed; and the independence which they proclaimed in 1776 would have been extinguished before it existed a second year."

Burgoyne, after crossing the Hudson to Saratoga, moved forward toward the American encampment. As the country was rugged, and seamed with creeks and water-courses, his progress was necessarily slow, for he was forced to construct bridges and build temporary causeways before his army could move. Gates, too, took care to harass the British working-parties, by sending out the ever-active Arnold, with fifteen hundred men, who so greatly annoyed Burgoyne, that he was forced to advance whole regiments before he could get a bridge constructed. The enemy at length **Sept. 18.** came to a halt within two miles of Gates's army.

The ground upon which the two opposing forces were encamped may be thus described: On the north was what is now called Wilbur's basin, where the main body of Burgoyne's army was encamped. On the east was the Hudson, with its narrow alluvial flats. Westward from the flats were the river hills and an elevated plateau, terminating in Bemis's heights. Through the plain, branching in various directions, ran Mill creek, along the main channel of which was a ravine. South of this was a second ravine; and again a third and larger one, still more to the south. Between these two latter were the principal American defences. The whole ground was covered with a dense forest, except the flats and some cleared fields called Freeman's farm, which was situated toward the middle of the plain, between the two encampments.*

The American defences consisted of a line of breastworks along the brow of the hills, toward the river, about three quarters of a mile in extent, forming a curve, with its convexity toward the enemy. A strong redoubt was raised at each extremity, and one near the centre, so as to command the flats. From the base of the

* Creary.

* A. B. Street.

hills was an intrenchment, reaching across the flats to the Hudson, with a battery on the margin of the river, guarding a floating bridge. In advance, on the western border of Mill creek, near where it emptied into the Hudson, were also a breastwork and battery.

On the morning of the 19th of September the following was the position of the two armies: General Poor's brigade, consisting of three New-Hampshire regiments under Colonels Cilley, Scammel, and Hale; two of New York, under Colonel Philip Van Cortlandt and Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Livingston; Colonels Cook and Latimer's Connecticut militia; Colonel Morgan with his rifle-corps, and the two hundred and fifty infantry under Major Dearborn, composed the left wing of the American army, under the command of Major-General Benedict Arnold, and rested on the heights, nearly a mile from the river. The centre, composed of General Learned's brigade; three Massachusetts regiments, under Colonels Bailey, Wessen, and Jackson; and one of New York, under Colonel James Livingston, occupied the elevated plain. The main body, consisting principally of the brigades of Nixon, Patterson, and Glover, and commanded by General Gates in person, composed the right wing, extending across the river hills and flats toward the Hudson.

The American army was greatly encouraged by the arrival of General Stark, with those troops which had so gallantly won the day at Bennington. Loud huzzas from the lines welcomed them as they entered the camp, and great service was expected from them in the approaching engagement. They were, however, independent militia, and did not seem disposed to submit to discipline. They swaggered about in loose array from tent to tent, peering curiously into everything, and apparently undetermined whether to stay or to go. They now began to collect in groups, and whisper mysteriously together. Finally, with their knapsacks still on their backs, they boldly reminded their officers that *their time of service had expired that day*, and that they had resolved to go home. Stark urged them to remain, but his appeals were in vain; and the heroes of Bennington marched back again, on the very day they had arrived. Rapidly as they hurried off, they could not have got beyond the sound of the guns when the action began!

The left wing of the British, with the large train of artillery, under General Phillips and the baron de Reidesel, occupied the flats toward the river. The centre and right wing, of which most were Germans, commanded by Burgoyne in person, extended across the plains to the west. Their position was covered by the grenadiers and light-infantry, under General Fraser and Colonel Breyman. On the flanks and in front was a miscellaneous throng of American loyalists, Canadians, and Indians.*

About eight o'clock in the morning the officer commanding an American picket reported that the enemy had struck most of their tents on the plain, and that Burgoyne with his centre was passing westwardly in the direction **Sept. 19**

* Street.

of the American left. Soon a more general movement was observed. Fraser, with his light-infantry, was marching, by a circuitous route, from the right of the British, in the same direction as Burgoyne; and Phillips and De Reidesel were bringing up the artillery from the left, along the flats bordering the Hudson. The Indians and Canadians, in front of the British line, were also moving toward the outposts of the American centre. Burgoyne's object was, while the Indians and Canadians should divert Gates in front, and Phillips and De Reidesel on his right, to move round through the woods, and get to the rear of the American left.

General Gates remained impassive, apparently determined to await the attack; but Arnold, in command of the left, grew so impatient, that he sent aid-de-camp after aid-de-camp to Gates, urging him to be allowed to send out a detachment, in order to check the advance of the enemy. The general finally consented, when about noon Arnold ordered out Morgan and Dearborn, with their riflemen, to the attack. They soon came upon a body of Indians and Canadians in the woods, and scattered them at the first fire. The riflemen now pushed on in pursuit, when they found themselves suddenly brought to a check by being confronted with the whole British line.

A complete rout of the Americans ensued, and Morgan's corps was so scattered, that he himself was left with only two of his men! As the old forest-hunter was striving with his shrill "turkey-call" (from the conch-shell which he wore suspended from his neck) to whistle back his dispersed troops, Wilkinson, the adjutant-general, rode up. "I am ruined, by G–d!" exclaimed Morgan, with tears in his eyes. "Major Morris ran on so rapidly with the front, that they were beaten before I could get up with the rear, and my men are scattered God knows where!" Morgan, when marching into action, always brought up the rear himself, "to see," as he said, "that every man did his duty; and that cowards did not lag behind while brave men were fighting."

Several officers and men of Morgan's corps had been taken prisoners. Major Morris, who had led them on so impetuously, only saved himself by dashing his horse through the ranks of the enemy, who surrounded him, and making off by a circuitous route. The "turkey-call" soon brought back the fugitives, and Morgan with his corps reformed, and being joined by Colonels Cilley, Brooks, and Scammel, and Major Hull, with their New Hampshire regiments, is now again prepared for action. It is renewed with great spirit on both sides; now the British are gaining ground, and again the Americans; and so the contest is continued, with fluctuating result, until each party finally retires within the intrenchments, while neither claims the advantage.

Arnold, in the meantime, keeping watch over the movement of General Fraser—who is attempting to turn the American left—determines to thwart him by cutting him off from the main body of the British. He accordingly pushes on rapidly with Colonel Hale's New-Hampshire regiment, three of New York under Van

Cortland and Livingston, and a body of Connecticut militia, with the view of turning Fraser's left. As, however, he is striving to carry out his manœuvre unobserved, under the cover of the forest, he suddenly comes upon Fraser with his whole force, and a struggle ensues; but General Phillips soon making his appearance with his artillery, gave the enemy so greatly the advantage, that the Americans prudently retired. There was now a pause in the action. It was, however, soon renewed.

The British stood in line, in advance of their encampment, upon the slope of a rising ground, amid scattered pines. The American ranks, formed ready for battle, were opposite, but closely hid from their enemy, in a thick forest. Between the two was "Freeman's farm," a cleared field, once cultivated by the hand of the peaceful husbandman, now choked with weeds and abandoned to the tramp of the soldier. This Freeman's farm, between the opposing armies, was now the field of battle.

The British provoke the conflict by a discharge of artillery. The Americans, however, remain unmoved. Soon the smoke clears away, and the ranks of the enemy are seen in motion, hurrying down the slope with apparent irregularity, as the sight is confused by the scattered pines. They now show themselves, however, in close and well-ordered array, advancing in the cleared ground below. They come on quickly, nearer and nearer; they halt, level their muskets, firing a volley, and then rush forward, charging with their bayonets. The Americans withhold their fire until the British are close up, and then with a sure aim pour upon them such a discharge, that their ranks, reeling with the shock, finally break and give way. The Americans now rush from their forest-covert and follow the enemy in close pursuit across the field. The British, reaching the high ground, and being covered by their artillery, now rally, and again charging with the bayonet, drive the Americans in their turn back to the woods. The marksmen once more with their deadly fire compel the enemy to flee, and again pursue them to the cover of their encampment. The British rally and charge as before; and thus did "the battle fluctuate, like waves of a strong sea, with alternate advantage, for four hours, without one moment's intermission." Gallantly they fought on both sides, and night alone ended the conflict. Neither the British nor the Americans could justly claim the victory. The loss was nearly the same, amounting to more than three hundred each; while the number engaged was also about equal, though some have stated that the Americans only brought twenty-five hundred into the field against three thousand of General Burgoyne's troops.

In the course of the struggle, the Americans succeeded in gaining possession of some of the British artillery, but they had to fight hard for it. The captain and thirty-six men, out of a company of forty-eight, were struck down before their gun could be taken, so manfully did they cling to their piece. The cannon taken, however, for want of horses to bring them off, were left upon the field, and conse-

quently again fell into the hands of the enemy.

General Burgoyne claimed the victory, as appeared by some letters found in the pouch of an Indian, who was shot dead by one of the American scouts on the lookout throughout the whole country around for British spies and messengers. The letters were written by Burgoyne to Sir Guy Carleton, in Canada. In one he wrote: "I take the first opportunity to inform you we have had a smart and very honorable action, and are now encamped in the front of the field, which must demonstrate our victory beyond the power of even an American newspaper writer to explain away." In another letter he declared: "We found five hundred of their [the Americans'] bodies the morning after."

There were two women of rank in the British camp, whose noble devotion to their husbands and spirited endurance of the trials of affection and fortitude to which they were exposed in the course of the terrors and horrors of actual war, have given a romantic interest to Burgoyne's campaign. No historian has failed to record the remarkable adventures of the baroness Reidesel and Lady Harriet Ackland. The former has, in her own natural narrative, left the best history of her sad experience in America.

The baroness Reidesel was the wife of the Hessian general in command of the Germans. Lady Harriet Ackland was the sister of the earl of Ilchester, and the wife of Major Ackland, of the grenadiers. They had accompanied their husbands to Quebec, where they were urged to remain during the campaign. Lady Ackland, however, having heard that the major had received a wound in the affair at Hubbardton, she hurried to join him in spite of the risks and trials of the journey. She could not be prevailed upon afterward to leave him, and accompanied the army during the dreary and tedious march to Fort Edward. Here the tent in which she lodged took fire, and she barely escaped with her life. She still resolutely persevered in clinging to her husband, and followed each advance of the British army, driving in "a small, two-wheeled tumbril, drawn by a single horse, over roads almost impassable."*

The baroness Reidesel, equally devoted, followed her husband also. "I ordered," she writes, "a large *calash* to be built, capable of holding my three children, myself, and two female-servants; in this manner we moved with the army in the midst of the soldiery, who were very merry, singing songs and panting for action." She thus followed the army, generally remaining about an hour's march in the rear, where she received daily visits from her husband the baron. When Burgoyne encamped opposite to Gates, Major Williams of the artillery proposed, as the frequent change of quarters was inconvenient, to have a house built for her, "with a chimney," quite an unusual luxury in that hard campaign. As it would cost "only five or six guineas"—some twenty-five dollars—the baroness consented, and the dwelling was constructed, and named "The Blockhouse," from its square form, and the resemblance which

* Thacher.

it bore to buildings so called, erected for purposes of defence.

On the bloody day of the 19th of September, however, the "Blockhouse" was abandoned; and the baroness Reidesel, together with Lady Ackland and the wives of Major Hamage and Lieutenant Reynell, being advised to follow the route of the artillery, took refuge, when the engagement commenced, in a small hut near Freeman's farm, the ladies retiring into the cellar as the danger increased.

"I was an eye-witness," says the baroness, "to the whole affair; and as my husband was engaged in it, I was full of anxiety, and troubled at every shot I heard. I saw a great number of the wounded, and, what added to the distress of the scene, three of them were brought into the house in which I took shelter." One was Major Hamage, who was very badly wounded; and, soon after, word came that Lieutenant Reynell was shot dead! The wives of both were in the hut, with the baroness Reidesel and Lady Ackland. "Imagination wants no help," wrote Burgoyne, "to figure the state of the whole group."

CHAPTER LVII.

A Gloomy Morning.—Gayly to Arms!—Anxious Expectation.—Attack postponed.—Another Delay.—News from Sir Henry Clinton.—General Burgoyne's Only Hope.—The Treacherous Iroquois.—Nothing more from Sir Henry.—Impatience of Burgoyne.—Fortifies.—No Sleep.—The Provincials in High Spirits.—Trouble in the American Camp.—Generals Arnold and Gates.—Their Quarrel.—Arnold resigns.—A Second, Sober Thought—Arnold without Command.—Blustering about the Camp.

1777. THE morning after the battle of Bemis's heights opened dull and gloomy. A thick mist rose from the river, and, overspreading plain and forest, hung

Sept. 20. in heavy folds about the sides of the hills. The dead and the wounded had been gathered during the night from the field of battle. Sufferers were groaning with pain in tent and hospital; mourners were weeping over the fresh graves of their buried comrades; surgeons with probe and knife were busy at their bloody but merciful work; and priests were uttering the solemn words of prayer. Yet, amid the gloom of Nature, the groans of the dying, and the mourning for the dead, the drums beat gayly to arms in the British camp, and soldiers were briskly stepping into the ranks.

The thick fog hid the two armies from each other, but both were ready to renew the bloody struggle of yesterday. A deserter came into the American camp, his mouth all smutched with the biting of cartridges. He had been, he said, in the whole of the action of the previous day. The night was spent in removing the wounded and the women to the encampment and hospital tents near the river.

Fresh ammunition had been served out to the troops; his own cartridge-box was now crammed with sixty rounds; and he declared that when he left the British ranks, only a quarter of an hour before, the whole of the enemy's force was under arms, and orders had been given to attack the American lines. In ten minutes more, he added, Burgoyne would march.

Trusting to this report, General Gates ordered his lines to be manned immediately; and he and his officers exhorted the troops to show themselves, in the coming conflict, worthy of the cause for which they fought. The men, though wearied with a struggle which had lasted until night of the previous day, readily obeyed the summons for another day's work; and eagerly, as they stood in rank, strove to pierce with their straining eyes the thick mist, and catch a glimpse of the approaching enemy.

Gates, however, did not share in the enthusiasm of his troops. Each minute, as it passed, was one of anxious solicitude. He was ill prepared that day (as he and some of his officers only knew) to meet the enemy. His ammunition was nearly exhausted, and he was anxiously awaiting a supply from Albany.

An hour of excited expectation and anxious suspense passed, during which hope and fear played with the imagination. Some thought they could hear the movement of the enemy, and others that through the floating mist they could catch a sight of the advancing British troops. The sun, now dispersing the vapor, shone out—not flashing upon the arms of a threatening enemy, but only revealing in its bright reflection the sparkling surface of the Hudson, and the verdure of the forest, still freshly green in the early autumn, upon hill and plain. Gates now gladly dismissed the troops.

Burgoyne had drawn up his army, and was about ordering it to march to the attack, when General Fraser (whose ability and dauntless courage had gained for him great and well-deserved influence with his commander) besought him to postpone the assault, as the grenadiers and light-infantry, who were to take the lead, seemed wearied by the hard work of the day before. Burgoyne accordingly ordered his troops back to camp, and determined to postpone the attack until the next morning.

Burgoyne's design was, however, again put off. His anxious desire to hear from New York was now gratified. In the middle of the night a spy entered his camp, with a letter in cipher from Sir Henry Clinton, in which that general stated that he was about making an attack upon the forts on the North river. **Sept. 21.**

The American scouts were everywhere so much on the alert, that the ingenuity of the British commanders was greatly taxed to keep up a communication. Letters were often copied in duplicate, and even in triplicate, and, although each was sent by a separate messenger, it was seldom that either arrived. Burgoyne now heard from Sir Henry Clinton for the first time. Greatly disappointed as he was to find that General Howe with his whole force was not coming to Albany,

to co-operate with him, as he had been led to expect when the plan of the campaign was laid down by the English government, he was still encouraged by the mere show of an advance of a British force, however small, from New York. In answer to Sir Henry Clinton, Burgoyne wrote: "An attack, or the menace of an attack, upon Montgomery [the fort of that name on the North river], must be of great use, as it will draw away a part of this force, and I will follow them close. Do it, my dear friend, directly."

He now determined to wait a few days, in order to give Sir Henry Clinton an opportunity to begin operations, before making his attack. His provisions could not last beyond the 20th of October; and, as his communication with Canada was so completely cut off, that he could not receive a man or a biscuit from that quarter, his only hope was, with the aid of General Clinton, to be able soon to move forward. He could wait until the 12th, he declared, and no longer.

Colonel St. Leger had succeeded, after his flight from Fort Schuyler, in making his way back to Ticonderoga with a meager remnant of troops, and would have joined Burgoyne had he been able to reach him. Colonel Brown was in his way with a detachment of General Lincoln's New-Hampshire troops, which, after retiring from an unsuccessful attempt upon Fort Diamond, was now hanging in the rear of the British encampment, and completely cutting it off from all communication with the north.

Burgoyne's Indians, too, had suffered so terribly from Morgan's sharpshooters, and their propensities for scalping and plundering been so checked by the humane restrictions of the British commander, that they lost all inducement to serve, and could no longer be prevailed upon to remain. A band of Iroquois, amounting to more than a hundred and fifty, treacherously transferred their uncertain fealty to what they believed to be the stronger side, that of Gates. The Canadians and American loyalists likewise lost heart, and deserted in numbers. General Burgoyne, however, was still firm; and his regulars shared in the resolute spirit of their undaunted commander, who declared to his men that he would either force his way to Albany or leave his bones on the field of battle. Burgoyne heard nothing more from Sir Henry Clinton, but cheered himself and his army with the hope that intelligence would soon arrive of a successful result to the promised efforts at co-operation from New York.

While Burgoyne was awaiting news from Sir Henry Clinton, he began to fortify his encampment. He raised breastworks on the flats by the river to his left, on the plain at his centre, and up the acclivity of the hills on his right, strengthened here and there by *abattis* of heaped-up rails and by redoubts. His men were kept constantly at work, and on the alert. "From the 20th of September to the 7th of October," wrote Burgoyne, in his narrative of the expedition, "the armies were so near, that not a night passed without firing, and sometimes concerted attacks upon our advanced pickets. I do not believe either officer or soldier ever slept in that interval without his clothes; or

that any general officer or commander of a regiment passed a single night without being upon his legs occasionally at different hours, and constantly an hour before daylight."

Gates and his army, although equally on the alert, had less labor and anxiety. Their defensive works had already been raised, and nothing was now left but to strengthen them here and there. The Americans were in high spirits; for, although they did not claim the victory on the 19th of September, they had been able, with equal if not with fewer numbers, to fight a drawn battle with the choicest of the British troops, and were thus encouraged to further effort. Reinforcements, too, came thronging in: General Lincoln had arrived, with two thousand New-Hampshire men; and the militia offered themselves freely from the surrounding country, which was now inspirited by the perils threatening Burgoyne, and the triumphs awaiting Gates. Supplies also of food and ammunition were daily brought into the American camp in great abundance, while the scanty rations of Burgoyne's soldiers were rapidly diminishing.

There was, however, trouble brewing in the American camp. The impetuous Arnold, never very submissive, had been vexed into a great rage by the somewhat arbitrary conduct of General Gates. On the opening of the battle of the 19th, Arnold had repeatedly and urgently sent to the general-in-chief for reinforcements before his demand was complied with, and he attributed the delay to an envious spirit on the part of Gates. The next day, Arnold importunately insisted upon Gates giving battle to the enemy; but his advice, very intrusively and persistently urged, was finally rejected, although the reason was left unexplained. Gates's reason was a good one (his supply of ammunition having given out), but he did not deign to state it—leaving Arnold to put his own construction upon his motives. The latter attributed it to envy, and gave vent to his feelings of indignation. "I have lately observed," he wrote to Gates, "little or no attention paid to any proposals I have thought it my duty to make for the public service; and when a measure I have proposed has been agreed to, it has been immediately contradicted. I have been received with the greatest coolness at headquarters, and often huffed in such a manner as must mortify a person with less pride than I have, and in my station in the army." **Sept. 20.**

Arnold began to talk freely in camp of Gates's opposition to him, and succeeded in gaining the sympathy of some of the officers, among whom there were those who were attached to General Schuyler, and were indignant that he should have been superseded. He was thus encouraged in the indulgence of his spirit of insubordination. General Wilkinson, on the other hand, was at that time a great partisan of Gates; and, being unfriendly toward Arnold, he lost no opportunity of gratifying the one and vexing the other. He accordingly, with apparently no better motive than piquing Arnold, induced the commander-in-chief to issue the following order: "Colonel Morgan's corps, not be-

ing attached to any brigade or division of the army, he is to make returns and reports to headquarters only, from whence alone he is to receive orders."

This greatly angered Arnold, for he declared it was notorious to the whole army that Colonel Morgan's corps had done duty "for some time past" with his division. He hastened to headquarters, and, confronting the commander-in-chief, "asserted his pretensions to the command of the *élite*, and was ridiculed by General Gates. High words and gross language ensued."* In the course of this interview, Gates told Arnold that he did not know that he was a major-general, or had any command in the army! Arnold retired in a great rage, and immediately wrote a letter to Gates, in which he said: "As I find your observation very just, that I am not or that you wish me of little consequence in the army, and as I have the interest and safety of my country at heart, I wish to be where I can be of most service to her. I therefore, as General Lincoln is arrived, have to request your pass to Philadelphia, with my two aids-de-camp and their servants, where I propose to join General Washington; and may possibly have it in my power to serve my country, although I am thought of no consequence in this department."

* Wilkinson.

Gates was well pleased thus easily to get rid of one who, by his brilliant talents and his dashing courage as a soldier, was likely to throw into the shade the more sober qualities of his superior. The pass was immediately written and sent to Arnold, in accordance with his request. Several formal notes subsequently passed between them, mutually recriminatory; but Arnold still lingered in camp, and finally wrote to Gates, saying, "I am determined to sacrifice my feelings, present peace, and quiet, to the public good, and continue in the army at this critical juncture, when my country needs every support."

Arnold, therefore, remained without a command, Gates himself having taken his division on the left. It was, however, freely rumored that General Lincoln was to assume the command, which he finally did. In the meantime, **Sept. 25.** Arnold blustered about the camp, and declared that it would be death to any officer who should venture to interfere with his division in the expected battle.*

* Irving.

CHAPTER LVIII.

Sir Henry Clinton prepares for an Expedition.—The American Forts on the Hudson.—The Patriotic Clintons.—General Putnam at Peekskill.—Sir Henry Clinton sails up the River.—"Old Put" astir.—Mistaken Calculations.—Landing of the British.—Governor George Clinton at Fort Montgomery.—A Traitorous Messenger.—Sir Henry Clinton lands at Stony Point.—The Plan of Attack.—An Unexpected Resistance.—Hard but Unsuccessful Struggle of the Americans.—Demands for Surrender.—The Refusal.—Desperate Assault.—The Americans overpowered.—Escape of the Clintons.—The Loss on Both Sides.—Count Gabrowski.—Died like a Soldier.—Burning of the American Vessels.—A Sublime Scene.—Booms and Chevaux-de-Frise all gone.—The Victorious Advance of the British.—The Clintons rallying again.—A Spy, and the Effects of Tartar-Emetic.—Sir Henry's Letter from Fort Montgomery.—Esopus in Ruins.—Old Put discouraged.

1777. ALTHOUGH General Burgoyne was ignorant of the movements of Sir Henry Clinton, that spirited officer was losing no time in doing all and even more than he had promised. The reinforcement from England of two thousand men, under General Robertson, having been "shipped in Dutch bottoms," did not arrive at New York until the end of September, after a protracted voyage of three months. On their arrival, Sir Henry was ready to set out on his expedition up the North river. He had already prepared everything in advance. A fleet of transports and flat-bottomed boats had been anchored off the upper end of the island of New York; troops had been gathered together at Kingsbridge; a supply of hard bread had been baked; and as soon as General Robertson and his troops landed to garrison New York in his absence, Sir Henry Clinton embarked three thousand men and sailed up the Hudson.

General Putnam was still at Peekskill—with a force, however, reduced to the small number of twelve hundred continental troops and three hundred militia, in consequence of the drafts made upon him by Washington to reinforce the army in Pennsylvania. The forts, too, on the river were but feebly garrisoned. Fort Independence, on the east side of the Hudson, was near Putnam's post at Peekskill; but he could spare only a few men from his meager force to defend it. Forts Clinton and Montgomery, on the west side and above, were manned by not more than six hundred militia, divided between the two. George Clinton, the governor of New York, commanded Fort Montgomery, while his brother had charge of Fort Clinton, which was situated a hundred yards or so to the south, and separated from the northern fort by a deep inlet from the Hudson, called "Peplopenkill." From a short distance above the kill to Anthony's Nose, opposite, were stretched a *chevaux-de-frise*, a boom, and a huge iron chain, which, with the armed galleys, the two frigates anchored above, and the guns of the forts, were supposed to be an effectual obstacle to the ascent of the river.

General Putnam, at Peekskill, was on the alert. He had received information

of the arrival of British reinforcements at New York, and of Sir Henry Clinton's preparations for his expedition. The designs of the enemy he supposed to be either "against the posts of the Highlands, or some part of the counties of Westchester or Dutchess." He had sent due notice to Governor Clinton, who was absent at the time from his military post, and engaged in the performance of his civil functions elsewhere. The governor immediately returned to Fort Montgomery, having first ordered out the militia of the state of New York.

The farmers, as it was nearly seedtime, and they had not yet sown their grain, did not muster very readily at the call of the governor. A considerable force was, however, finally gathered; part of which was stationed at the forts, and the rest sent to Peekskill. But the men became "extremely restless and uneasy;" and General Putnam, who in his old age was becoming quite the reverse, gave ear to the grumblings of the discontented yeomen, and allowed them to return to their fields. The governor, however, who was disposed to be more exacting, called one half of them back again, with the understanding that, after they had served a month, they should be dismissed, and the other half called in to take their places. While this plan was being carried into effect, there was so much delay in settling who should serve first and who last, that neither got ready in time to be of service in the approaching emergency.

The wind having been unfavorable, Sir Henry Clinton was detained till the night of Saturday the 4th of October, when, with a fair breeze, the fleet, under the command of Commodore Holtham, stood up the river. In advance sailed two men-of-war, three tenders, and a large flotilla of flat-bottomed boats. Soon after followed a frigate, five square-rigged vessels, and a number of small craft. Putnam was on the watch at Peekskill, and, having stationed guard-boats along the river, soon heard of the enemy's approach. His next intelligence was, that Sir Henry Clinton had landed at Tarrytown, some thirty miles from New York. This being on the same side of the river, and below Peekskill, "Old Put" quite made up his mind that his post was Clinton's object, and he accordingly sent off parties to harass him, "if prudent," on his march.

Sir Henry, however, at that moment had no designs upon Peekskill, and had merely landed at Tarrytown in order to divert Putnam from his real purpose. He accordingly, after marching his men five miles into the country, marched them back again, re-embarked them on board his vessels, and sailed farther up the river. Clinton, still bent upon concealing his object from Putnam, proceeded up the Hudson as far as Verplanck's Point, on the east side, where he again landed with a considerable force, only eight miles below Peekskill. Putnam was now still more confident that his post and Fort Independence were threatened; and while consulting with General Parsons, and cautiously reconnoitring the supposed position of the main body of the British, Sir Henry Clinton, taking advantage of a foggy morning, crossed over next day at an early hour from Verplanck's Point, with

two of his three thousand men, to Stony Point opposite, and marched for Forts Clinton and Montgomery.

Putnam's scouts brought in word that some of the enemy had landed on the west side of the river, where a building had been set on fire; but it was supposed that those who had crossed composed only a small force, whose object was to burn the storehouses at Stony Point, and that the principal body still remained at Verplanck's Point. Putnam was not undeceived until he heard "a very heavy and hot firing, both of small-arms and cannon, at Fort Montgomery," which immediately convinced him that the British had gone over in the morning with a large force. He then, at this late moment, detached five hundred men to reinforce the garrisons at Forts Montgomery and Clinton. Before they could cross the river, however, Sir Henry Clinton, as we shall see, had gained his object.

Governor Clinton, at Fort Montgomery, was aroused to the danger threatening the forts; and, having first sent a messenger to General Putnam, asking for a reinforcement, he ordered out Major Logan, an alert officer, well acquainted with the ground, with thirty men, to reconnoitre and gain intelligence of the enemy. The major did not return until nine o'clock the next morning, when he declared that, from the sound he had heard of the rowing of boats, he believed that the British had crossed with a considerable force, but, as the morning was foggy, it had been impossible to see them and compute their numbers. The governor, on hearing this intelligence, despatched Lieutenant Jackson, with a small party, to watch their movements, and anxiously awaited a response to his message to General Putnam asking reinforcements. These, however, never came; for the messenger proved a traitor, and went over to the enemy.

Sir Henry, on landing at Stony Point, left a strong guard there to secure his communication with the war-ships, and marched by a circuitous route toward the forts, which were in a direct line, about twelve miles distant. While the transports were anchored off Stony Point, three of the British men-of-war (the Tartar, the Mercury, and the Preston) moved a short distance up the river, and moored near Fort Independence, in order to keep the Americans in check on that side of the Hudson, and prevent Putnam from sending aid to the garrisons opposite.

The British, guided by a tory, well acquainted with the country, proceeded through a narrow and rugged defile skirting the western base of the Dunderberg or Thunder mountain, which rises with rocky cliffs abruptly from the border of the Hudson. On reaching a ravine at the north, between Dunderberg and Bear hill, Sir Henry Clinton divided his force. One division, under Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, was ordered to proceed to Fort Montgomery, while Sir Henry himself led the other against Fort Clinton. With Campbell's division were nine hundred men, some of whom were American loyalists, under the command of Colonel Beverly Robinson, of New York; some British grenadiers, led by the youthful Lord Rawdon, who was accompanied by his friend Count Gabrowski, a Pole; and the

rest of the force was composed of Hessians.

Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell was ordered to make a circuitous march to the west around Bear hill, and the rear of Fort Montgomery, which he was directed to attack when Sir Henry himself was prepared to begin upon Fort Clinton, toward which he now led his division.

Sir Henry had but a small distance to march, as Fort Clinton was the nearer of the two fortresses, and could be reached by a shorter circuit. While Campbell's route led off to the left of Bear hill, that of Sir Henry Clinton was to the right, through a ravine, and thence in a direct line to the fort, between a pond called Sinipink lake and the river.

Sir Henry advanced cautiously, though he deluded himself with the hope that his movement was unsuspected. He soon had reason to know that the Americans were on the alert; for his advance-guard, on reaching Doodletown, on the Haverstraw road, fell in with Lieutenant Jackson and his scouting-party, who had been sent out to reconnoitre. The British fired as Jackson came up, who, after giving them a volley in return, was forced to retreat with his handful of men.

The firing was heard at Fort Clinton, and General James Clinton, who was in command there, immediately despatched fifty continental troops, under Lieutenant-Colonel Bruyn, and the same number of militia, under Lieutenant-Colonel M'Claughrey, to meet Sir Henry and oppose his approach. They soon became engaged in a hot struggle, but the British were too numerous for them, and they fell back—disputing the rough ground, however, inch by inch, to the walls of the fort.

Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell's march to Fort Montgomery, through the defile on the west side of Bear hill, was no less disputed than Sir Henry's advance to Fort Clinton. Colonel Lamb (he who had so gallantly served his battery at Quebec, under Arnold) had been sent out with a covering-party of sixty men from the fort, to plant a fieldpiece in an advantageous position, commanding the narrow and rugged path through which the enemy would be obliged to advance. A second detachment of sixty were also ordered to follow Lamb and sustain him. Campbell came leading on his men at a quick pace, when he was suddenly brought to a check by a discharge of grapeshot from Lamb's gun and a well-directed fire of musketry from the Americans posted on the high ground on a border of the defile.

The shock was so severe, that the whole British force was driven back, and at each effort to push forward again was so effectually checked, that Campbell was obliged to withdraw his men. He now, however, divided his troops, and filing them off by the right and the left through the woods, attempted to surround the Americans, who, seeing his purpose, abandoned their fieldpiece, after first spiking it to render it useless to the enemy, and then retired. Governor Clinton, in order to cover their retreat and harass the foe, ordered out a twelve-pounder, which, being well served with grapeshot, greatly annoyed the British, and gave the Americans an opportunity of reaching the fort with very little

loss, except the capture of Captain Fenno, who commanded the gun.

It was now about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the enemy continued to push on toward the forts. They were, however, so checked in their advance by the *abattis* of felled trees and the opposition they met, that they were not ready to begin the attack till nearly five o'clock. Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell now approached with a flag, when Lieutenant-Colonel Livingston was sent out to meet him, and demand his rank and business. Campbell, having announced who he was, said that he came to demand the surrender of the fort in five minutes, to prevent the further effusion of blood; and he declared that, if the garrison would give themselves up as prisoners-of-war, they might depend upon being well treated. Livingston rejected the proposition with scorn, and informed Campbell that he might begin his attack as soon as he pleased, as it was determined to defend the forts to the last extremity.

In about ten minutes the enemy attacked both posts with desperate energy. They met with spirited resistance on the part of the meager garrisons in the forts. The numbers of the assailants, however, were overwhelming. With fixed bayonets they came rushing against the fortifications, mounting on one another's shoulders, and climbing through the embrasures by the sides of the guns, hot with incessant firing. They crowded in upon the ramparts, but the brave garrison still resisted, fighting desperately in a hand-to-hand struggle. Seeing themselves, however, surrounded on all sides, and night coming on, the Americans found it useless to dispute the possession any longer. Most were obliged to throw down their arms and surrender; but others fought their way through the enemy, and thus escaped. Among these were Governor Clinton and his brother James. The latter, though wounded in the thigh, slid down a precipice one hundred feet high, into the ravine between the forts, and got off through the woods. His brother, the governor, let himself down the steep rocks and reached the river-side just as a boat was pushing off with a number of other fugitives. They pulled back to take him in; but as the boat was loaded down to the gunwale, he declined to go, for fear of risking their safety. They, however, having insisted, and declared that the boat could easily hold him, he was induced to get in, and succeeded in crossing the Hudson in safety. He now hastened to join General Putnam.*

The loss of the Americans in killed, wounded, and prisoners, amounted to almost three hundred; that of the enemy, in killed and wounded, to only a hundred and forty. The British loss in officers was, as usual, disproportionately large. Among those who fell were Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, who led the division against Fort Montgomery; Major Grant, of the New-York loyalists; Captain Stewart, of the grenadiers; and Major Lile, of the sixty-third regiment. The gallant count Gabrowski likewise fell, mortally wounded by three balls. He had advanced to the storming of the fort by the side of his young friend Lord Raw-

* Irving.

don (afterward the marquis of Hastings), at the head of the British grenadiers. As they became entangled among the felled trees, and each man was obliged to find a path for himself, Gabrowski was separated from his lordship, when he received the fatal shot. As he fell, he took the sword from his side, and, handing it to a grenadier, begged him to deliver it to Lord Rawdon, and tell him that he had died like a soldier.

It was dusk when the struggle ceased, and dark night before the fall of the forts became known to those on board the American vessels which were stationed above the *chevaux-de-frise* across the river. As they feared that Admiral Holtham — who, during the contest on shore, had moved up, and while cannonading the forts had brought his ships within gunshot of the American frigates and galleys — would now direct his attention to them, an attempt was made to get them so far above the *chevaux-de-frise* as to be out of reach. The officers accordingly called all hands to slip the cables, hoist sail, and get under weigh. The vessels, however, being badly manned, the tide on the ebb, and the wind having died away, it was found impossible to manage them. The frigate Montgomery, which was nearest to the chain, lost her headway and drifted down so close to the enemy, that the captain and his crew were forced to set fire to and abandon her. The other frigate, the Congress, got aground near Fort Constitution, and was burnt, as were also the two galleys and the sloop.

"The flames," says Stedman, the British annalist, "suddenly broke forth, and, as every sail was set, the vessels soon became magnificent pyramids of fire. The reflection on the steep face of the opposite mountain, and the long train of ruddy light which shone upon the water for a prodigious distance, had a wonderful effect; while the ear was awfully filled with the continued echoes from the rocky shores, as the flames gradually reached the loaded cannons. The whole was sublimely terminated by the explosions, which left all again in darkness."

The next day, the boom, chain, *chevaux-de-frise*, and all, which had cost a quarter of a million of dollars, were destroyed by the English sailors; **Oct. 7.** and a flying squadron of small frigates, under Sir James Wallace, with a detachment of British troops on board, commanded by General Vaughan, moved triumphantly up the Hudson. On land, Fort Constitution, opposite West Point, and Fort Independence, near Peekskill, were abandoned. General Vaughan now landed his force and marched against Esopus (now Kingston), and, having put to flight a small band of militia, burnt the village to the ground, together with a large supply of military stores.

General Putnam, after the fall of the forts, retired from Peekskill, and, marching along the east side of the Hudson, posted himself in a defile in the mountains near Fishkill. Governor Clinton, in the meantime, having collected two continental regiments and a straggling force of militia, moved along the western side of the river, with the view of keeping between the enemy and Albany, where he hoped to be joined by General Putnam,

who was to proceed along the eastern bank.

On reaching New Windsor, Governor Clinton's advanced guards brought in a couple of British spies, on their way from Sir Henry Clinton to General Burgoyne. One of them, as soon as caught, was observed to put something into his mouth and swallow it. A severe dose of tartar-emetic was at once administered, which brought from him a small silver bullet. In the hollow of it was found this letter:—

Oct. 9.

"FORT MONTGOMERY, *Oct.* 8, 1777.

"*Nous y voici*, and nothing between us but Gates. I sincerely hope this little success of ours may facilitate your operations. In answer to your letter of the 20th Sept., by C. C., I shall only say I can not presume to order or even advise, for reasons obvious. I heartily wish you success. Faithfully yours,

"H. CLINTON."

The spy, moreover, confessed that Captain Campbell, who had brought despatches from General Burgoyne, was on his return, with the news of the fall of Forts Clinton and Montgomery. He started on the 8th of October. Governor Clinton now followed close upon the heels of General Vaughan, but reached Esopus only in time to find it in ruins. He then, after hanging the British spies to an apple-tree, moved forward, spiritedly resolved to do his best to frustrate the enemy in their endeavor to reach Albany before him.

"Old Put" was evidently very much discouraged. On the 8th of October, he wrote to General Gates, saying, "I can not flatter you or myself with the hopes of preventing the enemy's advancing; therefore, prepare for the worst." The next day his words are still less cheerful: "The Connecticut militia came in yesterday and the day before in great numbers, but I am sorry to say they already begin to run away. The enemy can take a fair wind, and, with their flat-bottomed boats, which have all sails, go to Albany or Half-Moon with great expedition, and I believe without opposition."

In the meantime, we shall see that great events were occuring in the North, destined to change the relative prospects which seemed so dismal for the Americans and so encouraging to the British on the North river. Let us now go back to the hostile camps near Saratoga.

CHAPTER LIX.

Battle of Bemis's Heights continued.—The Opposing Armies.—General Burgoyne in the Dark.—His Diminishing Supplies.—His Impatience.—General Gates strong, confident, and patient.—Arnold in a Hurry.—"To Arms!"—The Game begun.—The Order of Battle.—The Conflict.—Fall of General Fraser.—The Tragic Scene.—Stained with British Blood.—The Wounded Ackland.—The Mad Arnold.—He is down, but up again.—The Victory.

1777. THE two armies of Burgoyne and Gates remained within cannon-shot of each other; neither having yielded an inch of ground since the bloody conflict

Sept. 19. of Bemis's heights. Both continued busy with their fortifications, and the adjoining forest resounded from morning till night with the strokes of the axe. Burgoyne was waiting anxiously for further news from Sir Henry Clinton. It was now the 7th of October, and he had received no intelligence since the arrival of the spy in his camp on the night of the 20th of September. He knew nothing of Clinton's success on the North river—of his capture of the forts Montgomery and Clinton; of the advance of the British fleet up the Hudson; and of the unopposed march of General Vaughan, who was hastening to Albany, to bring hope to Burgoyne of a junction, and of a triumphant result to his eventful campaign.

The necessities, however, of the British commander, made him impatient; and, receiving no intelligence from Sir Henry Clinton, he could wait no longer. His provisions were so rapidly diminishing, that he had been already obliged to reduce the rations of each soldier; and now that he prepared to give battle, his wants were so urgent, that he was about striking a blow more from necessity than from policy.

General Gates, on the other hand, with his daily increasing strength, and the constantly diminishing resources of his antagonist, was not disposed to hurry into action, and put to the hazard of a battle the certainties of a position which were proving so fatal to his adversary. The impatient Arnold, in the meanwhile, was striving by his importunate communications to provoke him to engage the enemy: "I think it my duty," he wrote to Gates, "(which nothing shall deter me from doing) to acquaint you the army are clamorous for action." The general-in-chief, however, wisely gave no heed to Arnold's advice, which was intrusively urged more to irritate than to guide. He prudently waited until Burgoyne should make the first move. He did not wait long.

On the afternoon of the 7th of October, the advanced guard of the American centre suddenly beat to arms. The alarm at once ran throughout the line, and the troops hurried to their posts. General Gates, who was at his headquarters, ea-

gerly caught at the sound of the drums, and immediately sent off Adjutant-General Wilkinson to seek out the cause. Wilkinson, mounting his horse, galloped to the guard which had first struck up the alarm, but could learn nothing more than that some person had reported that the British were advancing against the American left. He then rode forward for some distance in front, and as he reached the rising ground he saw several columns of the enemy moving into a field of standing wheat to the left, about half a mile from the line of the American encampment. After getting into the field, the British troops formed a double line, and the soldiers sat down, with their muskets between their knees, while the foragers began to cut the wheat. Some of their officers in the meantime had mounted a hut, and with their glasses were striving to reconnoitre the American left, which was almost hid from their view by the intervening forests.

Wilkinson now galloped back to headquarters, and reported to Gates what he had seen.

"What do they seem to be doing?" asked the general.

"They are foraging, and endeavoring to reconnoitre your left; and I think, sir, they offer you battle."

"What is the nature of the ground, and what your opinion?" rejoined Gates.

"Their front is open, and their flanks rest on woods, under cover of which they may be attacked; their right is skirted by a lofty height," answered Wilkinson. "I would indulge them," he added.

"Well, then, order on Morgan to begin the game," was the reply; when Wilkinson immediately galloped off to do as he was bidden.

The British commander, having left Generals Hamilton and Specht to guard his line on the plain, and General Gall the fortifications on the flats bordering the Hudson river, had advanced with fifteen hundred men, under the several commands of Generals Fraser, Phillips, and De Reidesel, and ten pieces of artillery, to the right of his encampment, and about half a mile beyond the American left. Burgoyne was now stationed where Wilkinson had observed him, in the wheat-field. The foragers having supplied themselves, and Burgoyne having sent forward a party of Canadians and Indians, began to deploy his troops into line. In his centre were placed some British and German regiments, under Phillips and De Reidesel; on his left the grenadiers and artillery, under Majors Ackland and Williams, bordering a wood and a small ravine, through which flowed a rivulet; on his extreme right was Lord Balcarras, with the English light-infantry, and five hundred men in advance led by General Fraser, the latter being covered by the well-wooded heights on the west of the camp, and by a "worm-fence."

The Canadians and Indians, being now pushed forward, commenced an irregular attack upon the advanced pickets on the American left. They succeeded in driving the guards before them close to the American redoubt called "Fort Neilson," which had been raised by Gates to protect his left toward the hills. Colonel Morgan, however, having received orders

to march, was leading his riflemen through the woods, in order to gain the heights to the right of the enemy, when he came upon the Indian and Canadian party, and soon forced it back to the British lines.

Morgan now continued his circuitous route through the woods, and was hastening to begin his attack; while General Gates, as had been agreed upon, was waiting for him to come up with the enemy's right before he himself should send out a force against their left. Sufficient time had elapsed for Morgan to make his circuit, and Gates now accordingly ordered General Poor's brigade of New-York and New-Hampshire troops to move against Burgoyne's left flank and front.

The two attacks were made simultaneously. Morgan had reached the heights in the very nick of time, and from the cover of the woods poured down upon the enemy below a torrent of fire. The English light-infantry, under General Fraser, taken on their flank, were manœuvring to change their front in order to meet the shock, when at this moment Major Dearborn (who was Morgan's second in command) pushed his corps rapidly forward. After delivering a close and murderous fire, the men leaped the "worm-fence," and, charging with a loud shout, forced the British to retire.

The young earl of Balcarras, however, coming up to the aid of Fraser, the men were rallied, and renewed the struggle. General Fraser, in the full uniform of a British field-officer, and mounted upon a fine gray horse, was soon a marked object to the American riflemen. One rifle-ball had already cut in two the crupper, and another had passed through the mane of his charger; when his aid-de-camp, observing his danger, rode up to his side, and begged that, as the marksmen were certainly singling him out, he would take a less exposed position. "My duty forbids me to fly from danger," firmly answered the brave Fraser; and he fell almost as he spoke.

Morgan, having called two or three of his best marksmen to his side, and, pointing to the doomed Briton, had said: "Do you see that gallant officer? That is General Fraser. I respect and honor him; but it is necessary he should die!" He fell, as we have seen, mortally wounded, and was carried off the field. Fraser's loss was deeply felt by the British troops; but Lord Balcarras spiritedly urged them on to revenge his death, and they struggled manfully to hold their ground.

In the meantime, General Poor's brigade advanced steadily and silently, for each soldier had been ordered not to fire a shot until the first discharge from the enemy. The British grenadiers and artillery are drawn up on a rising ground to the left of Burgoyne, and grim as the solemn pines which cover them, stand with poised musket and loaded cannon, ready to begin their work of death upon the approaching columns. The Americans reach the slope, and are rapidly but deliberately marching up, when the enemy open their fire. The Americans now pour back a volley in return, and, without faltering, push right on, with a loud hurrah. They rush up the hill, driving the grenadiers before them, and struggling hand to hand with the artillerymen

for the possession of the cannon. The enemy rally and come back again to the attack, and the conflict is renewed with greater fierceness than ever; when finally the Americans gain possession of the ground, and the British are driven within their encampment.

The spectacle which presented itself on this part of the field of battle at that moment was a mingled one of tragic horror and wild excitement. Upon the earth, within the space of ten or fifteen yards, were stretched eighteen grenadiers in the agonies of death. Three British officers, two of them mortally wounded and bleeding profusely, lay with their heads propped up against some stumps of trees. Colonel Cilley, of New Hampshire, straddling a brass twelve-pounder, loudly exulted in its capture; while a surgeon, who was dressing a wound, raised his bloody hands, exclaiming, "I have dipped my hands in British blood!"

Such was the scene, as he tells us, witnessed by General Wilkinson, when he came up with Ten Broeck's brigade of militia, which he had been sent for to reinforce General Poor's division, and aid in the pursuit of the retreating enemy.

As he rode on, Wilkinson saw another and sadder spectacle still. "Turning my eyes," says he, "it was my fortune to arrest the purpose of a lad, thirteen or fourteen years old, in the act of taking aim at a wounded officer who lay in the angle of a worm-fence. Inquiring his rank, he answered, 'I had the honor to command the grenadiers.' Of course, I knew him to be Major Ackland, who had been brought from the field to this place on the back of a Captain Shimpton of his own corps, under a heavy fire, and was here deposited to save the lives of both. I dismounted, took him by the hand, and expressed the hope that he was not badly wounded. 'Not badly,' he replied, 'but very inconveniently; I am shot through both legs. Will you, sir, have the goodness to have me conveyed to your camp?'" Wilkinson, having ordered his servant to alight from his horse, they lifted Ackland into the saddle, and sent him to the American headquarters.

When the fresh reinforcement of three thousand New-York militia, under Ten Broeck, together with Learned's brigade, came up, the action became general. Morgan was slowly but surely forcing the enemy's right before him; their left had given way before Poor's brigade; but the British grenadiers were disputing every inch of ground as they retired: and now the reserved troops sent forward by General Gates were hotly engaged with Burgoyne's centre, principally composed of Hessians, and led by the commander-in-chief himself.

General Arnold, who had remained in the camp, as he declared he would, was without command. When the battle began, however, his impetuous nature fretted greatly against the constraint of his position. On the first beat to arms, he mounted his black horse, and rode about the camp, talking loudly and fiercely of his wrongs, and, brandishing his sword, threatened vengeance against those who had dared to revile and injure him. Such was his state of excitement, that it was believed that, in his attempt to drown his

troubles in wine, he had drunk so freely as to lose all self-control. Dashing about thus, in wild agitation, he no sooner saw that the engagement with the enemy had become general, than he spurred his horse furiously into the midst of the fight, where General Learned's brigade on the left—which had belonged to Arnold's own division—was bravely struggling with the Hessians, who formed the British centre. Here Arnold assumed the command, and, riding in front along the line, he led the American troops forward again and again, and broke the ranks of the Germans at every charge. But, gallantly as his men pushed on, nothing seemed to satisfy the mad fury of their commander, who continued to dash about wildly, spurring his charger to the height of his speed, and, flourishing his sword, fiercely to call upon his troops to come on. In his mad excitement, he became so beside himself, that he struck one of the officers upon the head and severely wounded him, without being conscious (as he afterward declared) of the act. On the impulse of the moment, the officer raised his fusee to shoot Arnold, but, suddenly checking himself, he began to remonstrate; when the general was off again, digging the spurs into his horse, and riding to another part of the field, like a madman.

General Gates being told of the erratic movements of Arnold, sent Major Armstrong after him, with orders. Arnold, however, as soon as he caught a glimpse of him, and probably aware of his object, only quickened the speed of his horse, and led the major such a break-neck chase hither and thither, that he was fain to give up the pursuit. He was now on the American right, and again in a moment to the extreme left, having dashed along the whole length of the line, between the fires of the two armies, without receiving a wound or even the graze of a shot.

Morgan and Dearborn, on the American left, had succeeded in driving Lord Balcarras and his light-infantry within their intrenchments. Arnold dashed up, and, calling upon a company of riflemen in advance to follow him, strove to force his way into the enemy's camp. Finding his efforts foiled here by the gallant resistance of Balcarras, he turned his horse and galloped to his left, where Lieutenant-Colonel Brooks was storming the extreme right of the British fortifications, held by a reserve of Hessians, under Lieutenant-Colonel Breyman. In spite of *abattis* and redoubts, the Germans are obliged to give way, having first lost their spirited commander; and Arnold is among the first to dash with his horse through a sally-port right in the midst of the enemy, who fire a last volley as they retire, killing Arnold's black charger, and stretching his rider upon the ground with a shot in the same knee which was wounded at Quebec.

By this success of the Americans on the extreme right, the whole British encampment was laid open; but, as night was rapidly coming on, and the troops were fatigued by hard fighting, General Gates did not further push his advantage, but remained satisfied with the glorious victory of the day.

CHAPTER LX.

Comparative Strength of the two Armies.—The Killed and Wounded.—The British retreat.—A Trying Night.—The Baroness Reidesel.—Her Sad Experiences.—Lady Harriet Ackland.—A Wife mourning for her Lord.—The Death of General Fraser.—His Burial.—Honors to a Gallant Enemy.—A Dismal Night.—The Journey of the Baroness Reidesel.—Her Husband and Children.—An Expected Attack.—Saving the Valuables.—The Baroness in Trouble.—General Gates takes Possession of the Abandoned Intrenchments.—Lady Ackland.—Woman's Devotion.—Visit to the American Camp.—A tolerably Comfortable Night.—A Happy Meeting.—Continued Retreat of the British.—Pursuit by Gates.—Headquarters in a Hovel.—Alarm of the Enemy.—Further Trials of the Baroness.—A "Horrid Situation."

1777. THE second battle near Bemis's heights had lasted from noon until night. General Gates had undoubtedly much the superior force, although the numbers on both sides actually engaged in the fight were nearly equal. General Burgoyne's whole army amounted to less than six thousand; that of Gates to two or three thousand more than that number. The loss of the former in killed, wounded, and prisoners, was about seven hundred, among whom were a number of officers of high rank, including General Fraser, Lieutenant-Colonel Breyman, Sir Francis Clarke, an aid of Burgoyne, and others. Burgoyne himself was greatly exposed; his hat was shot through, and his waistcoat torn by a ball. The Americans lost but one hundred and fifty in killed and wounded; General Arnold was the only commissioned officer who even received a contusion, and he was without a command.

Oct. 7. Burgoyne, finding his position untenable, broke up his camp and moved his whole army in the midst of the night after the battle, to some heights near the river Hudson, and about a mile to the northward of his former encampment. The trials and incidents of that night have been recorded in affecting words by the baroness Reidesel, who entered in her narrative the events of the whole day as well as of the night. "Severe trials," she writes, "awaited us; and on the 7th of October our misfortunes began. I was at breakfast with my husband, and heard that something was intended. On the same day I expected Generals Burgoyne, Phillips, and Fraser, to dine with us. I saw a great movement among the troops: my husband told me it was merely a reconnoissance, which gave me no concern, as it often happened. I walked out of the house and met several Indians, in their war-dresses, with guns in their hands. When I asked them where they were going, they cried out, '*War! war!*' (meaning that they were going to battle). This filled me with apprehension, and I had scarcely got home before I heard reports of cannon and musketry, which grew louder by degrees, till at last the noise became excessive.

"About four o'clock in the afternoon, instead of the guests whom I expected,

General Fraser was brought on a litter, mortally wounded. The table, which was already set, was instantly removed, and a bed placed in its stead for the wounded general. I sat trembling in a corner; the noise grew louder and the alarm increased. The thought that my husband might perhaps be brought in, wounded in the same manner, was terrible to me, and distressed me exceedingly. General Fraser said to the surgeon: 'Tell me if my wound is mortal; do not flatter me.' The ball had passed through his body, and unhappily for the general he had eaten a very hearty breakfast, by which the stomach was distended; and the ball, as the surgeon said, had passed through it. I heard him often exclaim, with a sigh: 'O fatal ambition! Poor General Burgoyne! O my poor wife!' He was asked if he had any request to make, to which he replied that, 'if General Burgoyne would permit it, he should like to be buried at six o'clock in the evening, on the top of a mountain, in a redoubt which had been built there.'

"I did not know which way to turn; all the other rooms were full of sick. Toward evening I saw my husband coming; then I forgot all my sorrows, and thanked God that he was spared to me. He ate in great haste, with me and his aid-de-camp, behind the house. We had been told that we had the advantage of the enemy, but the sorrowful faces I beheld told a different tale; and before my husband went away, he took me on one side, and said everything was going very bad; that I must keep myself in readiness to leave the place, but not to mention it to any one. I made the pretence that I would move the next morning into my new house, and had everything packed up ready.

"Lady Harriet Ackland had a tent not far from our house; in this she slept, and the rest of the day she was in the camp. All of a sudden, a man came to tell her that her husband was mortally wounded, and taken prisoner. On hearing this, she became very miserable. We comforted her by telling her that the wound was only slight, and at the same time advised her to go over to her husband, to do which she would certainly obtain permission, and then she could attend him herself. She was a charming woman, and very fond of him. I spent much of the night in comforting her, and then went again to my children, whom I had put to bed.

"I could not go to sleep, as I had General Fraser and all the other wounded gentlemen in my room; and I was sadly afraid my children would awake, and by their crying disturb the dying man in his last moments, who often addressed me, and apologized 'for the trouble he gave me.' About three o'clock in the morning I was told he could not hold out much longer. I had desired to be informed of the near approach of this sad crisis; and I then wrapped up my children in their clothes, and went with them into the room below. About eight o'clock in the morning he died.

...."The corpse was brought out, and we saw all the generals attend it to the mountain; the chaplain, Mr. Brudenell, performed the funeral service, rendered unusually solemn and awful from its being accompanied by con-

Oct. 8.

stant peals from the enemy's artillery. Many cannon-balls flew close by me, but I had my eyes directed toward the mountain, where my husband was standing, amid the fire of the enemy, and of course I could not think of my own danger."

General Burgoyne had not hesitated to grant the dying request of his brave and true-hearted friend, notwithstanding the delay and inconvenience which it caused to the retreat he contemplated. Burgoyne has also left a touching description of the scene of the burial of General Fraser, and recorded his admiration and love for the gallant soldier: "The incessant cannonade during the ceremony; the steady attitude and unaltered voice with which the chaplain officiated, though frequently covered with dust which the shot threw up on all sides of him; the mute but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance; these objects will remain to the last of life upon the mind of every man who was present. The growing darkness added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of that juncture which would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master that the field ever exhibited. To the canvas and to the faithful page of a more important historian, gallant friend! I consign thy memory. There may thy talents, thy manly virtues, their progress and their period, find due distinction; and long may they survive—long after the frail record of my pen shall be forgotten!"

The firing from the American lines was in consequence of ignorance of the object of the gathering upon the height. When it was discovered, the artillery no longer threw hostile shot, but discharged minute-guns in honor of the memory of Fraser, whose gallantry was acknowledged both by friend and foe.

As soon as Burgoyne had paid the last sad duties to his brave comrade, he began his retreat. The fires in the old camp were left burning, and some tents standing; and orders were given to the troops to move in profound silence. The night was stormy; the rain poured in torrents, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the weak and half-starved horses could draw the baggage-wagons over the broken roads in which the wheels sank deep into the mire. Constant halts took place, to give the wearied troops moments of rest, and to bring up by the river the lagging boats, laden with the artillery and stores. The sad march continued from time to time throughout that dismal night. **Oct. 8.**

Burgoyne had left his sick and wounded behind him, in the hospital in his late camp, with a letter to Gates, commending them to the protection "which I feel," wrote the British commander, "I should show to an enemy in the same case." Some of the wounded officers, however, in spite of their injuries, crept from their beds, and determined, rather than stay behind, to suffer all the tortures of a painful journey. The officers' wives who were with the army were sent on in advance. The baroness Reidesel's *calash* was made ready for her, but she would not consent to go before the troops. The baron, seeing her thus exposed to danger by remaining in the rear, ordered the children and servants into the carriage, and inti-

mated to his wife to follow and depart without delay. "I still prayed," says the baroness, "to remain; but my husband, knowing my weak side, said, 'Well, then, your children must go, that at least they may be safe from danger.'" She then consented, got into her calash, and drove off.

Oct. 9. At six o'clock the next morning there was a full halt. "The delay," says the baroness (whose anxieties were naturally for her husband and her children), "seemed to displease everybody; for, if we could have only made another good march, we should have been in safety." Burgoyne was, however, prudently preparing against the chances of attack from his triumphant enemy in the rear. He halted in order to count and range his cannon, and to bring his straggling troops out of the confusion unavoidable in a hurried retreat. He soon found reason for his discretion; for he had hardly begun his march, when the alarm was given that the enemy were in sight. A halt was again immediately ordered; but it was soon discovered that the fright had come from a small reconnoitring-party of Americans, only two hundred strong.

In the meantime, however, the retreating army expected an engagement, and prepared for the worst. Some of the German officers collected their valuables, and strove to place them in security, so that their property might have a chance of safety, whatever might be the risks to which their lives were exposed. "Captain Willoe," says the baroness, "brought me a bag full of bank-notes, and Captain Geismar his elegant watch, a ring, and a purse full of money, which they requested me to take care of, and which I promised to do to the utmost of my power."

The army, nevertheless, soon recovered from its fright, and moved slowly on again. But the poor baroness, with the anxieties for her husband, the care of her little children, and her despairing servants, was overwhelmed with trouble. "One of my waiting-women," she says, "was in a state of despair which approached to madness. She cursed, and tore her hair; and when I attempted to reason with her, and to pacify her, she asked me if I was not grieved at our situation; and, upon my saying, 'I am,' she tore her cap off her head, and let her hair drop over her face, saying to me: 'It is very easy for you to be composed and talk; you have your husband with you: I have none, and what remains to me but the prospect of perishing, or losing all I have?'" All that the baroness could do was to bid her take comfort, and promise that she should be compensated for all her losses.

"About evening," continues the baroness, "we arrived at Saratoga. My dress was wet through and through with rain, and in that state I had to remain the whole night, having no place to change it. I, however, got close to a large fire, and at last lay down on some straw. At this moment, General Phillips came up to me, and I asked him why we had not continued our retreat, as my husband had promised to cover it, and bring the army through. 'Poor, dear woman,' said he, 'I wonder how, drenched as you are, you have the courage still to persevere and venture farther in this kind of weather. I wish,' continued he, 'you were

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our commanding general: General Burgoyne is tired, and means to halt here to-night and give us our supper.'"

On the morning after Burgoyne's retreat, the whole of Gates's army, with the exception of the camp-guards, moved forward and took possession of the enemy's abandoned intrenchments. The British commander was still in the position, on the heights, which he had taken on the night of the battle. During the day while he remained, previous to beginning his retreat, a desultory fire was kept up between the pickets of the opposing camps; and General Lincoln, while reconnoitring, had his leg broken by a shot from the enemy. Burgoyne, as we have seen, was allowed to begin his retreat on the night of the 8th of October, without interruption; for Gates prudently avoided an engagement, and determined so to surround his enemy as to force him to a surrender. He accordingly, when Burgoyne was retreating, sent off General Fellows, with a detachment of fourteen hundred militia, to cross the Hudson, and post themselves on the high ground, on the eastern bank of the river, opposite to Saratoga, and at a ford where the British would desire to cross. Other troops were also detached to Fishkill; while Fort Edward, on the Hudson, and Fort George, on Lake George, to the north of Saratoga, were already held by Colonel Cochrane, in command of a force which was daily gathering strength from the flocking in of the militia of the whole country round.

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General Gates, with his main body, remained quietly for two days in the camp abandoned by Burgoyne. "The weather," says Wilkinson, "was unfavorable, the commissariat dilatory, and the men seemed to prefer repose to action." The delay fretted the young deputy adjutant-general, but Gates was unmoved, and was calmly and discreetly abiding his time.

An incident now occurred which brings again to our notice one of the gentle women of whom we have already had so much to say, to whose constant heroism of woman's love during these trying times we all eagerly turn, from the hot bravery flushing up in the angry paroxysms of the battle-struggle.

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Lady Harriet Ackland, when she heard that her husband (Major Ackland, of the grenadiers) was wounded and a prisoner, was determined to go to him, as she had done when he was a sufferer before, and by her sympathy and her tender care soothe him whom she loved so deeply. When she sent to Burgoyne, asking permission to proceed to the American camp, he was greatly surprised. "Though I was ready to believe," he says, "that patience and fortitude, in a supreme degree, were to be found, as well as every other virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation of spirits, exhausted not only for want of rest, but absolutely want of food, drenched in rains for twelve hours together—that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to an enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain of what hands she might fall into, appeared an effort above human nature. The assistance I was enabled to give was small indeed; I had not

even a cup of wine to offer her: but I was told she had found, from some kind and fortunate hand, a little rum and dirty water. All I could furnish to her was an open boat, and a few lines (written upon dirty, wet paper) to General Gates, recommending her to his protection."

On the "dirty, wet paper" the British commander-in-chief wrote as follows, in a rapid scrawl:—

"SIR: Lady Harriet Ackland, a lady of the first distinction by family, rank, and by personal virtues, is under such concern on account of Major Ackland her husband, wounded and a prisoner in your hands, that I can not refuse her request to commit her to your protection.

"Whatever general impropriety there may be in persons acting in your situation and mine to solicit favors, I can not see the uncommon perseverance in every female grace and exaltation of character of this lady, and her very hard fortune, without testifying that your attentions to her will lay me under obligation.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"J. BURGOYNE.

"*October* 9, 1777.

"MAJOR-GENERAL GATES."

Lady Ackland, thus provided, set out in the midst of a storm of rain, on her trying journey, in an open boat upon the Hudson. Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain, had offered to accompany her; and he, together with a waiting-maid, and her husband's body-servant (who had still a ball in his shoulder, which he had received while searching for his master on the battle-field), were her only companions. It was at dusk in the evening when she began her journey, and it was late at night when she reached the American outposts. A sentinel, hearing the oars of the boat, challenged it, when Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain, called out that he bore a flag of truce from General Burgoyne. The soldier, fearful of treachery, and threatening to shoot them should they land, kept them off until he had sent word to Major Henry Dearborn, who commanded the American advanced guard.

The major, upon learning that there was a lady in the boat, immediately prepared to receive her. His guard occupied a log-cabin, in which there was a back apartment appropriated to his own use. This he had cleared for her reception, and orders were given that the party should be allowed to land. Upon reaching the cabin, Lady Ackland was assured of her husband's safety; and a fire having been lighted, and a cup of tea made, she was enabled to pass the night with tolerable comfort. Early the next morning, the party again embarked, **Oct. 10.** and sailed down the river to the American camp, "where General Gates, whose gallantry will not be denied," says Wilkinson, "stood ready to receive her with all the tenderness and respect to which her rank and condition gave her a claim. Indeed, the feminine figure, the benign aspect, and polished manners, of this charming woman, were alone sufficient to attract the sympathy of the most obdurate; but if another motive could have been wanting to inspire respect, it was furnished by the peculiar circumstances of Lady Harriet, then in that most delicate situation,

which can not fail to interest the solicitudes of every being possessing the form and feelings of a man."

Her wounded husband, Major Ackland, had already been conveyed to Albany, where Lady Harriet proceeded immediately to join him, and had the happiness of finding that his wound was not mortal, and that he was rapidly recovering from its effects.*

General Burgoyne did not remain long at Saratoga, but, having refreshed his army after its painful march with a few hours of such repose as his troops could obtain by throwing themselves on the wet ground during the pelting rain, he began to continue his retreat to the northward

Oct. 10. before break of day. A detachment of Americans had reached the ground, on the bank of the Fishkill, before the British commander; and, although on his advance, they had retreated to the opposite side of the river, where General Fellows was posted on the heights with his fifteen hundred men, they had taken care to break down the bridges. Burgoyne was thus delayed in getting his baggage and artillery over the Fishkill, which small stream, running into the Hudson from west to east, stretched directly across his route. After destroying the buildings on the south bank, among which were the house and mills belonging to General Schuyler, the British crossed over and posted themselves on the heights north of the Fishkill, where they at once began to intrench their camp.

General Gates, in the meantime, drew near in pursuit; although, in consequence of the heavy rains, and some delay in waiting for supplies, he did not march before the afternoon of the 10th of October. By four o'clock, however, he reached Saratoga, and took his position on the wooded heights, about a mile south of the Fishkill, separated from Burgoyne's camp by this small stream. The general's own quarters were humble enough, being in a small hovel about ten feet square, situated at the foot of a hill, out of which it had been partially scooped. The floor was simply the ground, and Gates's pallet was spread upon rude boards, supported by four forked pieces of timber, with cross-pieces, in one corner; while Wilkinson, with his saddle for a pillow, lay upon the straw in another. Finding the enemy still busy in moving their stores, Gates ordered out two light fieldpieces, to disperse a fatigue-party engaged in unloading the batteaux

* The subsequent history of Lady Harriet and Major Ackland was thus first told by Wilkinson, and has been adopted by most other writers: "Ackland, after his return to England, procured a regiment; and at a dinner of military men, where the courage of Americans was made a question, took the negative side with his usual decision; he was opposed, warmth ensued, and he gave the lie direct to a Lieutenant Lloyd, fought him, and was shot through the head. Lady Harriet lost her senses, and continued deranged two years; after which, I have been informed," continues Wilkinson, "she married Mr. Brudenell, who accompanied her from General Burgoyne's camp, when she sought her wounded husband on the Hudson's river." This story, however, is now contradicted; and it is declared, apparently on good authority, that Major Ackland did not fight a duel, and was not killed; that Lady Harriet did not become insane, and did not marry the chaplain, Mr. Brudenell. "Major John Dyke Ackland," says Lossing, in his Life of Washington, "was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Dyke Ackland. He died from the effects of his wounds received at Saratoga, November, 1778. His wife, the 'Right Honorable Lady Harriet Ackland,' was sister of the earl of Ilchester, and mother of the late countess of Carnarvon. Lady Ackland survived her husband many years, and, contrary to the generally-received opinion, appears to have remained his widow until her death, on the 21st of July, 1815. . . . Lady Ackland and the eminent Charles James Fox were cousins."— (See *American Historical Magazine*, New York, vol. ii., p. 121.)

which had followed Burgoyne up the Hudson. The object was attained; but Major Stevens, who was serving the field-pieces, was soon obliged to withdraw, by a severe cannonade from the whole park of the enemy's artillery.

To the baroness Reidesel's narrative we must again recur for a true impression of passing events in the British camp. "The greatest misery," she says, "at this time prevailed in the army, and more than thirty officers came to me, for whom tea and coffee was prepared, and with whom I shared all my provisions, with which my *calash* was in general well supplied; for I had a cook who was an excellent caterer, and who often in the night crossed small rivers and foraged on the inhabitants, bringing in with him sheep, small pigs, and poultry, for which he very often forgot to pay, though he received good pay from me, as long as I had any, and was ultimately handsomely rewarded. Our provisions now failed us for want of proper conduct in the commissary's department, and I began to despair.

Oct. 11. "About two o'clock in the afternoon, we again heard a firing of cannon and small-arms. Instantly all was alarm, and everything in motion. My husband told me to go to a house not far off. I immediately seated myself in my calash with my children, and drove off; but scarcely had we reached it, before I discovered five or six armed men on the other side of the Hudson. Instinctively I threw my children down in the calash, and then concealed myself with them. At that moment the fellows fired, and wounded an already wounded English soldier, who was behind me. Poor fellow! I pitied him exceedingly, but at that moment had no means or power to relieve him.

"A terrible cannonade was commenced by the enemy, which was directed against the house in which I sought to obtain shelter for myself and children, under the mistaken idea that all the generals were in it. Alas! it contained none but wounded and women. We were at last obliged to resort to the cellar for refuge; and in one corner of this I remained the whole day, my children sleeping on the earth with their heads in my lap, and in the same situation I passed a sleepless night. Eleven cannon-balls passed through the house, and we could distinctly hear them roll away. One poor soldier, who was lying on a table, for the purpose of having his leg amputated, was struck by a shot which carried away his other. His comrades had left him, and when we went to his assistance we found him in a corner of the room, into which he had crept more dead than alive, scarcely breathing. My reflections on the danger to which my husband was exposed now agonized me exceedingly; and the thoughts of my children, and the necessity of struggling for their preservation, alone sustained me.

"The ladies of the army who were with me were, Mrs. Hamage, a Mrs. Kennels, the widow of a lieutentant who was killed, and the wife of the commissary. Major Hamage, his wife, and Mrs. Kennels, made a little room in a corner, with curtains to it, and wished to do the same for me; but I preferred being near the door, in case of fire. Not far off my maid slept, and

opposite to us three English officers, who, though wounded, were determined not to be left behind; one of them was Captain Greene, an aid-de-camp to Major Phillips, a very valuable officer and most agreeable man. They each made me a most sacred promise not to leave me behind; and, in case of a sudden retreat, that they would each of them take one of my children on his horse: and, for myself, one of my husband's was in constant readiness.

"Our cook, I have before mentioned, procured us our meals, but we were in want of water; and I was often obliged to drink wine, and to give it to my children. It was the only thing my husband took—which made our faithful hunter (Rockel) express one day his apprehensions that 'the general was weary of his life, or fearful of being taken, as he drank so much wine.' The constant danger which my husband was in, kept me in a state of wretchedness; and I asked myself if it was possible I should be the only happy one, and have my husband spared to me unhurt, exposed as he was to so many perils. He never entered his tent, but lay down whole nights by the watch-fires. This alone was enough to have killed him, the cold was so intense.

"The want of water distressed us much. At length we found a soldier's wife, who had courage enough to fetch us some from the river, an office nobody else would undertake, as the Americans shot at every person who approached it; but, out of respect for her sex, they never molested her.

"I now occupied myself through the day in attending the wounded. I made them tea and coffee, and often shared my dinner with them, for which they offered me a thousand expressions of gratitude. One day, a Canadian officer came to our cellar, who had scarcely the power of holding himself upright, and we concluded he was dying for want of nourishment. I was happy in offering him my dinner, which strengthened him, and procured me his friendship. I now undertook the care of Major Bloomfield, another aid-de-camp of General Phillips. He had received a musket-ball through both cheeks, which in its course had knocked out several of his teeth and cut his tongue. He could hold nothing in his mouth; the matter which ran from his mouth almost choked him, and he was not able to take any nourishment except a little soup or something liquid. We had some Rhenish wine, and, in the hope that the acidity of it would cleanse his wound, I gave him a bottle of it; he took a little now and then, and with such effect, that his cure soon followed. Thus I added another to my stock of friends, and derived a satisfaction which, in the midst of sufferings, served to tranquillize me, and diminish their acuteness.

"One day, General Phillips accompanied my husband, at the risk of their lives, on a visit to us, who, after having witnessed our situation, said to him: 'I would not for ten thousand guineas come again to this place; my heart is almost broken!' In this horrid situation we remained six days."

CHAPTER LXI.

Desperate Situation of General Burgoyne.—Desperate Expedients.—A Masked Movement.—The Americans tricked.—A Skirmish with the Pickets.—The British surrounded.—Despair of Burgoyne.—Proposals to negotiate.—The Terms settled.—Surrender of Burgoyne.—Convention *not* Capitulation.—News from Sir Henry Clinton.—Too late.—Fresh Beef.—The Baroness Reidesel refreshed.—The Convention signed.—Meeting of Burgoyne and Gates.—Splendor and Simplicity.—The Formalities of the Surrender.—The British Commander pleads Illness.—The "Stars and Stripes" for the First Time.—The Adventures of the Baroness continued.—Courtesy of General Schuyler.—French Gallantry.—Kindness of Schuyler.—The Numbers surrendered.—The News of Victory reaches Congress.—Gates moves toward the Hudson.—Retreat of General Vaughan.—The Result of the Surrender at Saratoga.—Its Effect in France, England, and throughout Europe.—The Earl of Chatham.—"You can not conquer America!"

1777. General Burgoyne was now in a desperate position, with a powerful body of Americans under General Fellows extending beyond his left flank, on the eastern bank of the Hudson; with the country before him, toward the north, filled with provincials, who held Fort Edward, and swarmed in every mountain-pass and forest-path which led to Fort George, and even to the borders of Lake Champlain; and with a triumphant enemy behind him. His situation was desperate, and his plans for extrication equally so. He proposed to ascend the Hudson, along the western bank, where he was now posted, to Fort George, at the southern end of the lake of that name. A rugged country, with mountains, morasses, ravines, and deep streams, was before him. Roads were to be made and bridges built by an army half famished and threatened on all sides by a numerous and triumphant enemy. Great as were the obstacles, the British general made the attempt to overcome them. He sent out working-parties to open roads and construct bridges; but the American riflemen were everywhere on the alert, and from each rocky defile and forest-covert came the fatal bullets: and, after one day's trial, Burgoyne's artificers were forced to retire to the cover of the camp, and give up all hope of the route to Fort George by the western bank of the Hudson.

Burgoyne now hit upon the desperate expedient of marching his army a short distance along the Hudson, and forcing his passage across that river in the very face of the large body of Americans on the eastern bank. Making up his mind to abandon the artillery, and giving each man his share of the few days' provisions which were all that were left to carry in his knapsack on his back, he hoped that his troops, by dint of personal daring and physical endurance, might succeed in working their way to Fort Edward and the lakes, and thence by a circuitous route find safety in Canada. With this object in view, Burgoyne sent a detachment up the river in advance, intending to follow with the whole of his army in the course of the night. Oct. 10.

This movement almost proved fatal to Gates.

Intelligence was brought late at night into the American camp that the main body of the British had abandoned their intrenchments on the north side of the Fishkill, and were marching to Fort Edward. Gates accordingly ordered Morgan, with his rifle-corps, and Nixon and Glover, with their brigades, to cross the Fishkill at break of day, and attack the enemy's encampment, supposed to be defended merely by a rear-guard.

Oct. 11. The morning, as is common at that season of the year, opened with a dense fog; but the alert Morgan had at the earliest hour groped his way across the stream, and was soon engaged with an advanced picket of the British on their right. The firing brought the brigades of Patterson and Learned to his support. Nixon, too, had crossed the Fishkill, to move against the centre of the enemy's camp; Glover was about doing the same; and General Gates had moved his whole army forward, prepared to follow, when a British soldier came wading through the water. He proved to be a deserter, and brought intelligence that Burgoyne was still in camp, with the main body of his troops. Glover immediately checked the march of his brigade, and strove to call back Nixon from the other side of the stream.

At this moment the fog suddenly lifted and rolled away, and the day became clear, revealing the whole British army, drawn up in formidable array before their camp on the heights. Fifteen hundred Americans, under Nixon, had crossed the river, and were now brought face to face with the full force of the enemy, who immediately began a heavy fire of artillery and musketry, which soon drove him back, and sent him with his scattered brigade across to the American encampment.

Morgan and his riflemen, after their engagement with the advanced picket of the enemy, had warily moved, under cover of the fog, around Burgoyne's right, and taken their position on some heights in its rear, which they firmly held. The brigades of Patterson and Learned, which had gone to the support of Morgan, also succeeded, after a slight skirmish with an advanced party of the British, in gaining a strong position under the cover of a wood, and maintaining it, though on the same side of the Fishkill with Burgoyne's encampment.

The two armies, thus drawn close to each other, kept up an incessant cannonade; but the British commander, finding himself completely hemmed in, and all resources of escape cut off but the chance of relief from Sir Henry Clinton (of which, after lingering so long in anxious expectation, he now at last abandoned all hope), was in despair of saving his army.

"A series of hard toil," wrote Burgoyne himself; "incessant effort, and stubborn action, until disabled in the collateral branches of the army by the total defection of the Indians; the desertion or the timidity of the Canadians and provincials, some individuals excepted; disappointed in the last hope of any co-operation from other armies; the regular troops reduced by losses from the best parts to thirty-five hundred fighting men, not two thousand of which

were British; only three days' provisions, upon short allowance, in store; invested by an army of sixteen thousand men, and no appearance of retreat remaining, I called into council all the generals, field-officers, and captains commanding corps, and by their unanimous concurrence and advice I was induced to open a treaty with Major-General Gates." While the council was in session, an eighteen-pound ball passed over the table, as there was not a spot of ground in the whole British camp which was not exposed to the fire of the Americans.

Oct. 13. It having been determined to open a treaty, Burgoyne immediately wrote a note to General Gates, saying that he was desirous of sending a field-officer "upon a matter of high moment to both armies," and requesting to be informed at what time General Gates would receive him the next morning. A note in reply was promptly sent, in which Gates appointed ten o'clock as the hour.

Oct. 14. Accordingly, next morning, at the hour appointed, Major Kingston presented himself at the American advanced post, and, being blindfolded, was led to headquarters, where he delivered the following message from the British to the American commander: "After having fought you twice, Lieutenant-General Burgoyne has waited some days in his present position, determined to try a third conflict against any force you could bring against him. He is apprized of the superiority of your numbers, and the disposition of your troops to impede his supplies, and render his retreat a scene of carnage on both sides. In this situation he is impelled by humanity, and thinks himself justified by established principles and precedents of state and war, to spare the lives of brave men upon honorable terms. Should Major-General Gates be inclined to treat upon that idea, General Burgoyne would propose a cessation of arms during the time necessary to communicate the preliminary terms by which, in any extremity, he and his army mean to abide."

Gates was prepared with his answer in advance; and, as soon as Major Kingston had done, the general put his hand into his side-pocket, and, pulling out a paper, said, "There, sir, are the terms on which General Burgoyne must surrender."* The major was somewhat taken by surprise at the promptness of the reply, but read the paper, while Gates surveyed him curiously through his spectacles. Kingston was not pleased with the terms, which proposed, "as Burgoyne's retreat was cut off," an unconditional surrender of his troops as prisoners-of-war; and he at first objected to convey them to the British commander, but was finally prevailed upon. Kingston soon came back with a negative answer, and word from his general that he would never admit that his retreat was cut off while his troops had arms in their hands. Hostilities in the meantime ceased; and other proposals were then made, and passed backward and forward, when finally, after a two or three days' delay, the following terms were agreed upon:—

General Burgoyne's troops were to march out of their camp with all the hon-

* Wilkinson.

ors of war; and the artillery to be moved to the banks of the Hudson river, and there left, together with the soldiers' arms, which were to be piled at the word of command from their own officers. It was agreed that a free passage to Great Britain should be granted to the troops, on condition of their not serving again in the present contest; that all officers should retain their baggage and side-arms, and not be separated from their men; and that all, of whatever country they might be, following the camp, should be included in the terms of capitulation.

Oct. 15. The conditions of the surrender being settled, the two generals were preparing to sign and carry out the terms of the treaty, and about to exchange signatures, when Burgoyne sent word to Gates that it had been unguardedly called a treaty of *capitulation*, while his army only meant it as a treaty of *convention*. Gates, without hesitation, admitted the alteration; and the next day (the 16th) he was expecting to receive from the British commander a copy of the convention, properly signed, when instead a note arrived, in which Burgoyne, having heard of the departure of some of the American militia (who, with their usual independence, had gone off without leave), declared he had "received intelligence that a considerable force had been detached from the army under the command of Major-General Gates" during the negotiation, and in violation of the cessation of arms agreed upon. This gave rise to another delay; and, in the meanwhile, word was at last received at the British headquarters from Sir Henry Clinton.

Burgoyne immediately called a council of war, and submitted to it the question "whether it was consistent with public faith, and if so, expedient, to suspend the execution of the treaty, and trust to events." At this anxious moment there were those in the British camp who, having, during the cessation of hostilities, momentarily enjoyed the blessings of repose and security, were in fearful alarm lest they should soon be again awakened to the horrors of the battle-field.

"One day," says the baroness Reidesel, "a message was sent to my husband, who had visited me and was reposing in my bed, to attend a council of war, where it was proposed to break the convention; but, to my great joy, the majority was for adhering to it. On the 16th, however, my husband had to repair to his post, and I to my cellar. This day fresh beef was served out to the officers, who until now had only salt provision, which was very bad for their wounds. The good woman who brought us water, made us an excellent soup of the meat, but I had lost my appetite, and took nothing but crusts of bread dipped in wine. The wounded officers (my unfortunate companions) cut off the best bit and presented it to me on a plate. I declined eating anything; but they contended that it was necessary for me to take nourishment, and declared they would not touch a morsel until I afforded them the pleasure of seeing me partake. I could no longer withstand their pressing invitations, accompanied as they were by assurances of the happiness they had in offering me the first good thing they had in their power; and I par-

took of a repast rendered palatable by the kindness and good will of my fellow-sufferers, forgetting for the moment the misery of our apartment and the absence of almost every comfort."

The British commander-in-chief, though himself inclined to believe that he might honorably withdraw from the convention, yielded to the majority of his officers, and signed it on the 17th of October. This was a happy moment for the baroness Reidesel. "General Burgoyne and the other generals," she says, "waited on the American general; the troops laid down their arms, and gave themselves up prisoners-of-war. And now the good woman who had supplied us with water, at the hazard of her life, received the reward of her services. Each of us threw a handful of money into her apron, and she got altogether about twenty guineas. At such a moment as this, how susceptible is the heart of feelings of gratitude!"

The deputy adjutant-general, Wilkinson, was the master of ceremonies chosen to conduct the formalities of the surrender. He accordingly visited General Bur-

Oct. 17. goyne in his camp, and returned with him to present him to General Gates. The British commander came dressed in a rich royal uniform, and surrounded by a brilliant staff of officers, all mounted on horseback. On reaching the American headquarters, General Gates, in "a plain blue frock," was on the ground, ready to receive his visiters, who, having approached within about a sword's length of him, reined up their horses. At this moment, General Burgoyne, "raising his hat most gracefully, said, 'The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner;' to which the conqueror, returning a courtly salute, replied, 'I shall always be ready to bear testimony that it has not been through any fault of your excellency.'"

General Gates acted with great courtesy throughout, during these occurrences, so trying to the sensibilities of the brave soldier. Wilkinson was the only American who was allowed to witness the surrender of the British army. The spot having been first selected by him, General Burgoyne's troops were drawn up on the level ground in front of Fort Hardy, on the north bank of the Fishkill, where that stream joins with the Hudson. Here the soldiers emptied their cartridge-boxes and grounded their arms at the word of command from their own officers. The place was within sight of the American encampment; but Gates, with a courteous regard for the feelings of his gallant enemy, took care to order every man to keep within the lines, that there should be no exulting witness of the humiliation of the British troops.

In the afternoon, the American army was drawn up in two lines, bordering the road which led to their encampment to the extent of a mile. The British troops now crossed the river, and, escorted by a company of light dragoons, were marched between the American soldiers, preceded by two American officers, unfurling for the first time the "stars and stripes;"*

* In June, 1777, Congress first resolved that "the stars and stripes" should be used, but not unfurled until September. Previously the flag was the union one, with the combined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, and thirteen stripes, alternately red and white.

while the bands struck up the lively tune of "*Yankee Doodle.*" Burgoyne, attended by his staff, was with Gates, in front of his marquee; and, at the moment when his troops were filing between the American lines, he stepped back, drew his sword, and presented it to his victorious opponent. Gates received the sword with a courteous acknowledgment, and immediately returned it, when the two generals retired within the tent.

The foreign soldiers, especially those of Germany, who had been drilled in all the stiff formalities of Prussian military regulation, were struck with the undress appearance of the American troops; they observed that none of them were uniformly clad, but that each had on the clothes he had worn in "the fields, the church, or the tavern." They could not, however, withhold their admiration of the natural good looks of "such a handsome, well-formed race," and were surprised at their conduct. "The men all stood so still, that we were filled with wonder. Not one of them made a single motion as if he would speak with his neighbor," was the testimony of one of the Brunswickers.* The officers, in their motley dresses—some in brown turned up with sea-green, some in buff-and-blue, some in homely gray, but most in old-fashioned unkempt wigs and every-day dress, with only a white belt to distinguish their rank in the army—were the objects of great wonder and hardly-suppressed merriment to the German military martinets.†

Let us again trace the fortunes of that gentle and noblest of camp-followers, the baroness Reidesel: "My husband's groom," she says, "brought me a message to join him with my children. I seated myself once more in my dear *calash*, and then rode through the American camp. As I passed on, I observed (and this was a great consolation to me) that no one eyed me with looks of resentment, but that they all greeted us, and even showed compassion in their countenances at the sight of a mother with her children. I was, I confess, afraid to go over to the enemy, as it was something quite new to me. When I drew near the tents, a handsome man approached and met me, took my children from the calash, and hugged and kissed them, which affected me almost to tears. 'You tremble,' said he, as he offered me his arm; 'be not afraid.'—'No,' I replied, 'you seem so kind and tender to my children, it gives me courage.' He then conducted me to the tent of General Gates, where I found Generals Burgoyne and Phillips on the most friendly footing with him. General Burgoyne said to me, 'Never mind now, your sorrows are all over.' I replied that I should be much to blame to have anxieties when he had none, and was on such friendly terms with General Gates.

"All the generals remained to dine with General Gates. The same gentleman who had received me so kindly now came and said to me: 'You may feel embarrassed in dining with all these gentlemen; come with your children to my tent, where you will find a frugal meal offered with the best will.' I replied, 'You must certainly be a husband and a father, you show me so much kindness.' He now

* Quoted by Irving. † Ib.

told me that he was General Schuyler. He regaled me with excellent smoked tongue, beefsteaks, potatoes, and good bread and butter. I could not have desired a better dinner. I was happy and contented, and saw that those about me were so likewise; and, what was best of all, my husband was out of danger.

"After dinner, General Schuyler told me that his residence was at Albany, that General Burgoyne had promised to become his guest, and invited myself and children also. I consulted my husband, and he advised me to accept the invitation. General Schuyler politely sent me back under the escort of a French gentleman, who, after leaving me at the house where I was to remain, went back.

"In the house I found a French surgeon, who had under his care a Brunswick officer, who was mortally wounded, and died a few days afterward. The Frenchman boasted a good deal of his treatment of his patient, and possibly was skilful enough as a surgeon, but otherwise a great fool. He seemed delighted when he discovered I could speak his language. He began to address many empty and impertinent speeches to me. Among other things, he said he could not believe I was a general's wife, as he was certain a woman of such rank would not follow her husband. He expressed the wish that I would remain with him, as he said it was better to be with the conquerors than the conquered. I was shocked at his impudence, but dared not show the contempt and detestation I felt for him, because it would deprive me of a place of safety. Toward evening he begged me to take part of his chamber. I told him that I was determined to remain in the room with the wounded officers, when he attempted to pay me some stupid compliment. At this moment the door opened, and my husband with his aid-de-camp entered. I then said, 'Here, sir, is my husband!' and at the same moment looked at him with scorn, when he retired abashed. He was, however, polite enough to offer us his chamber.

"Soon after, we arrived at Albany—where we had so often wished ourselves—but we did not enter it as we expected we should, victors. We were received by the good General Schuyler, his wife, and daughters, not as enemies but kind friends, and they treated us with the most marked attention and politeness, as they did General Burgoyne, who had caused General Schuyler's handsome house to be burned. In fact, they behaved like persons of exalted minds, who were determined to bury all recollection of their own injuries in the contemplation of our misfortunes.

"General Burgoyne was struck with General Schuyler's generosity, and said to him—

"'You show me great kindness, although I have done you much injury.'

"'That was the fate of war,' replied the brave man. 'Let us say no more about it.'"

Burgoyne was not unmindful of Schuyler's generous hospitality and chivalrous courtesy, and took occasion on his return to England, where he resumed his place in the Parliament, to acknowledge, in the presence of the assembled British senate, his sense of gratitude.

The whole British force which surrendered at Saratoga amounted to five thousand seven hundred and ninety-one men, of whom two thousand four hundred and twelve were Germans. A train of brass artillery, consisting of forty-two cannon, howitzers, and mortars, and four thousand six hundred and forty-seven muskets, together with a large supply of ammunition, fell into the possession of the Americans. Among the British officers who had surrendered were some of the most distinguished Englishmen. There were six among them who were members of Parliament. The prisoners were subsequently removed to Boston, where they remained under the especial guard of General Heath and the garrison under his command.

In the meanwhile, Gates hastened to Albany, in order to encounter the British troops advancing up the Hudson under the command of General Vaughan. But when Sir Henry Clinton heard of Burgoyne's surrender, he immediately recalled Vaughan (who had reached within only four hours' sail of Albany), and withdrew all his force from the river to New York.

Major Wilkinson was despatched with the report of the American triumph to Congress, then in session at Yorktown. He was received with great honor, and had the rank of brigadier-general immediately bestowed upon him, in accordance with the recommendation of Gates, who also received every tribute which a grateful people could give. Gates's military reputation was now at its height, and the esteem of his friends and his own vanity led him to entertain hopes of the chief command of the patriot armies.

The success at Saratoga was a great triumph for the American cause. Creasy has justly ranked Gates's victory as one among "the fifteen decisive battles of the world." The Americans themselves were now more sanguine than ever of achieving their independence, and their lukewarm advocates in Europe at once became staunch friends. When news first reached France of the triumphant march of Burgoyne from the North, the French government immediately despatched instructions to Nantz and other seaports of the kingdom, that not an American privateer should be allowed to enter them, except in case of indispensable necessity, for repairs or provisions. Franklin, Adams, and Deane, the American commissioners at Paris, were about leaving that city in disgust with the selfish conduct of the French government, when the intelligence arrived of Burgoyne's surrender. Now all was changed, and France unhesitatingly came to the aid of a people who had proved that they were so well able to defend themselves. She was ready to make a treaty, lend her money, send a fleet and troops, or do anything by which to strengthen the power of her new ally in striking the destined blow against her old enemy. In December following the memorable month of September a treaty was arranged, and in February, 1778, the minister of Louis XVI. signed it, and acknowledged *the independent United States*. French fleets, and troops, and money, soon gave proof of the sincerity of French promises, and hastened

the consummation of the hopes of America. Spain and Holland, soon afterward, acknowledged the independence of the "UNITED STATES;" and England was left alone to struggle in her obstinate pride against the inevitable fate which was to sever for ever the American colonies from her dominion, but only to bind the great nation of the West in firmer ties of interest, if not of friendship, with Great Britain.

Even in England, the steadfast friends of the American cause saw its final triumph in the failure of Burgoyne's campaign, and boldly declared it. "Attend," said the earl of Coventry, in the house of lords, with the spirit and solemn utterance of a prophet, "to the vast extent of the one [America], and the diminutive figure of Britain; to their domestic situations; to the increase of population in the one, and the inevitable decline of it in the other; the luxury, dissipation, and all the concomitant effects, in this country, and the frugality, industry, and consequent wise policy, of America. These, my lords, were the main grounds on which I presumed to trouble you from time to time on this subject. *I foresaw then, as I continue to do, that a period must arrive when America would render herself independent; that this country would fall, and the seat of empire be removed beyond the Atlantic!*"

The great earl of Chatham rose feebly upon his crutch, but there came from his ardent heart and eloquent lips the same full gush, as of old, of generous sentiment and burning words. "You can not," he exclaimed, "I venture to say it, *you can not conquer America*.... You may swell every expense, and every effort, still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince, that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign potentate: your efforts are for ever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder—devoting them and their possessions to hireling cruelty! *If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never!*.... You can not conciliate America by your present measures; you can not subdue her by any measures. What, then, can you do? You can not conquer, you can not gain: but you can *address*—you can lull the fears and anxieties of the moment into an ignorance of the danger that should produce them. But, my lords, the time demands the language of truth: we must not now apply the flattering unction of servile compliance or blind complaisance. In a just and necessary war, to maintain the right or honor of my country, I would strip the shirt from my back to support it; but in such a war as this, unjust in its principle, impracticable in its means, and ruinous in its consequences, I would not contribute a single effort or a single shilling!"

CHAPTER LXII.

Retreat of Washington to Germantown.—Slow Advance of General Howe.—He crosses the Schuylkill.—Storm versus Battle.—Success of General Grey, and Defeat of Wayne.—The British ahead.—A Forced Contribution.—The Scrupulous Washington.—Forts and Obstructions on the Delaware.—Franklin's Ingenuity.—Entry of the British into Philadelphia.—The Show.—The Officers described.—Adjournment and Removal of Congress.—The British Fleet in the Delaware.—General Howe sends out a Force to co-operate.—Attack on Germantown—Washington's Plans.—Preliminary Skirmish.—The Enemy driven back.—Musgrave in Chew's House.—General Knox on Tactics.—Panic of the Americans.—Their Retreat.—Almost a Victory.—Pursuit by the British.—The Losses on Both Sides.

1777. WASHINGTON, after the battle of the Brandywine, collected his scattered troops at Chester, and then continued his retreat, marching through Derby, crossing the Schuylkill, and finally halting to refresh his army at Germantown, within six miles of Philadelphia. Sir William Howe, as usual, was dilatory, and for several days contented himself with merely sending forward detachments to take possession of Concord, Chester, and Wilmington.

Sept. 13.

While in camp at Germantown, Washington detached a part of the militia, under General Armstrong, with the aid of General Joseph Reed (who had volunteered his services, as he was familiar with the country), to throw up redoubts on the banks of the Schuylkill, and occupy the eastern or Philadelphia side of the river, while he himself should cross with his main body, to oppose the advance of the enemy. The commander-in-chief remained but twenty-four hours in Germantown; and then, having ordered General Putnam to send him a detachment of fifteen hundred continental troops from his post on the Hudson, he returned across the Schuylkill river, and, taking the Lancaster road, determined to offer battle to General Howe.

The British commander, however, had suddenly become unusually alert, and by a quick movement had reached the Schuylkill, and crossed it, on his way to Philadelphia, after Washington had advanced to give him battle on the opposite side. The two armies were, in fact, upon the point of coming to an engagement previous to Howe's crossing the river, but were prevented by a most violent storm of rain, which continued a whole day and night. When the weather cleared, it was discovered that all the muskets were unfitted for service, and that the ammunition, of which each man had been supplied with forty rounds, was entirely ruined! Nothing now was to be done but to seek out a strong piece of ground where the troops might be secure, while the arms were being put in order, and a fresh supply of ammunition obtained. Washington had encamped for this purpose near Warwick, on French creek, when General Howe succeeded in his manœuvre of crossing the Schuylkill; not, however, without

an attempt to harass his rear. General Wayne, with fifteen hundred men, was sent off in the night, in order to take the enemy by surprise. But his purpose having been detected, Howe detached a large force under General Grey, who, coming suddenly upon the Americans, and charging them with the bayonet, drove them from their covert in the woods, with the loss of two or three hundred men.

"They had so far got the start," wrote Washington, "before I received certain intelligence that any considerable number had crossed, that I found it in vain to think of overtaking their rear with troops harassed as ours had been with constant marching since the battle of Brandywine." The men were so destitute of clothing, and particularly of shoes, that the want of this last essential article was a very serious obstruction to the progress of the army. No less than one thousand of the American soldiers were barefooted, and forced to march in that condition! Shoes and blankets were now the great desiderata, and to obtain them Washington was (painful though he confesses it to have been) obliged to extort a forced contribution from the inhabitants of Philadelphia. His young aid-de-camp, Colonel Alexander Hamilton, was sent forward as the agent in this unpleasant business; but the commander-in-chief took care to enjoin upon him the utmost delicacy and discretion in its execution.

General Howe was now sure of Philadelphia, toward which city he immediately marched; but Washington strove to make his situation there as little "agreeable" as possible. He hoped to cut off Howe's supplies by land and by water, and was disposed to think that the acquisition of Philadelphia might prove his ruin instead of his good fortune. The American army now crossed the Schuylkill at Parker's ford, and encamped near Pottsgrove, to refresh and await the reinforcements expected from General Putnam at Peekskill. In the hope of checking the advance to Philadelphia of the British fleet, at that time anchored in the Delaware, and of preventing the co-operation of Admiral Lord Howe with his brother the general, Washington was very solicitous about the fortifications and obstructions which had been constructed in the river.

Benjamin Franklin, before proceeding to Paris in his diplomatic capacity, had already exercised his manifold ingenuity in planning works to be raised on the Delaware, to protect his adopted city. Subsequently, rows of *chevaux-de-frise*, constructed of immense beams of timber, bolted together and stuck full of iron spikes, were sunk in the channel of the Delaware, near where it forms its junction with the Schuylkill. Above these, and about seven miles from Philadelphia, was a battery, with heavy cannon, called Fort Mifflin, situated upon the flat and marshy ground of Mud or Fort island; while opposite, at Red bank, on the New-Jersey shore, was a strong redoubt, with intrenchments, called Fort Mercer, protected in front by another fortified island. Below, there was a further series of *chevaux-de-frise* in the channel of the Delaware between Billing's island and Billingsport, at which latter point, on the New-Jersey

side, there was also a strong redoubt. There were, moreover, several American armed vessels, a number of row-galleys, some fire-ships, and floating batteries, anchored to defend the *chevaux-de-frise*, and prevent the approach to Philadelphia by water.

General Sir William Howe had in the meanwhile encamped at Germantown, whence he sent a large body of troops, under Earl Cornwallis, to take possession of Philadelphia. Their entry into the city was impressive. The inhabitants, naturally in expectation of violence and rapine, were greatly relieved by the orderly conduct of the enemy. Their houses and shops were closed, but the people, dressed in their best apparel, did not fear to show themselves in the streets. The British grenadiers, of "tranquil look and dignified appearance," led the van, Lord Cornwallis at their head, who, with his somewhat short and thick-set person, his amiable face, and affable manners, had no very formidable look. The grenadiers, however, were followed by some of the dreaded Hessians, and in the eyes of the citizens they appeared terrific. Their "brass caps, their mustachios, their countenances, by nature morose, and their music, that sounded better English than they themselves could speak, '*Plunder! plunder! plunder!*' gave," says an eye-witness of the scene, "a desponding, heart-breaking effect, as I thought, to all." The meager, erect, and sharp-featured Hessian general, Knyphausen (a stiff formalist and military martinet, though courtly in his way), was not calculated to relieve the inhabitants from their excited apprehensions of his mercenary troops. Some of the more thoughtful of the citizens appeared sad, and the timid frightened; but to the great mass the entry of the British troops, with their gay accoutrements and lively music, was a show upon which they looked, if not with pleasure, certainly with a cheerful curiosity.

Congress had, on the advance of the British, adjourned to Lancaster, and subsequently to Yorktown, beyond the Susquehannah river, where its members assembled, and continued to hold their sessions as long as Philadelphia remained in possession of the enemy. **Sept. 30.**

Sir William Howe, desirous of a co-operation with the fleet, in order to secure supplies for his army, first directed his attention toward the attainment of that object. His army was, therefore, no sooner encamped, than he began to erect batteries on the Delaware, near Philadelphia. At the same time, he sent out a detachment of troops, with orders to cross the river and make an attempt upon the American works at Billingsport, on the New-Jersey side, which commanded the *chevaux-de-frise*, and interfered with the advance of the British fleet to Philadelphia.

Washington, discovering this movement of the enemy, and being reinforced by fifteen hundred men detached by General Putnam, determined to attack them in their encampment at Germantown, as, in consequence of their force being weakened by the detachment sent out against Billingsport, it was thought a favorable opportunity offered. **Sept. 27.**

The commander-in-chief was now at Pennibacker's mill, on the Skippack road, within fourteen miles of Germantown; and he proposed to march that distance in the night, and if possible take General Howe by surprise.

To understand Washington's plan of attack, it is necessary to call to mind the position of Germantown. This place, now as it were a suburb of Philadelphia, was then a small town or village, about six miles northwest from that city. It was chiefly composed of two rows of small houses, extending over a mile in distance, one on each side of the Skippack road, which ran (forming one street, bordered with peach-trees) directly through Germantown from north to south, and, before reaching the village, passing over the two eminences of Chestnut hill and Mount Airy. On the outskirts of Germantown, to the north, and situated on the Skippack road, was a large stone-house, belonging to Chief-Justice Chew, a distinguished Pennsylvanian, inclined to be whiggish, but rather vacillating in his political principles. Wissahickon creek, that empties into the Schuylkill, was, together with that river, at that time a rather remote western boundary of the village. In addition to the Skippack road, which ran directly through the centre of Germantown, there were three other roads which approached it from the north: the Limekiln and Old York roads were on the east of the central or Skippack road, and the Manatawny or Ridge road to the west, which, leading between Wissahickon creek and Schuylkill river, crossed the former at the southern border of the town.

Howe's encampment stretched diagonally across the lower part of Germantown, being thus divided as it were by the main street, or the Skippack road; to the west of which lay the left wing, under General Knyphausen, extending to the banks of the Schuylkill; while to the east stretched the right, commanded by General Grant. The British centre occupied the houses in the main street or the Skippack road — the village itself, in fact. To the north, there was posted on this road an advanced guard, consisting of a battalion of light-infantry and the fortieth regiment of the line. The left wing was covered by the German chasseurs, horse and foot, who were stationed at "Van Deering's mill," on the Schuylkill; and the right was guarded by the Queen's Rangers, posted on the Old York road, and by the light-infantry on the Limekiln.

Washington's plan of attack, as described by himself, was, to march a division of his army by each of the four roads which, as we have seen, led to Germantown. The divisions of Generals Sullivan and Wayne, supported by Conway's brigade, were to enter the town by the Skippack road from the north, to attack the British centre. The divisions of Greene and Stephen were to take the Limekiln road, and attack their right wing in front; while Generals Smallwood and Forman, with the Maryland and New-Jersey militia, were to march by the Old York road, and fall upon their rear. The enemy's left, on the Schuylkill, was reserved for General Armstrong and the Pennsylvania militia, who were to proceed by the Manatawny road. Lord Stirling, with Nash's

and Maxwell's brigades, was to form a *corps de reserve.*

Oct. 3. The march began at seven o'clock in the evening, Washington accompanying Sullivan's division in person. The distance was long, the night dark, and the road rough; and it was consequently daybreak before Sullivan's advanced guard emerged from the woods on Chestnut hill. Here it was expected to find an advanced picket of the enemy, but none made its appearance. A detachment was now sent forward under Captain M'Lane, who led his men on cautiously, as the morning was foggy, and nothing could be seen in the distance until he reached "Allen's house," on Mount Airy, where he fell in with an advanced picket of the enemy posted there with two six-pounders. M'Lane attacked it, and drove it down the hill and back to the body of light-infantry stationed in its rear, and about two miles on the road in advance of General Howe's centre in the town. This preliminary skirmish soon aroused the enemy, and the whole British encampment was immediately astir, with the drums beating to arms.

Oct. 4. General Wayne hastened forward to sustain M'Lane, as the British light-infantry presented itself, in full force, to dispute the passage of the road. Wayne's troops came on so impetuously, that the enemy broke before the encounter. Their officers, however, reformed them, and a fierce firing ensued. They were nevertheless forced from their ground; but, being supported by the grenadiers, they came up once more, and renewed the struggle with great spirit. Sullivan's division and Conway's brigade now arrived to the aid of Wayne, when the British were unable to hold their position, and were forced back, struggling awhile as they retired; but Wayne's men charged them so fiercely with the bayonet, that they finally fled for their lives, hard pushed by the Americans, and begging for mercy, but receiving none. At this juncture, however, Colonel Musgrave, with six companies of the fortieth regiment, succeeded as he retreated in getting possession of Chew's large stone-house.

While Wayne, with the advanced body, continued to pursue the retreating British into Germantown, the remainder of the Americans were brought to a halt by Colonel Musgrave. This officer had barricaded the doors of Chew's house, and from the windows his light-infantry kept up a murderous fire upon their pursuers. A discussion now took place among the American officers. Some were in favor of storming the house, and others were opposed to the consequent delay. General Reed was for pushing on; General Knox, of the artillery, however, contended that it was contrary to all military precedent to leave "a fort," possessed by the enemy, in the rear. "What!" exclaimed Reed, "call *that* 'a fort,' and lose the happy moment?" Knox's opinion, nevertheless, prevailed; and, that everything might be done according to the "rules of war," it was determined to send a summons to the commander of "the fort" to surrender. A youth was therefore sent with a flag in due form; but he had no sooner reached within musket-range, than he was shot

dead. The artillery was now brought up, but even cannon-balls proved ineffectual. Attempts were at last made to set fire to the house. Some with bundles of straw, and others with firebrands of pine-wood, made their way amid a shower of bullets to the lower part of the building, where they strove to effect their purpose; but Musgrave's men were on the alert, and, getting into the cellar of the house, shot down each man before he could accomplish his object. A half-hour was thus lost in these vain and absurd efforts to carry out Knox's formal tactics, and the rear of Sullivan's division was prevented from giving that aid to General Wayne which might have proved of effective service.

General Sullivan, however, in spite of this delay of a part of his troops, being reinforced by Nash's and Conway's brigades, succeeded, by leaving the Skippack road, crossing a field, and marching rapidly for a mile, in coming up with the left of the enemy, and by a vigorous attack forcing it to retire.

The divisions of Generals Greene and Stephen had, in accordance with Washington's plan, gained the Limekiln road; but the latter having diverged, to assist in the attack on Chew's house, Greene was left to march against the enemy's right with none but his own troops, consisting of Scott's and Muhlenberg's brigades. He succeeded, however, in driving an advanced guard of light-infantry before him, and in making his way to the market-house in the town, where the British right wing, under General Grant, was posted. Greene began the attack with spirit; and, as Forman and Smallwood, with the militia of New Jersey and Maryland, were rapidly getting by the Old York road to the rear of the British right, there was every prospect of success. At this moment, however, whether from the complicated nature of the plan, the thick fog, or the mere nervous excitement of the troops, a general panic seized upon the Americans. A great confusion now prevailed, and friend was mistaken for foe. General Wayne's division, in the heat of pursuit, was suddenly turned and put to flight by the approach on its flank of some American troops which were believed to be those of the enemy. Stephen's division, too, was thrown into disorder by making the same mistake in regard to Wayne's corps. Sullivan's men, having shot their last round of ammunition, had also been panic-struck by the cry that the enemy were surrounding them. "In the midst," said Washington, "of the most promising appearances, when everything gave the most flattering hopes of victory, the troops began suddenly to retreat, and entirely left the field, in spite of every effort that could be made to rally them."

It was not known until afterward how near the Americans were of gaining a complete victory. The action had lasted two hours and forty minutes, and the enemy had been so hard pressed, that they were about retreating to Chester. Washington succeeded in bringing off all his artillery, but lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, nearly a thousand men; while the enemy, according to their own account, lost but about five hundred. General Nash

of North Carolina was killed, and Colonel Mathews of Virginia taken captive, together with a large number of prisoners which he had obtained in the beginning of the engagement. The British general Agnew was mortally wounded, together with other officers.

It was during the retreat, after the singular panic which seized upon the army, when the loss of the Americans was the greatest. As soon as the British discovered how strangely the advantage of the day was turning in their favor, they pursued it with great promptitude. Their left wing was brought up by General Grey, and, being joined on the road by Lord Cornwallis with a detachment of light-horse from Philadelphia, the fugitives were followed in hot pursuit. Generals Greene and Wayne, however, covered the retreat with great skill, and often brought their pursuers to a stand. Washington continued to retire until the close of the day, when he reached Perkimen creek, some twenty miles distant from Germantown.

CHAPTER LXIII.

General Howe's Works on the Delaware.—Destruction of the American Ships.—Success of the British at Billingsport.—Gaps in the Chevaux-de-Frise.—A Clear Run.—Attack on Fort Mercer.—Its Gallant Defence.—Repulse of the Hessians.—Death of Count Donop.—A Victim of Ambition and Avarice.—Attack on Fort Mifflin.—Repulse of the British.—Burning of a Ship-of-War.—Effect of the American Triumph.—Another Effort for the Command of the Delaware.—A Second Attack upon Fort Mifflin.—Its Heroic Defence.—Desperate Straits of the Garrison.—Showers of Bombs and Balls.—Fall of Fort Mifflin.—Washington in want of Reinforcements.—Dilatoriness of Generals Gates and Putnam.—Effect of Age upon Putnam.

1777. General Sir William Howe no sooner reached Germantown, and took possession of Philadelphia, than he strove to obtain the command of the Delaware, in order to secure the co-operation of the fleet commanded by his brother, Admiral Lord Howe. For this purpose, as we have seen, he had begun to construct three batteries near the city, and prepared to attack the American forts on the river.

Philadelphia, being a seaport, and at that time the largest town in the United States, presented the greatest facilities for constructing and fitting out naval vessels. The few armed cruisers, both public and private, then employed, had accordingly been for the most part built and prepared for sea on the Delaware, where they remained until ordered for service. Although, on the approach of the British fleet off the mouth of that river, some of the vessels had succeeded in making their escape to sea, there were others which had been left, and had now sought refuge above the forts and obstructions in the stream. Some of these were at this time above and others below the city; and when General Howe began to erect his three batteries, it was obvious

that the communication between them would be cut off. The Delaware, a twenty-four, and the Doria, a fourteen-gun vessel, together with several smaller armed craft, accordingly moved in front of the British works and opened a cannonade. The Delaware, however, was so unfortunately placed, that she took the ground on the ebb of the tide; and her guns becoming unmanageable, she was obliged to strike to the enemy, who had brought some fieldpieces to bear upon her. Her consorts then retired, and General Howe was allowed to continue the construction of his batteries without interference.

The detachment of British troops, under Colonel Stirling, that had crossed the Delaware to attack the American works at Billingsport, on the New-Jersey side of the river, had succeeded in carrying them. The works having been dismantled, the British frigate Roebuck broke through the *chevaux-de-frise* which crossed the channel of the Delaware at that point, and made a gap sufficiently wide to admit the largest man-of-war. The enemy's next attempt was upon the forts and *chevaux-de-frise* above. Great preparations were made for their defence, as they were deemed of the utmost importance by the Americans. Washington himself declared that the enemy's hopes of keeping Philadelphia, and "finally succeeding in the present campaign," depended upon them. Efforts to carry them were made by the British corresponding with those which were put forth in their defence.

After the redoubt at Billingsport was taken and the *chevaux-de-frise* broken by the enemy, the defence of the Delaware depended upon the works above—Fort Mercer, at Red bank, on the eastern or New-Jersey side; and Fort Mifflin, on Mud island, on the western or Pennsylvania side. The fortifications of both were fairly constructed, and consisted of redoubts and outworks. Two Maryland regiments, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Smith, garrisoned Fort Mifflin; and two of Rhode Island, under Colonel Christopher Greene, occupied Fort Mercer. With Greene was a young Frenchman, Captain Manduit Duplessis, who was serving in the American army, and who, in consequence of his skill as an engineer, had been sent down to superintend the construction of the additional fortifications supposed to be necessary. The *chevaux-de-frise* in the channel below the islands, which were his work, having been finished, he was now busy in strengthening the defences at Fort Mercer.

While a party of men, under the superintendence of Duplessis, was engaged, on the morning of the 22d of October, at work on the outer defences, which were still incomplete, a large force of Hessians was seen suddenly to come through the woods, and form almost within cannon-shot. The garrison amounted to only four hundred men. The enemy were twenty-five hundred strong. The outworks of the fort, as before remarked, were unfinished, and the redoubt within the enclosure was mounted with only fourteen guns. Colonel Greene, however, determined upon defending his post to the last extremity.

When the Hessians came to a halt, Count Donop, who commanded them, or-

dered a parley to be beaten by the drums, and sent forward an officer with a flag, who summoned the garrison to surrender, and threatened that, in case of refusal, no quarter would be given. "Tell your commander," replied Greene, "that we ask no quarter, and will give none!" Count Donop now advanced his men within a short distance of the fort, and began to raise a battery.

Colonel Greene was aware, from the incomplete state of his outworks, that it would be in vain to attempt to defend them, and therefore resolved upon concentrating his whole strength within the inner redoubt. Here, with his little garrison, he resolved to hold his ground, and if possible beat off the superior force of his antagonist. In the afternoon, Count Donop, having completed his battery, began a severe cannonade, and under the cover of the fire marched forward his troops in two divisions. One was to take the works on the north side; while the other, led by himself, was to make the assault by the south.

Oct. 22.

The Americans awaited the approach of the enemy, and gave one fire before retiring to the redoubt. The Hessians suffered severely; but as they advanced, and found the outworks suddenly abandoned, they believed that the garrison had fled in fright. With one triumphant shout, the enemy then pushed on, from both the north and south sides. Passing through the *abattis*, crossing the ditches, and leaping the pickets, they hurried forward, with flag in hand, to plant it exultingly upon the ramparts. Greene waited until the scattered Hessians had closed in together from the surrounding outworks, and crowded toward the central redoubt; and, while they were thus concentrated in a dense throng, he opened his artillery upon them with terrible effect.

The assailants quailed before the unexpected shock, and, as their comrades fell thickly about them, would have fled, had not the brave Count Donop sprung forward and rallied them. They came on again impetuously, but a second cannonade from the redoubt checked their onset, and caused them to waver. Rallying once more, they were again pushing forward to the assault, when another murderous fire drove them back, and they fled in confusion from the works. As they were retreating from the outer defences, the American flotilla of gun-boats and galleys, under Commodore Hazelwood, directed its guns upon the fugitives, and galled them severely.

The loss of the Hessians amounted to nearly four hundred, while that of the Americans was only eight killed and twenty-nine wounded. While the young engineer, Captain Duplessis, was out with a small detachment, making a survey of the results of the engagement, he heard a voice from among the dead and dying: "Whoever you are, draw me hence." It was that of Count Donop. Duplessis had him instantly borne into the fort, where he lingered for three days, and finally died, at the age of thirty-seven. "This is finishing a noble career early," said he, shortly before his death, "and I die the victim of my ambition and of the avarice of my sovereign."*

* The elector of Hesse Cassel.

The second in command of the Hessians, Lieutenant-Colonel Mingerode, was also severely wounded in the assault, and Lieutenant-Colonel Linsing succeeded. He strove to reform his troops, but, in spite of his efforts, they fled in confusion to Haddonfield.

Simultaneously with the attack by land on Fort Mercer, the British vessels in the Delaware made an attempt upon Fort Mifflin, on the opposite side of the channel. Admiral Howe sent up from below (where his fleet was anchored off the Pennsylvania shore, between Ruddy island and Newcastle) a squadron, consisting of the Augusta, a sixty-four, the Merlin sloop-of-war, the Roebuck, a forty-four, and several smaller ships. They succeeded, after the successful attack at Billingsport, in readily passing through the gap in the *chevaux-de-frise* which had been constructed; but, while sailing up toward the fort, the Augusta and the Merlin got fast aground, in consequence of the channel having been altered by the obstructions placed above. This delayed the attack,

Oct. 23. and it was put off until the following day. When the morning opened, the men-of-war began a heavy cannonade upon Fort Mifflin, which was returned by both the fort itself and from the American galleys in the river. In the meantime, every effort was made by the English to get off the Augusta and the Merlin, but they stuck so fast, that it was found impracticable. The Americans now sent down some fire-ships, in order to destroy them, but without effect. Soon after, however, the Augusta took fire from some pressed hay which had been secured on her quarter to render her shot-proof. The rest of the squadron dropped down the river, and abandoned the attack, to avoid the dangerous neighborhood of the burning ship, which, after blazing a short time, and the fire having reached her magazine, blew up with a terrific explosion. Most of her crew succeeded in saving themselves, but the second-lieutenant, the chaplain, a gunner, and several sailors, perished. The Merlin being still fast, the British determined to leave her to her fate; and accordingly the crew, having set fire to her, took to their boats, and pulled off to the other vessels.

The successful resistance of the forts on the Delaware was a source of great satisfaction to the country, and Congress gave expression to the feeling by voting thanks and swords to Colonels Smith and Greene and Commodore Hazelwood.

As General Howe's security at Philadelphia (where he now proposed to make his winter-quarters) depended upon his wresting the command of the Delaware from the Americans, he and his brother resolved to persist in their efforts, in spite of their first fruitless attempts. Washington, too, was equally determined to throw every obstacle in their way within his power. But he was greatly crippled for want of troops, General Gates having withheld the reinforcements which the commander-in-chief had expected from the northern army; and, until their arrival, it was with difficulty that a single man could be spared from his camp for operations elsewhere. Small detachments of troops were, however, sent to both Fort Mifflin and Fort Mercer; and General Var-

num was despatched with his brigade to Red bank, in order to be in readiness to give any aid that might be required by either garrison.

Between the Pennsylvania shore and Mud island, upon which Fort Mifflin was situated, was Province island, an oozy bit of land, mostly under water. There were, however, two dry spots upon it, only about four or five hundred yards from the western side of Fort Mifflin, where the defences, consisting only of palisades, a single cannon, and two blockhouses, were exceedingly weak. Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, in command of the garrison of Fort Mifflin, strove to provide against the danger from this quarter. He erected a two-gun battery on Mud island (where his fort was), to command the dry place on Province island. The enemy, in the meantime, had marched down in considerable force from Philadelphia, in order to take possession of this ground, with the view of operating against Fort Mifflin. They had sent a party, under an officer, to make a preliminary survey of Province island, preparatory to the erection of their works, when Lieutenant-Colonel Smith brought such a well-directed fire to bear upon them from his new battery, that they were forced, after the loss of their commander, to retreat to the mainland.

The British, however, crossing over in larger numbers, soon made good their position upon Province island, and were enabled to erect no less than five batteries within only five hundred yards of Fort Mifflin. This looked so formidable, that Lieutenant-Colonel Smith began to give up all hopes of a successful resistance, and wrote to this effect to Washington; but he was urged, in reply, to defend the post to the last. Smith, accordingly, did his utmost.

The British at length had everything in readiness for an attack, and began to open their batteries from Province island. The garrison of Fort Mifflin returned the fire with spirit; but the heavy guns of the enemy, firing both shell and ball, were doing irreparable mischief. On the first day, the blockhouses and the new two-gun battery, on the outside of the fort, were demolished, and Lieutenant Treat killed. On the next, away went the strong palisades, a cannon in one of the embrasures, and the barracks shattered into ruins. Lieutenant-Colonel Smith was now disabled. He was engaged in writing a note to General Varnum, in command of the reserve force on the New-Jersey side of the Delaware, when the chimney of the barrack-room, being struck by a cannon-ball, fell, scattering the bricks in every direction, one of which knocked the commander senseless to the ground. He was then borne away and taken across to Red bank. Lieutenant-Colonel Russell was the next in command, but he was unable, from ill health and fatigue, to take charge; and Major Thayer, of Rhode Island, volunteered to assume the duty.

Nov. 10.

Nov. 11.

On the third day the garrison still held out; but the British, by their incessant cannonade, having demolished the outer works, it was found necessary to keep within the fort. Colonel Fleury, the French engineer, made every

Nov. 12.

effort to repair the works, but without success. The enemy kept up their fire night and day. Fleury, however, declared that the fort could still be defended, provided reinforcements should arrive. The reinforcements came from General Varnum, and the garrison still persisted in their gallant resistance.

Nov. 13. During the night of the third day, the British fleet succeeded in co-operating with their land-force. A merchantman was cut down, and, being made into a floating battery, was towed within gun-shot of the fort, and early in the morning began a heavy cannonade; but before noon its guns were silenced by a well-directed fire from the still-resisting garrison. On the following day, several men-of-war also bore up to the attack: two passed into the channel between Province island and the fort; two took position in front; and others anchored toward the New-Jersey shore, that their guns might bear upon Fort Mercer. In spite of this formidable force, the brave garrison, exhausted as it was with fatigue, still held out. The enemy continued to pour in their shot and bombshells from land-battery and ship's broadside, and yet not a sign of surrender from those resolute men. The fort was in ruins, many of the guns dismounted, and almost every wall beaten down level with the marsh of the island. The British ships had completely surrounded the place, and closed in so near, that hand-grenades were flung into the fort, and men were killed upon the platforms by sailors in the maintops; and yet the garrison struggled manfully on through the whole day against fate.

In the evening, Major Thayer determined to give the survivors a chance of escape, and accordingly sent most of the garrison ashore. He, together with Captains Fleury and Talbot (although the two latter were wounded), remained with thirty men until midnight, in order to remove the military stores. This being accomplished, they retired to Red bank, having first set fire to what was left of the woodwork of the fort. The loss of the Americans during this gallant struggle of the little garrison at Fort Mifflin against such overwhelming odds, was two hundred and fifty in killed and wounded. Nov. 15.

The loss of Fort Mifflin led to a good deal of invidious remark on the part of the censorious, and Washington thought it necessary to justify his conduct. It was contended that he should have given greater relief to the fort, but it was clear that he had done all that his resources enabled him to do. He had thrown such a garrison into Fort Mifflin as had been found before sufficient to defend it to the last extremity; and he had likewise stationed General Varnum's brigade at Fort Mercer, opposite, to be in readiness to give his aid. The only other practicable mode of giving relief to the beleaguered fort would have been to dislodge the enemy from Province island. To have done this, however, it would have been necessary to remove the whole or a considerable portion of the army to the western bank of the Schuylkill. There were many and very forcible reasons against such a movement. The stores at Easton, Bethlehem, and Allentown, would have been

uncovered, and the post at Red bank unprotected. It was also shown that, with the army on the west side of the Schuylkill, the British would have been able to throw over such a force into New Jersey as to overpower the garrison at Red-bank, and so cut off all supplies from Fort Mifflin, opposite; and "thus we should," said Washington, "in all probability, have lost both posts by one stroke." The enemy, too, by taking possession of the fords upon the Schuylkill, after Washington had crossed, might have rendered the expected junction of the northern army impracticable; and "should any accident have happened to them," continued the commander-in-chief, "we should have stood a very poor chance of looking General Howe in the face through the winter, with an inferior army." The chief difficulty in the way of energetic operations was the delay of the march of the troops from the North.

The want of the reinforcements from General Gates's army greatly embarrassed all Washington's measures; and so anxious was he for their arrival, that he despatched Colonel Alexander Hamilton, to do his best to push them forward. It was not only Gates, at Albany, who was so dilatory, but Putnam also, at Peekskill. Both of these generals were evidently anxious to do something on their own account, and were not disposed to diminish the forces under their commands, and thus lessen the hopes of striking a blow which might resound to their glory. Both may have been actuated by the best of motives, although it was supposed that Gates was influenced by an ignominious desire of thwarting Washington, whom he was suspected of intriguing to supersede in the chief command. The patriotism of General Putnam was beyond suspicion, but in the course of increasing years he had become self-willed, and, having entertained the project of an attack upon New York, was not inclined to give up his pet idea, which he nursed with all the fondness of dotage, however chimerical and absurd. Young Hamilton, nevertheless, though he found "many unaccountable delays thrown in his way," succeeded by his prompt energies in overcoming them, and soon extorted from the aged Putnam and the unwilling Gates those reinforcements from Albany and Peekskill, which, had they come at an earlier day, might have saved the forts on the Delaware, and rendered Philadelphia at least "a very ineligible situation for the enemy" during the winter.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Fall of Fort Mercer.—Washington too late.—The British command the Delaware.—A Gallant Naval Exploit.—The Raleigh and the Alfred.—Their Cruise.—Successful Attack upon a Fleet.—Success of American Privateers.—Washington at Whitemarsh.—Arrival of the Northern Army.—Its Miserable Plight.—Shoes wanted.—A Substitute proposed.—Raw-Hide a Failure.—Plans of Attack.—Sir William Howe on the Move.—General Greene ordered to march.—The Marquis Lafayette finds a Chance for Glory.—His Extensive Designs.—Martial Fancies.—Lafayette gets into Danger, but gets out of it.—His own Account of the Affair.—He is rewarded with the Command of a Division.—General Stephen superseded.—Howe offers Battle.—Washington remains on the Defensive.—Howe returns to Philadelphia.—Washington in search of Winter-Quarters.

1777. FORT MERCER, situated, as before described, at Red-bank, on the New-Jersey side of the Delaware, was still in possession of the Americans. The fort was held by the garrison which, under the command of Colonel Greene, had so gallantly repulsed Count Donop and his Hessians; and General Varnum with his brigade was stationed in the neighborhood. As this post partially commanded the Delaware, thus embarrassing the movements of the British fleet, and protecting the few American armed vessels in the river, it was determined to make an effort to hold it. With this view, Generals St. Clair and Knox, and Baron de Kalb, were sent down by Washington to take a survey of the ground, and to endeavor to form a judgment of the most probable means of securing its possession. Soon afterward intelligence was received that a large British force, commanded by Lord Cornwallis, had crossed the Delaware from Philadelphia to New Jersey; and it being inferred that his object was Red-bank, Washington ordered Generals Greene and Huntingdon, together with Glover's brigade, to march to its support. They were, however, too late. Cornwallis approached with so large a force, before the reinforcements sent by Washington could arrive, that it was futile to attempt resistance; and Red-bank was thus abandoned to the enemy, leaving the Delaware, from the capes to Philadelphia, in the full possession of the Howes. The Americans now destroyed the few sea-vessels which they had in the river, consisting of the Andrea Doria, of fourteen guns, and the Hornet and the Wasp, of ten and eight respectively. The galleys, by keeping close in to the New-Jersey shore, were enabled to make their escape to the shallow water above the city.

While these occurrences were taking place on the Delaware, there was a gallant little exploit effected at sea, which proved that there was still some spirit left among American naval men, although their character for daring had been somewhat tarnished by the conduct of Commodore Hazelwood and his officers, who were thought to have been less efficient than they might have been during the brave but unsuccessful struggle to hold the forts on the Delaware.

The Raleigh, a twelve-pounder frigate, having been fitted out at Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, was put under the command of Captain Thompson, and sailed in company with the Alfred, a twenty-gun vessel, commanded by Captain Hinman. Their first commission was to proceed to France, in order to bring thence military stores that were awaiting transportation to America. They got to sea, and made a good run of the coast, when they fell in with the Nancy, a trader, and captured her. From her captain it was discovered that she had been left the day before by the Windward-island fleet of merchantmen, bound to the West Indies, which was under the convoy of four British men-of-war, the Camel, the Druid, the Weasel, and the Grasshopper. Captain Thompson, having learned their probable position, resolved to give chase. In twenty-four hours he got sight of them from his masthead, and before night he was close enough to count the sixty sail composing the convoy, and to discover the positions of the men-of-war. Thompson, having obtained from his prize (the Nancy) the signals of the enemy, signalled his consort as if she belonged to the convoy. The two were astern, and to the windward of the British fleet; and at night Thompson spoke the Alfred, and told her commander to keep near him, as he intended to run in among the enemy and lay the commodore aboard.

Sept. 3.

In the course of the night the wind came round to the northward; and the fleet having hauled by the wind, the Raleigh and the Alfred were brought to the leeward. At break of day the breeze freshened; and as, in order to effect his purpose, it was necessary to carry more sail, Thompson ordered the canvas to be spread. Unfortunately, the Alfred could not bear it, and fell to the leeward a long distance; while the Raleigh, under double-reefed topsails, fetched handsomely into the fleet. Thompson could not shorten sail, lest he might be detected as a stranger; and, giving up all hope of aid from his consort, he boldly steered in among the enemy's ships, and hove to, in order that the merchantmen astern might draw more ahead of him. He now filled away, and, steering directly through the convoy, made for the vessel-of-war most to the windward. As he passed, he spoke some of the merchantmen; and, in order to keep up his deception, he gave them orders about their course, and continued to use the enemy's signals. With her guns housed and her ports lowered, and there being no visible preparations for action, none as yet suspected the true character of the Raleigh.

Captain Thompson now ran his ship alongside the Druid, of twenty guns, commanded by Captain Carteret, and, running out his guns and setting his ensign, ordered the enemy to strike. The Druid was so taken by surprise, that everything on board of her was thrown into confusion, and even her sails got aback. The Raleigh at this moment threw into her a heavy broadside, which served to increase the disorder. Thompson continued firing, and with such rapidity, that in twenty minutes he had poured into his enemy a dozen broadsides, without receiving hardly a shot in return. A squall coming on,

closed in the two vessels from all view of the rest; but, when it cleared away, the convoy was seen scattered, and making off in all directions. The other vessels-of-war, however, were coming up to the rescue of the Druid, and Thompson found it necessary to leave his adversary. He therefore ran to the leeward and joined his consort, the Alfred. Shortening sail, the two ships waited for the British men-

Sept. 5. of-war to come up; but, night approaching, the latter hauled in with the fleet again. Thompson followed them for some days, but did not succeed in provoking them to a combat. The Druid was so greatly damaged in the encounter, that she was obliged to return to England for repairs. Her loss was six killed and twenty-six wounded; that of the Raleigh was only three men killed and wounded.*

During the whole year 1777, the loss of the British commercial marine was no less than four hundred and sixty-seven sail, principally taken by American privateers, though seventy men-of-war were kept on the American coast alone to protect English vessels.†

Nov. 22. Washington's present encampment was at Whitemarsh, within fourteen miles of Philadelphia. While here, the northern army at last arrived, and in such wretched condition in regard to clothing, that a large part of Morgan's corps had to remain in camp for want of shoes, and only a hundred and seventy were sufficiently well shod to be able to march when Washington was sending those reinforcements to Red-bank which arrived too late to save it. Shoes had become so scarce in the camp, that the commander-in-chief was induced to offer a reward for a substitute. Accordingly, the following was posted about, as a stimulus to the inventive genius of the army:

"The commander-in-chief offers a reward of ten dollars to any person who shall, by nine o'clock on Monday morning, produce the best substitute for shoes, made of raw-hides. The commissary of hides is to furnish the hides, and the major-general of the day is to judge of the essays, and assign the reward to the best artist."

What the result was, has never been recorded; although it is probable that, as shoes remained for a long time subsequently a pressing want in the army, the raw-hide substitute never came into use.

While Lord Cornwallis was marching against Red-bank, a council of war was held in the American camp, to consider the propriety of taking advantage of the occasion of his absence, to make an attack on Philadelphia. Four of the fifteen general officers were in favor of it, but eleven opposed it, and the idea was abandoned. This, no doubt, was a judicious resolve; for, although the enemy left at Philadelphia were not greater in number than Washington's army, now that he was reinforced by the northern troops, their discipline and condition were much better. Sir William Howe, too, having concentrated his troops within the city, had protected them by skilfully-constructed defensive works. His lines on the north side of Philadelphia stretched from river to river, and were defended by a chain

* History of the Navy of the United States, by J. Fennimore Cooper. † Ib.

of fourteen strong redoubts, with here and there *abattis* and circular works, while his flanks were each protected by a river, and his rear by the junction of two.

General Howe, finding that Washington was not disposed to attack him in his encampment at Philadelphia, resolved upon a forward movement himself, hoping, as he said in his despatch to the British minister, that it would "be attended with the success that is due to the activity and spirit of his majesty's troops." Washington had been well informed of the intentions of the enemy, and as early as the 28th of November declared that he would "not be disappointed if they come out this night or very early in the morning." He accordingly wrote to General Greene (who was now returning from his futile march into New Jersey, where he had arrived too late to thwart Cornwallis's expedition against Red-bank), urging him to push forward the rear brigades with all despatch, and hasten on himself to the camp.

During this march of Greene, the young marquis de Lafayette had an opportunity, for which he was ever eager, of gratifying his desire for military glory. After his wound at the battle of the Brandywine, he had been conducted to Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, where he remained, under the nursing care of the kindly Moravians, for nearly two months. While listening to the sermons of the peace-loving brethren, the marquis, with the ardor so natural to youth, was concocting all kinds of military schemes. He planned a descent upon the English West-India islands, which he proposed to attack with the connivance of the French commander of Martinique, to whom he wrote, explaining his design. He also conceived an extensive expedition against the British possessions in the East Indies, and solicited permission from the French prime minister to conduct an American force to the Isle of France, whence he proposed to strike his great blow against the English power in the East. The marquis found the good Moravians as little disposed to concur with his grand views of stirring up the whole world to contention as he was to follow their precepts of universal love. They ceased not to deplore "his warlike policy," but he continued to indulge in his martial fancies. They preached peace, but his voice was "still for war."

Lafayette now became impatient, and determined, although not yet completely cured of his wound, to seek an opportunity of carrying his martial theories into practice. When General Greene's trumpets, therefore, sounded in his ears, he bade good-by to the peaceful Moravians, and buckled on his sword again. Greene welcomed the young marquis, and gratified his eagerness for fight, by allowing him, in accordance with his own request, to reconnoitre Cornwallis on the earl's return from Red-bank, and to make an attack if the circumstances should justify it. Lafayette accordingly went off in high spirits, with ten light-horse, about a hundred and fifty riflemen, and two pickets of militia.

Lord Cornwallis was just on the point of sending his troops across the Delaware at Gloucester, when Lafayette, in his eagerness to reconnoitre, came so close to

the enemy, that he was near being cut off by a company of dragoons sent to intercept him. He escaped, however, and lived to engage in a skirmish, and to describe it, which he did as follows in a letter to General Washington:—

"After having spent," wrote the marquis, "the most part of the day in making myself well acquainted with the certainty of the enemy's motions, I came pretty late into the Gloucester road, between the two creeks. I had ten light-horse, almost one hundred and fifty riflemen, and two pickets of militia. Colonel Armand, Colonel Launney, and the chevaliers Duplessis and Gimat, were the Frenchmen with me. A scout of my men, under Duplessis, went to ascertain how near to Gloucester were the enemy's first pickets; and they found, at the distance of two miles and a half from that place, a strong post of three hundred and fifty Hessians, with fieldpieces, and they engaged immediately. As my little reconnoitring-party were all in fine spirits, I supported them. We pushed the Hessians more than half a mile from the place where their main body had been, and we made them run very fast. British reinforcements came twice to them, but, very far from recovering their ground, they always retreated. The darkness of the night prevented us from pursuing our advantage. After standing on the ground we had gained, I ordered them to return very slowly to Haddonfield."

The young marquis had only lost one man killed and six wounded, and was so charmed with the good conduct of his troops, that he thus emphatically praised it in the conclusion of his letter: "I take the greatest pleasure in letting you know that the conduct of our soldiers was above all praise. I never saw men so merry, so spirited, and so desirous to go on to the enemy, whatever force they might have, as that small party, in this little fight."* When the account of the skirmish was transmitted to Congress by Washington, with this acknowledgment of Lafayette's gallantry—"I am convinced he possesses a large share of that military ardor which generally characterizes the nobility of his country"—that body appointed the marquis to the command of the division in the continental army lately vacated by the dismission of General Stephen, of Virginia, who had unfortunately acquired habits which rendered him unfit for service, and threw a shade over the bright reputation of his earlier days.

The movement of General Howe did not occur quite as soon as was expected, and it was not until the 4th of December that word was brought into Washington's camp at Whitemarsh that the enemy were about attacking it that night. A detachment of one hundred men, under Captain M'Lane, was immediately sent out to reconnoitre. They soon discovered a vanguard of the British on the Germantown road, and managed to harass and check its approach during the night.

Dec. 5.

At break of day the next morning, the enemy appeared in full force upon Chestnut hill, on the Skippack road, only three miles from Washington's encampment. Brigadier-General Irvine was sent forward with six hundred Pennsyl-

* Sparks.

vania militia, to harass the British light advanced parties. A skirmish ensued, in which Irvine was wounded and taken prisoner, his men having given way after the first encounter, and left their disabled commander, with a half-dozen of his soldiers in the same plight, on the field. Nothing more occurred during the day, but General Sir William Howe with his staff of officers was seen to reconnoitre the ground.

During the night, the British advanced still closer, and took a position on the left, and only a mile from Washington's encampment. Here they remained for two days, and then moved a little farther to the left, with the evident purpose of provoking battle. Washington, however, was on strong ground, and was not disposed to pit his ill-disciplined and suffering troops against the well-conditioned regulars of General Howe's army, and so throw away the advantage of his position on the hazard of an unequal conflict.

Notwithstanding, some skirmishes took place between the advanced parties of the two armies. On one occasion, Colonel Morgan with his rifle-corps, and Colonel Gist with the Maryland militia, had a short but hot engagement with the enemy on Edge hill, in which both parties suffered severely, but the Americans were compelled to retreat before the superior force of their antagonists, after a loss of nearly fifty killed and wounded. Among the latter was Major Morris, of Morgan's rifles.

On the following day, the manœuvres of General Howe induced the Americans to believe that he contemplated a general assault. Washington was not only prepared for him, but, as he always was on the approach of an engagement, eager for the attack. He was constantly on horseback, riding along his lines, and exhorting his men to duty. He earnestly entreated them to stand firm, and to rely mainly upon their bayonets to resist the assault of the enemy. His resolute presence, and earnest though calmly-spoken words, served to bind each man in faithful obedience to their great leader's commands. The day passed, however, without the occurrence of the expected event.

Dec. 8.

The next day it was discovered that the enemy had taken occasion of the night, after having lit up all their camp-fires, to retire silently toward Philadelphia. They had gone too far to be pursued, and Washington's disappointment at the change in the purpose of the British is strongly expressed in these words to the president of Congress: "I sincerely wish that they had made an attack, as the issue in all probability, from the disposition of our troops and the strong situation of our camp, would have been fortunate and happy. At the same time, I must add that reason, prudence, and every principle of policy, forbade us from quitting our post to attack them. Nothing but success would have justified the measure, and this could not be expected from their position."

Dec. 9.

General Howe's reason for not making the attack was equally well founded. He saw that the American army was too strongly posted, and feared lest the issue which Washington anticipated would be

so happy and fortunate to the Americans, should prove quite the reverse to the British.

There seemed little prospect now of further active hostilities during the present campaign, and Washington was anxiously considering how to dispose of his army for the rest of the winter. The great question with all was, "Where to look for winter-quarters?"

CHAPTER LXV.

The Question of Winter-Quarters.—Valley Forge selected by Washington.—Description of Valley Forge.—Motives for the Selection.—The Winter of 1777–'78.—Destitution of the Army.—A Day of Praise and Thanksgiving.—Construction of Huts.—Rewards of Labor.—Hunger and Cold.—Remissness of Congress.—The Commissariat Department in Fault.—Not a Hoof.—Twelve Thousand Hungry Men.—No Soap.—No Shirts to wash.—The Soldiers barefoot and naked.—No Blankets: no Sleep.—Cry of the Destitute: "No Pay, no Clothes, no Provisions, no Rum!"—Famine, Disease, and Death.—Washington still hopeful.—Washington in Prayer.—He rebukes the Intermeddlers of Pennsylvania.—Occasional Murmurs and Disobedience.—Coercive Measures.—Their Danger.—Resistance of the Inhabitants.—Putrid Camp-Fever.—Dissolution of the Army imminent.

1777. THE question of a proper place for winter-quarters for his army was submitted by Washington, with his usual modest regard for the opinion of his military associates, to a council of war. The officers, however, differed widely in their views. Some were in favor of quartering the troops at Wilmington; some were for cantoning them in the valley of Tredyfine, a few miles west of the Schuylkill river; while others argued in favor of stationing them in a line from Reading to Lancaster. Such was the diversity of opinions, that Washington, as frequently happened, was left to decide the matter according to his own judgment. He determined to winter the army in Valley Forge.

Valley Forge is a small and shallow valley in Chester county, Pennsylvania, about twenty miles from Philadelphia, formed between some rugged hills containing iron-ore, from the working of which it derived its name. It is situated on the western bank of the Schuylkill river. There is now a town of some importance on the site of the old camping-ground, but during the Revolution there were only a few scattered settlers on the banks of the little stream which flows through the bottom of the valley. On the sides of the hills Washington now proposed to encamp his troops, and there winter them in huts to be built out of the forest-timber growing wildly about, and having their interstices filled with clay from the untilled soil. The motive which governed the commander-in-chief in selecting this position was explained by him in the following order to his army previous to taking up his march:—

"The general," he said, "ardently wishes it were now in his power to conduct the troops into the best winter-quarters.

But where are these to be found? Should we retire to the interior parts of the state, we should find them crowded with virtuous citizens who, sacrificing their all, have left Philadelphia, and fled thither for protection. To their distresses, humanity forbids us to add. This is not all: we should leave a large extent of fertile country to be despoiled and ravaged by the enemy."

Washington believed Valley Forge to be the position which would enable his army to inflict the least distress and give the most security; and there "we must make ourselves," he said, "the best shelter in our power." While the huts were yet unbuilt, Washington, conscious of the trials to which his badly-clothed troops, unprovided with shelter in the midst of winter, would be subjected, expresses, in an appeal to their fortitude, the hope that "the officers and soldiers, with one heart and one mind, will resolve to surmount every difficulty, with a fortitude and patience becoming their profession, and the sacred cause in which they are engaged. He himself," adds the general, "will share in the hardships and partake of every inconvenience."

Never was human endurance more severely tasked than in the trials of the whole American army during the hard winter of 1777–'78. When the troops moved from Whitemarsh to Valley Forge, they were already so destitute of shoes and stockings, that their footsteps might be tracked in blood on the hard, frozen ground. It seemed almost mockery that on the very day before the army entered the valley which was destined to be the scene of so much suffering, was that which, in accordance with the appointment of Congress, was to be kept as "a day of praise and thanksgiving." The army halted, and the solemnities of the day being reverentially observed by every officer and soldier, the whole body of troops, on the following morning, resumed the march to Valley Forge, where they arrived the same day.

Dec. 11.

Dec. 18.

Dec. 19.

The troops were at once scattered over the rugged hills, and, being divided into parties of twelve men each, were busily occupied in constructing those rude huts which were to be their only shelter from the severity of a North American winter. The very orders of the army, giving uniformity to misery, show the hard necessities to which all alike were now compelled to submit. The huts were to be fourteen feet by six; the sides, ends, and roofs, to be made with logs; the roofs to be made tight with split slabs, or in some other way; the sides to be made tight with clay; a fireplace to be made of wood, and secured with clay on the inside, eighteen inches thick; the fireplace to be in the rear of the hut; the door to be in the end next the street; the doors to be made of split oak-slabs, unless boards could be procured; the side-walls to be six and a half feet high. One such hut was apportioned to each twelve soldiers, while no person under the rank of a field-officer was entitled to the privilege of a hut to himself. The whole were to be arranged, as is usual with an encampment, in regular streets.

Should necessity alone not prove a sufficient stimulus to labor, the soldiers were

encouraged "to industry and art" by the promise of a reward of twelve dollars to the party in each regiment which should finish its hut in "the quickest and most workmanlike manner." And, as boards for the covering of the huts were difficult to be got, a provocative to the exercise of ingenuity was offered in the prize of a hundred dollars to any officer or soldier who, in the opinion of three gentlemen appointed to be judges, should devise a substitute equally good, but cheaper, and more quickly made.

With a little ingenuity and much laborious perseverance, it was found practicable to raise huts; but there were other necessities which no industry or skill of the soldier could provide or power of endurance surmount. The men must be fed and clothed. Hunger and cold are too severely extortionate to be resisted by any conscientous appeals to the virtue of self-denial. Congress, by some unwise changes, had so completely disorganized the commissariat department, that it failed almost entirely in providing for the wants of the army. Colonel Joseph Trumbull, who had been appointed commissary-general by Washington, resigned at the beginning of the year, in consequence of the officious meddling of Congress with the department, and ever since the commissariat had been at the mercy of improvident folly and cunning dishonesty. "I do not know," wrote the commander-in-chief, "from what cause this alarming deficiency, or rather total failure of supplies, arises." Again, he says: "Unless some great and capital change takes place in that line, this army must be inevitably reduced to one or other of these three things—starve, dissolve, or disperse, in order to obtain subsistence in the best manner they can."

But few days had passed in Valley Forge when this "melancholy and alarming truth" was discovered, that the commissary in the camp had not "a single hoof of any kind to slaughter, and not more than twenty-five barrels of flour" to feed some twelve thousand hungry men! "The soap, vinegar, and other articles," wrote Washington, "allowed by Congress, we see none of, nor have we seen them, I believe, since the battle of Brandywine. The first, indeed, we have now little occasion for; few men having more than one shirt, many only the moiety of one, and some none at all. In addition to which, as a proof of the little benefit received from a clothier-general, and as a further proof of the inability of an army, under the circumstances of this, to perform the common duties of soldiers (besides a number of men confined to hospitals for want of shoes, and others in farmers' houses on the same account), we have, by a field-return this day made, no less than two thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight men now in camp unfit for duty, because they are barefoot and otherwise naked."

Thousands of the soldiers were without blankets, and many kept cowering and awake the whole night about the camp-fires, for fear lest, if they went to sleep, they might be frozen for want of covering. It was with the greatest difficulty that a sufficient number of men could be found in a condition fit to perform the

ordinary routine of camp-duty; and men able-bodied but naked, were often obliged, when ordered out, to borrow clothes from those who happened to have any. One of the foreign officers, while walking with Washington through the encampment, looked with such alarm upon the miserable soldiers (as their famished frames, scantily covered with a dirty blanket, slunk in the wintry air from hut to hut), and heard with such dismay, through the open crevices between the logs of their wretched dwellings, the woful cry, "No pay, no clothes, no provisions, *no rum!*" that he despaired of the independence of the country.

"The unfortunate soldiers," declared Lafayette, "were in want of everything; they had neither coats nor hats, shirts nor shoes. Their feet and legs *froze till they became black, and it was often necessary to amputate them.* From want of money, the officers could obtain neither provisions nor any means of transport; the colonels were often reduced to two rations, and sometimes even to one. The army frequently remained a whole day without any provisions whatever!"

Washington now found himself encumbered with a great mass of starving men, so weakened by famine and pinched by the winter's cold, that they were capable of little beyond that last effort of nature, crying for a supply of the necessities for its existence. Ever on the alert for the performance of his duty as a military commander, Washington, hearing of a movement of the British, would have sent out a force to check it. He accordingly ordered some of his troops to be ready to march; when from General Huntingdon, who commanded one division, came a letter, saying: "I received an order to hold my brigade in readiness to march. Fighting will be far preferable to starving. My brigade are out of provisions, nor can the commissary obtain any meat. I am exceedingly unhappy in being the bearer of complaints to headquarters. I have used every argument my imagination can invent to make the soldiers easy, but I despair of being able to do it much longer."

From General Varnum, too, came a letter. "According to the saying of Solomon," wrote the general, "hunger will break through a stone-wall. It is therefore a very pleasing circumstance to the division under my command, that there is a probability of their marching. Three days successively we have been destitute of bread; two days we have been entirely without meat. The men must be supplied, or they can not be commanded. The complaints are too urgent to pass unnoticed. It is with pain that I mention this distress. I know it will make your excellency unhappy; but, if you expect the exertion of virtuous principles, while your troops are deprived of the necessaries of life, your final disappointment will be great in proportion to the patience which now astonishes every man of human feeling."

Washington, always trustful in the holiness of his cause, never despaired of its ultimate triumph. We can readily believe that, in these times of trial, with the piety which never forsook him in adversity or prosperity, he often on his knees

implored in prayer the mercy of God upon his suffering troops. It is recorded by a contemporary witness that, on one occasion, while strolling along the stream which flowed through the bottom of the valley, he heard a voice, as of one in supplication and prayer, coming out of a secluded spot. On approaching the place, Washington's horse was found tied near by. The intruder immediately turned his steps homeward; and, as he told his wife what he had seen, he said, with a burst of tears, "If there is any one on this earth whom the Lord will listen to, it is George Washington."*

The commander-in-chief would, however, have been more or less than human, if his patience had not been disturbed by the officious intermeddling of the Pennsylvania legislature with his plans, and its censorious strictures in a "Remonstrance" against his conduct. "We find gentlemen," said Washington, "without knowing whether the army was really going into winter-quarters or not (for I am sure no resolution of mine would warrant the remonstrance), reprobating the measure as much as if they thought the soldiers were made of stocks or stones, and equally insensible of frost and snow; and moreover, as if they conceived it easily practicable for an inferior army, under the disadvantages I have described ours to be, which are by no means exaggerated, to confine a superior one, in all respects well appointed and provided for a winter's campaign, within the city of Philadelphia, and to cover from depredation and waste the states of Pennsylvania and Jersey. But what makes this matter still more extraordinary in my eyes is, that these very gentlemen—who were well apprized of the nakedness of the troops from ocular demonstration, who thought their own soldiers worse clad than others, and who advised me near a month ago to postpone the execution of a plan I was about to adopt, in consequence of a resolve of Congress for seizing clothes, under strong assurances that an ample supply would be collected in ten days agreeably to a decree of the state (not one article of which, by-the-by, is yet come to hand)—should think a winter's campaign, and the covering of these states from the invasion of an enemy, so easy and practicable a business!"

Washington then proceeds to rebuke these intermeddlers of Pennsylvania with a warmth of feeling excited not only by their reckless disregard of the sufferings of his troops, but by his own humane sympathy with them: "I can assure these gentlemen," he wrote, "that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room, by a good fireside, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and from my soul I pity those miseries which it is neither in my power to relieve nor to prevent."

That the army, in the state of destitution and suffering in which it was, should occasionally break out in mutinous complaints, and refuse to do duty, was natu-

* Lossing.

1778. rally to be expected. The long forbearance of his soldiers surprised Washington himself, and won from him a grateful tribute to their patient endurance. "Naked and starving as they are," he said, "we can not enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery, that they have not been, ere this, excited by their sufferings to a general mutiny and desertion."

Feb. 12.

In order to make up for the deficiencies of its ill-managed commissariat, Congress authorized Washington to resort to the desperate expedient of exacting supplies from the people by force. Washington unwillingly consented to avail himself of this legal authority, in the pressing necessities of his army, but declared that it would never do to procure supplies of clothing or provisions by coercive measures. "Such procedures," he emphatically adds, "may give a momentary relief; but, if repeated, will prove of the most pernicious consequence. Besides spreading disaffection, jealousy, and fear, among the people, they never fail, even in the most veteran troops, under the most rigid and exact discipline, to raise in the soldiery a disposition to licentiousness, to plunder and robbery, difficult to suppress afterward, and which has proved not only ruinous to the inhabitants, but, in many instances, to armies themselves. I regret the occasion that compelled to the measure the other day, and shall consider it among the greatest of our misfortunes if we should be under the necessity of practising it again."

Was there ever a leader of armies who thus spoke and acted like a brother-man and fellow-citizen? When this reserve in regard to private property was observed, too, in a country hostile to American interests, how much greater appears Washington's honorable fastidiousness! When, in order to save his men from absolute famine, he reluctantly exercised the power conferred upon him by Congress, the inhabitants resisted his authority even unto arms. Washington issued a proclamation, in which he required all the farmers within seventy miles of Valley Forge to thrash out one half of their grain by the first of February, and the other half by the first of March, under the penalty of having the whole seized as straw. Many of the disaffected Pennsylvanians, who abounded in that quarter, refused to comply with the requisition; and when troops were sent out for supplies, and a fair price offered for them, the farmers defended their grain and cattle with violence, and in some instances burned what they could not protect, so resolutely hostile were they to the American cause.

1778.

Without the necessities of life, man and beast soon began to sicken. The horses died for want of forage; and the poor, famishing soldiers were forced to yoke themselves to wagons and sledges, to bring in what fuel and scanty stores could occasionally be obtained. There was as yet no improvement in the commissary department. The suffering army was constantly being tantalized with accounts from all quarters of the prodigious quantity of clothing which was purchased and forwarded for their use, while little or

none reached them, or that little so badly sorted as to be totally useless. The poor soldier had a pair of stockings given him without shoes, or a waistcoat without a coat or blanket to his back. The little man had a large pair of trousers, and the large one, like the big boy in the *Cyropædia*, a small coat; so that none were benefited. "Perhaps by midsummer," said Washington, with bitter irony, "he [the soldier] may receive thick stockings, shoes, and blankets, which he will contrive to get rid of in the most expeditious manner. In this way, by an eternal round of the most stupid management, the public treasure is expended to no kind of purpose, while the men have been left to perish by inches with cold and nakedness!"

A putrid camp-fever was the natural consequence of this terrible destitution of all the necessities of life; and so many sickened, while such numbers deserted daily, that the army was thought to be in danger of dissolution.

"The situation of the camp," wrote General Varnum to General Greene, "is such, that, in all human probability, the army must soon dissolve. Many of the troops are destitute of meat, and are several days in arrear. The horses are dying for want of forage. The country in the vicinity of the camp is exhausted. There can not be a moral certainty of bettering our circumstances while we continue here. What consequences have we actually to expect? Our desertions are astonishingly great; the love of freedom, which once animated the breasts of those born in the country, is controlled by hunger, the keenest of necessities." Feb. 12.

CHAPTER LXVI.

The British revelling in Philadelphia.—Plenty of Money.—Plenty of Friends.—Gold versus Paper.—Six Hundred Dollars for a Pair of Boots.—The British waxing fat.—Luxury and Dissipation.—Loyally drunk.—The Effect.—The Profligates among the Quakers.—"A Housekeeper wanted."—Gambling.—Run of Ill Luck.—Penniless Officers.—A Jolly Parson.—General Howe in "High Jinks."—May Pemberton's Coach and Horses.—Old Men wag their Heads.—Admiral Lord Howe in Philadelphia.—British and Hessian Generals.—Major André in Franklin's House.—A Complimentary Theft.—Deserters from the American Camp.—Their Tale of Misery.—The Sock and Buskin.—British Officers turned Players.—The Mischianza.—The Pageant described.—Regatta.—The Tournament.—Fair Ladies and Brave Knights.—The Queen of Beauty.—Ball and Banquet.—The Victorious Miss Franks.—A Single and Signal Defeat.

1778. FROM the starving camp of Washington at Valley Forge we turn to the winter-quarters of the British army at Philadelphia, where Sir William Howe, his officers, and men, were revelling in the midst of abundance. Provisions were, indeed, scarce and dear, and many of the inhabitants were obliged to curtail the luxuries if not the necessities of life; but the army-chest, being always kept well

replenished by the prodigal mother-country, the British troops enjoyed both. The inhabitants of the surrounding country were inclined in favor of the royal interests, and particularly well disposed toward their own. They preferred selling their hay, corn, and cattle, to General Howe, not only because he was apparently in the ascendant, but because he could pay in sterling gold for what Washington was only enabled to give them in exchange the almost valueless continental money. When an American commissary presented himself with his worthless paper, the farmer, with his rusty musket to his shoulder, resolutely fought for each grain of his harvest and starveling of his flock, and yielded neither until forced to comply; while barns were readily emptied out, and whole herds driven forth, at the demand of the British agents, supplied with gold.

Congress might issue its millions of bits of paper, and call each a dollar; but when half a thousand could be readily bought for two golden guineas, it was natural that the trader, whatever might be his love for political freedom, should prefer to pocket the latter, even with its insulting impress of the hated King George, to taking the former with all its eloquent flourishes of liberty and independence. Thus, a man with a guinea in his pocket was often a more welcome customer than he who had hundreds of continental dollars; and, while the one could purchase a pair of boots, the other was forced to go barefoot. Six hundred dollars in continental currency were not seldom paid for a single pair of boots, and a skein of silk was thought cheap at ten dollars of the depreciated currency!

Waxing fat with the abundance and in the indolence of their winter encampment, the British yielded themselves up to luxury and dissipation. Their own historians have declared that they reversed the standing maxim of Marshal Turenne, and seemed to think the more drinking, gaming, and licentiousness, in a garrison, the better.* The whole winter of 1777–'78 was spent in indolence, or in dissipation and revelry. Every regimental mess was a scene of nightly orgies. When opportunity offered, the men, whether on or off duty, got most loyally drunk.

A want of discipline and proper subordination pervaded the whole British force; and if famine and sickness thinned the American army encamped at Valley Forge, abundance and indulgence perhaps did no less injury to the British troops. During the winter, a very unfortunate inattention was shown to the feelings of the inhabitants. They experienced many of the horrors of civil war. Some of the leading inhabitants, and many of these, too, of the orderly sect of Quakers, were forced to quarter reckless young officers, who were even indecent enough to introduce their mistresses into the mansions of their compulsory hosts.† A pair of youthful profligates had the audacity to advertise in the public journal: "Wanted to hire with two single gentlemen, a young woman to act in the capacity of housekeeper, and who can occasionally put her hand to anything. Extravagant wages will be given, and no character required.

* Pictorial History of England. † Stedman.

Any young woman who chooses to offer, may be further informed at the bar of the City Tavern."*

Gaming of every species was permitted, and even sanctioned. This vice not only debauched the mind, but, by sedentary confinement and the want of seasonable repose, enervated the body. A foreign officer held the bank at the game of *faro*, by which he made a very considerable fortune; and but too many respectable families in Britain had to lament its baneful effects. Officers who might have rendered honorable service to their country were compelled, by what was termed a "a bad run of luck," to dispose of their commissions, and return penniless to their friends.†

It is some satisfaction to find that these graceless fellows "very frequently attended different places of worship," although "Friends' meetinghouses were not much to their tastes."‡ They naturally preferred to attend the service of their own chaplains, who seemed to be on very excellent terms with their reprobate listeners. A "jolly parson Badger," who was billeted with a demure Quaker, was in the habit, after parades, of bringing a set of rollicking young officers into his "front room up-stairs," who rather disturbed the staid propriety of the small, quiet household of his broad-brimmed host.

General Howe himself also kept such "high jinks," that he scandalized the older officers, although he only grew more popular with the younger ones. He took possession of one of the finest houses in town, in High street, afterward occupied by General Washington, and drove about with "May Pemberton's coach and horses," which he had seized and kept for his own use. His conduct was so free, with a set of jolly young officers, that some of the veterans shook their heads, and declared that, before his promotion to the chief command of the army, he always sought for the company and counsels of officers of experience and merit; while now his companions were usually mere boys and the most dissipated fellows in the whole army.*

His brother, Admiral Lord Howe, behaved himself with more sobriety of demeanor. Having moved his fleet to the city, he too now resided in Philadelphia, taking possession of an imposing mansion in Chestnut street. Earl Cornwallis and General Knyphausen were also lodged in accordance with their dignity; and Major André dwelt in Doctor Franklin's house, which had been vacated by his daughter, Mrs. Bache, on the entrance of the British into Philadelphia. André seems to have conducted himself generally with a proper regard to the rights of the owner of the dwelling; for Mrs. Bache, in writing afterward to her father, in Paris, confesses that she found the house and furniture upon her return in better order than she had reason to expect from "such a rapacious crew." The major, however, carried off the renowned philosopher's portrait; but, as the theft is presumed to have been intended as a compliment to the scientific attainments of the great original, it may be ranked among the pardonable sins.

* Watson's Annals of Philadelphia
† Stedman. ‡ Watson.

* Watson.

Franklin, though his own house, with his pet books, his ingenious mechanical toys, and his scientific apparatus, was exposed to the rude handling of a vandal enemy, received the news of the possession of the city by the British with wonderful equanimity. "General Howe," he said, "has not taken Philadelphia: *Philadelphia has taken General Howe!*" And the luxury and wantonness which demoralized both officers and soldiers, while in winter-quarters in that city, confirmed the shrewd remark of the philosopher.

Thus the winter passed in all gayety in the city of Philadelphia, while it was all gloom on the rugged hills of Valley Forge. In the British camp there was no reminder of the possibility of suffering and misery, except when some hungry, barefooted, half-naked deserter, covered only by a dirty blanket bound around his lean loins with a leathern belt, stole away from the famishing camp of Washington, and fled to the well-fed ranks of the enemy. These poor wretches gave a doleful account of the sufferings of the Americans, of which they themselves were the most expressive illustrations; and yet the British commander, much to the vexation of some of his more martial associates, never moved from his comfortable quarters to strike the blow against the American army in its distress which they believed would have crushed it at once, and thus paved the way to a speedy subjection of the whole country to the royal authority. "Had General Howe," said one, "led on his troops to action, victory was in his power and conquest in his train." In this dark hour of the American Revolution, it was perhaps fortunate for the safety of Washington's army, if not for the ultimate triumph of liberty itself, that the chief command of the British forces devolved upon the indolent and procrastinating Howe instead of the active Cornwallis or the vigilant and energetic Clinton.

Every one in the British camp, however, was now absorbed in the pursuit of pleasure. The officers no longer troubled themselves about winning or losing battles: they were far more intent upon the chances of the faro-table. They cared not to have the roar of the cannon thundered in their ears, while they could listen to the voluptuous tunings of the sweet voices of the "tory ladies" of Philadelphia. The glory and real tragedies of the battle-field were gladly exchanged for the mock heroics and the melodramatic horrors of the stage. As an officer of the army presided over the gaming-table, so British colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, and ensigns, turned players, and got up theatrical performances. They enacted tragedy, and comedy, and pantomime; and won more decided triumphs on the stage than they had ever hoped for on the field of battle. Major André, with his ready accomplishments with the pen and the pencil, was in great requisition. He wrote farces, and painted scenes. His "waterfall" drop-curtain was a masterpiece of theatrical art, and hung in the *Southwark theatre*, at Philadelphia, long after the unfortunate military artist ceased to live. The New-York loyalist captain, Delancey, was one of André's most active coadjutors in the dramatic department. In the grand balls,

as in all the gayeties of the season, these two officers shone also as chief masters of ceremonies.

The revels of the British army reached their climax in the ever-memorable *Mischianza*. This, as its Italian name indicates, was a "medley" entertainment. We must, however, somewhat anticipate the progress of events, in order to understand the occasion of this splendid folly. The British government, having become dissatisfied with Sir William Howe's conduct of the campaign, was free in its censures. The general was no less ready to justify himself, declaring that his plans had been thwarted by the obstructions thrown in his way by the ministry. They both continued to indulge in mutual recrimination, until finally Sir William resigned his command. His resignation was accepted, and the general was about departing for England, when his officers, with whom he was a great favorite from the suavity of his manners (and probably also from his too lax discipline), determined to express their regard for him by getting up the *Mischianza* in his honor.

The entertainment took place on the 18th of May, 1778, and consisted of two principal parts—a regatta on the water, and a tournament on land. For the expenses of the occasion, all the army would have joyfully contributed, as Sir William was a universal favorite; but it was finally agreed that they should be defrayed by twenty-two field-officers. Sir John Wrottlesey, Colonel O'Hara, Major Gardiner, and Montressor, the chief-engineer, were the managers appointed. Major André, however, who wrote a glowing account of all the glories of the occasion, might have said, "*Quorum magna pars sui;*" for he, together with his dramatic coadjutor Delancey, bore a prominent part in the preparations and celebration of the *Mischianza*. He painted the scenery, suggested the decorations, and planned the pageant.

The very cards of invitation, in their preliminary display, gave promise of the brilliancy of the coming show. These were as large as playing-cards, and upon them was engraved in a shield a view of the sea, with the setting sun, Sir William Howe's crest and motto, "*Vive vale!*" and the complimentary words, "*Luceo discedens, aucto splendore resurgam:* I SHINE EVEN WHILE SETTING, AND SHALL ARISE WITH INCREASED SPLENDOR!"—alluding to the general's popularity at his departure, and prophesying his future glory. Around the shield was a wreath of laurel; while such military insignia as flags, swords, cannon, and field-batons, completed the picture.

A grand regatta began the entertainment. It consisted of three divisions. In the first was the Ferret galley, with Sir William and Lord Howe, Sir Henry Clinton (who had arrived from New York as Howe's successor in the command), the officers of their suites, and some ladies. The Cornwallis galley brought up the rear, having on board the earl himself, General Knyphausen and his suite, three British generals, and a party of ladies. On each quarter of these galleys, and forming their division, were five flat-boats, lined with green cloth, and filled with ladies and gentlemen. In advance of the

whole were three flat-boats, with a band of music in each. Six barges rowed about each flank, to keep off the swarm of boats that covered the Delaware from side to side. The galleys were dressed out in a variety of colors and streamers, and in each flat-boat was displayed the flag of its own division.

In the stream, opposite the centre of the city, the armed ship Fanny, magnificently decorated, was placed at anchor; and at some distance ahead lay his majesty's frigate Roebuck, with the admiral's flag hoisted at the fore-topmast head. The transport-ships, extending in a line, the whole length of the town, appeared with colors flying, and crowded with spectators, as were also the opening of the several wharves on shore, exhibiting the most picturesque and enlivening scene which the eye could desire to look upon. The rendezvous appointed for the whole was at Knight's wharf, at the northern extremity of the city.

May 18. By half-past four o'clock in the morning the whole company was embarked, and the signal being made by the ship-of-war Vigilant, the three divisions rowed slowly down, preserving their proper intervals of distance, and keeping time to the music, which led the fleet. Arrived between the Fanny and the Market wharf, a signal was made from one of the boats ahead, and the whole lay upon their oars, while the bands played "*God save the King!*" and three cheers given from the vessels were returned from the multitude on shore. By this time the flood-tide became too rapid for the galleys to advance; they were therefore quitted, and the company disposed of in different barges.

The landing-place was at the old fort, near the present navy-yard, a little to the southward of the town, before Wharton's mansion, from which a broad greensward, lined with rows of tall trees, stretched in a gentle descent for four hundred yards down to the water-side. As soon as the general's barge was seen to push from the shore, a salute of seventeen guns was fired from the Roebuck, which was followed, after a short interval, by the same number from the Vigilant. The company, as they disembarked, arranged themselves in a line of procession, and advanced through an avenue formed by two files of grenadiers, and a line of light-horse supporting each file. The avenue led to a square lawn of one hundred and fifty yards on each side, lined with troops, and properly prepared for the exhibition of a tilt and tournament, according to the customs and ordinances of ancient chivalry. The procession marched through the centre of the square. The music, consisting of all the bands of the army, moved in front. The managers, with favors of blue and white ribbons on their breasts, followed next in order. The general, the admiral, and the rest of the company, proceeded promiscuously.

In front appeared Wharton's large and elegant mansion, which bounded the view through a vista formed by two triumphal arches erected at proper intervals in a line with the landing-place. Two pavilions, with rows of benches rising one above another, and serving as the "advanced wings" (as André, in his military

phrase, describes them) of the first triumphal arch, received the ladies; while the gentlemen arranged themselves in convenient order on each side. On the front seat of each pavilion were placed seven of the principal young ladies of the country, dressed in Turkish habits, and wearing in their turbans the favors with which they designed to reward the several knights who were to contend in their honor.

These arrangements were hardly completed, when the sound of trumpets was heard at a distance; and soon a band of knights, dressed in ancient habits of white and red silk, and mounted on noble gray horses, richly caparisoned in trappings of the same colors, entered the lists, attended by their esquires on foot, in suitable apparel, in the following order: four trumpeters, properly habited, their trumpets decorated with small pendent banners; a herald, in his robe of ceremony, with a device of his band on it, consisting of two white roses intertwined, with the motto, "*We drop when separated.*" Lord Cathcart, mounted on a superb horse led by grooms, appeared as chief of these knights. Two young black slaves, with sashes and drawers of blue and white silk, wearing large silver clasps round their necks and arms, their breasts and shoulders bare, held his stirrups. On his right and left walked his two esquires, one bearing his lance and the other his shield, upon which was the device of Cupid riding a lion, with the motto, "*Surmounted by Love.*" His lordship appeared in honor of Miss Auchmuty. Then followed his six knights, each splendidly accoutred and mounted, accompanied by his esquire bearing his shield, and prepared to do service for his "ladye love." Among these "KNIGHTS OF THE BLENDED ROSE" appeared André himself, then holding the rank of captain, with his youthful brother, only nineteen years of age, a lieutenant in the army.

After the knights had rode up and made the circuit of the square, they saluted the ladies as they passed before the pavilions, and then ranged themselves in a line with the seat of the dames of the "Blended Rose," whose pre-eminent beauty, wit, and accomplishments, they were prepared to prove by their arms, as their herald declared, against all who should dare to deny them. Three times the challenge was sounded. At the third, a herald, with four trumpeters, dressed in black and orange, galloped into the lists. He was met by the herald of the "Blended Rose," and, after a brief parley, he of the "KNIGHTS OF THE BURNING MOUNTAIN" loudly sounded his trumpet, and proclaimed defiance to the challenge, declaring that the knights of the "Burning Mountain" came to disprove by deeds, and not by words, the vainglorious assertions of the knights of the "Blended Rose."

The knights of the "Burning Mountain" now rode in, headed by their chief. Each had his squire, shield, and device, and was ready to do service for his especial dame. They, having made the circuit of the lists, and their obeisance to all the ladies, reined up their horses defiantly in front of the knights of the "Blended Rose." The chief of the latter then threw down his gauntlet, which was ordered to be taken up by the esquire of

the chief of the "Burning Mountain." Each knight now took his lance and shield from his esquire; and the two opposing bands, after making a general salute to each other by a graceful movement of their lances, turned to take their career, and, encountering in full gallop, shivered their spears. In the second and third encounters they discharged their pistols. In the fourth they fought with their swords. At length the two chiefs, spurring forward into the centre, engaged furiously in single combat, till the marshal of the field rushed in between the champions, and declared that the fair damsels of the "Blended Rose" and "Burning Mountain" were perfectly satisfied with the proofs of love and the signal feats of valor given by their respective knights, and commanded them, as they prized the future favors of their mistresses, that they would instantly desist from further combat. Obedience being paid to this order, the chiefs joined their respective array of knights.

A passage being now opened between the two pavilions, the knights, preceded by their squires and the bands of music, rode through the first triumphal arch, and arrayed themselves to the right and left. This arch was erected in honor of Lord Howe. It presented two fronts, in the Tuscan order. The pediment was adorned with various naval trophies, and at the top was the figure of Neptune, with a trident in his right hand. In a niche on each side stood a sailor with a drawn cutlass. Three plumes of feathers were placed on the summit of each wing, and in the entablature was a Latin inscription, saying that praise was his due, but that his soul was above praise. From this arch led an avenue three hundred feet long and thirty-four broad, lined on each side with troops; while beyond all the colors of the army were planted at proper intervals, between which the knights and squires took their stations. The bands struck up a succession of martial tunes, and the procession then moved forward. The ladies, in their Turkish habits, led the way; and, as they passed, they were saluted by the knights, who dismounted and joined them. Thus the whole company passed through a second triumphal arch into the garden which fronted the "Wharton mansion."

The second arch, like the first, was of the Tuscan order, and was dedicated to Sir William Howe. On the interior part of the pediment was painted a plume of feathers, and various military trophies. At the top stood the figure of Fame, and in the entablature was this Latin inscription: "*I, bono, quo virtus tua te vocat; I pede fausto:* GO, GOOD ONE, WHERE THY VIRTUE SHALL CALL THEE; MAY PROSPERITY ATTEND THY STEPS!" On the right-hand pillar was placed a bomb, and on the left a flaming heart. The front of the arch next to the house was covered with fireworks, arranged in ornamental forms, ready to be fired in the course of the night.

From the garden a flight of steps covered with carpet led to a spacious hall, which was adorned with panelling painted in imitation of Sienna marble, cleverly executed by Captain André himself, who had transferred his brush from the canvas of the theatre to the walls of the Whar-

ton house for this grand occasion. In the hall and in the adjoining apartments were prepared tea, lemonade, and other cooling drinks, to which the company seated themselves according to the comfortable practice of those good old-fashioned times. While they were thus regaling themselves, the knights came in, and on bended knees received their favors from their respective ladies.

There was one apartment of the mansion especially devoted to the most absorbing interest of that time. Here was the faro-table; and, as if mocking at their own vice, these reckless debauchees had painted on a panel over the chimney, so that it might be the first object seen on entering the room, a cornucopia, filled to overflowing with flowers of the richest colors, while over the door of exit was represented another, which was shrunk, reversed, and emptied! Thus was symbolized the doom of the gamester, who, entering with abundance, was destined to go away empty from that fatal hall.

Above these lower apartments were ball and refreshment rooms, illuminated with hundreds of wax-lights, hung with rose-colored drapery, painted with graceful forms and rich devices, festooned with wreaths of natural flowers, and all reflected brilliantly from the numerous mirrors on the walls. The ball was opened by the knights and their ladies, and the dance was kept up until ten o'clock, when the windows were thrown open on that warm spring night, and a magnificent bouquet of rockets began the display of fireworks, which had been prepared under the supervision of Captain Montressor, the chief-engineer. As the rockets shot into the air, and the fire-balloons burst into a blaze of light, the interior of the triumphal arch was illuminated. The military trophies shone out resplendently in variegated colors; and Fame appeared at the summit, spangled with stars, and blowing from her trumpet in letters of light, "*Les lauriers sont immortels:* HIS LAURELS ARE IMMORTAL."

At twelve o'clock at night, supper was announced; and large folding-doors, until this moment artfully hidden, were suddenly thrown open, discovering a magnificent saloon of two hundred and ten feet by forty, and twenty-two feet in height, with three alcoves on each side, which served as sideboards. The ceiling was the segment of a circle; and the sides were painted of a light straw-color, with vine-leaves and festoons of flowers, some in a bright, some in a darkish green. Fifty-six large pier-glasses, ornamented with green-silk artificial flowers and ribbons; one hundred branches, with three lights in each, trimmed in the same manner as the mirrors; eighteen lustres, each with twenty-four lights, suspended from the ceiling, and ornamented as the branches; three hundred wax-tapers, disposed along the supper-tables; four hundred and thirty covers; twelve hundred dishes; twenty-four black slaves in oriental dresses, with silver collars and bracelets, ranged in two lines, and bending to the ground as the general and the admiral approached the saloon, formed together "the most brilliant assemblage of gay objects, and appearing at once as we entered by an easy descent," wrote Captain André, in his glowing account of

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the scene, "exhibited a *coup d'œil* beyond description magnificent."

May 19. Toward the close of the banquet, the herald of the "Blended Rose," habited in his robes of ceremony, and attended by his trumpeters, entered the saloon, and proclaimed the health of the king, the queen, and the royal family; the army and the navy, with their respective commanders; the knights and their ladies; and the ladies in general—each of the toasts being followed by a flourish of music. After supper, the dancing was resumed, and was kept up until four o'clock the next morning.

The ladies present on the occasion were all Americans, with the exception of Miss Auchmuty, the subsequent bride of Captain Montressor. They became memorable ever after as the "*Mischianza ladies*," and a rigid patriotism frowned awhile upon them, but it soon yielded to the smiles of beauty; and Americans, in their proverbial gallantry toward the other sex, forgot all distinctions between "tory" and "whig." Miss Shippen, one of the fairest damsels of the *Mischianza*, became afterward the dashing bride of General Arnold. Miss Franks, rendered famous by General Charles Lee's witty letter addressed to her, was the reigning belle on the occasion. She attracted all by the blaze of her beauty, only to wither them in the fire of her wit. "Give us '*Britons, strike home!*'" shouted Sir Henry Clinton to the musicians. "The commander-in-chief has made a mistake," exclaimed Miss Franks; he meant to say, 'Britons—*go home!*'" She is acknowledged to have been beaten only once in those martial days, in the war of words, which she was ever ready to wage with whig or tory, general or subaltern, and then by that old campaigner, in the letter to which allusion has been made, and which she received with anger, a sure sign of defeat.

"Paine," observes Lossing, "in one of the numbers of his paper called '*The Crisis*,' gave a laughable account of this farce" (of the *Mischianza*). "Alluding to General Howe, he says, 'He bounces off, with his bombs and burning hearts set upon the pillars of his triumphant arch, which, at the proper time of the show, burst out with a shower of squibs and crackers, and other fireworks, to the delight and amazement of Miss Craig, Miss Chew, Miss Redman, and all the other misses, dressed out as the fair damsels of the Blended Rose, and of the Burning Mountain, for this farce of knight-errantry.' How strange that such sensible men as these two commanders were, should have consented to receive such gross adulation!"

CHAPTER LXVII.

Washington and his Slanderers.—General Gates in Opposition.—General Conway.—Letter from Washington.—Conway made Inspector-General.—The Anti-Washington Faction in the Ascendant.—The Cabal.—Intrigue.—Exposure.—General Wilkinson.—His Account of the Affair.—Lord Stirling in his Cups.—A Challenge.—No Blood shed.—Conway detected and exposed.—His Resignation.—His Duel with General Cadwallader.—Atonement of a Dying Man.—An Immortality of Dishonor.—Improvement at Valley Forge.—Supplies.—Arrival of Mrs. Washington.—Visiters.—General Charles Lee exchanged.—His Arrival in the American Camp.—Ethan Allen.—Lafayette appointed to command an Expedition to Canada.—The Marquis remains faithful to Washington.—He is flattered in vain by the "Cabal."—To Albany and back again.—Baron Steuben.—His Life and Character.—He is appointed Inspector-General.—Anecdotes.—The Baron's Services.

1778. THERE were not only the trials of the command of an army of famishing soldiers, constantly on the verge of mutiny, to which their crying wants provoked and almost justified them in yielding, to perplex the head and wound the heart of Washington; he was now tormented by the stings of scandal, and harassed by the opposition of the factions in the army and in Congress. The commander-in-chief had long been conscious that there were some who were disposed to depreciate his military character, and elevate their own at his expense. He saw that General Gates, forgetful of his old friendship, and though bound to him by every tie of gratitude, had become disaffected, and neglected no opportunity of wounding his sensibilities and thwarting his purposes. Gates was a vain man, and his triumph at Saratoga, and the flatteries which followed, seem to have raised him to such a giddy height in his own esteem, that his head turned. After the surrender of Burgoyne, ordinary courtesy should have impelled General Gates to write to Washington, but he was guilty of the indignity of neglecting this obvious duty. The commander-in-chief, with conscious dignity, either left these marks of disrespect and indications of opposition unnoticed, or remarked upon them as the usual accompaniments of high trust and position. When, however, he discovered that his enemies were seriously organizing into a party to overthrow him, and to take the lead in the conduct of affairs, he was resolved to check them, if not for his own sake, yet for the sake of the cause which he loved too much to expose to the mercy of such guides.

The first notice which the general-in-chief deigned to take of the intrigues of his enemies, was this note from him to General Conway:—

"CAMP, *Nov.* 16, 1777.

"SIR: A letter which I received last night contained the following paragraph:

"'In a letter from General Conway to General Gates, he says, "*Heaven has determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors would have ruined it.*"'

"I am, sir, your humble servant,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

General Conway, on the receipt of this, without denying the words which were attributed to him, strove immediately, by letter, or an interview with the commander-in-chief, to explain them away; but the result was so unsatisfactory, that, apparently in conscious guilt, he offered his resignation. This was not accepted, and in the course of a month, and near the close of the year 1777, Conway was appointed inspector-general of the army, with the rank of major-general. The bitterest opponent of Washington was thus elevated by Congress to this high position even after his intrigues against the commander-in-chief had become known, and when Washington had already (before he was aware of Conway's personal attacks upon him) written these words while the question was being agitated months before about such an appointment: "It will be as unfortunate a measure as ever was adopted; I may add, and I think with truth, that it will give a fatal blow to the existence of the army."

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The faction opposed to Washington, however, was now in the ascendant in Congress. A board of war was appointed, in which those suspected of intrigues against the commander-in-chief formed the majority, and were the most prominent members. General Gates became president; General Mifflin, supposed to be leagued with Gates and Conway in an effort to supplant Washington, and place one of the three in the chief command, was a member; Timothy Pickering, late adjutant-general, Joseph Trumbull, the former commissary, and Richard Peters, composed the rest of the new board. Simultaneously with the creation of this board, Conway received his appointment as inspector-general, with the rank of major-general, and was thus promoted above all the brigadiers of older date! The army, by whom Washington was beloved above all, became indignant, and the officers and soldiers freely denounced the faction which they did not hesitate to declare controlled the action of Congress, to the injury of the great interests of the country. But faction continued awhile to govern that body, and some of its members strove by secret as well as by open means to accomplish their partisan ends. Anonymous letters were written to the governors of the states and to the officials of Congress, to sound them and to gain them over, by attacks upon the military conduct of Washington and his favorite officers, by laudatory accounts of the triumphs of Gates, and of the ability of that general and his friends.

The letter of Washington to Conway, however, brought the whole intrigue to an issue; and when the army and the country showed their indignation at this attempt to destroy the character of the commander-in-chief, there was not one of those suspected who was not anxious to clear himself of all suspicion of being a participator in the disreputable scheme. On hearing of Washington's letter to Conway, General Gates at first seemed only eager to discover the person who had betrayed his confidence; but when popular indignation was excited, his subsequent efforts, in the course of which he wrote several prevaricating and contradictory letters to Washington, were directed tow-

ard explaining the offensive passage quoted, which, having been repeated in the course of conversation, may not have been literally given, though it is now generally believed to have presented the spirit of the original words.

Wilkinson, who was a heedless, loquacious youth, at that time, and much given to vaunting his intimacy with the then "great man" of the day (General Gates), was the one to whom was traced the abuse of confidence of which Gates so strongly complained. It will be recollected that Wilkinson was sent to Congress, to present Gates's report of his triumph at Saratoga. In the course of his journey, his progress was so slow (whether from a desire of prolonging the glory reflected upon him by his message, or from the mere distractions of pleasure natural to youth), that when it was proposed in Congress, upon his arrival, that a sword should be voted him as the bearer of such good news, Doctor Witherspoon, then a member, shrewdly observed in his native Scotch, "*I think ye'll better gie the lad a pair o' spurs!*" While Wilkinson was leisurely pursuing his way, big with the importance of his commission, he put up at Reading, in Pennsylvania. But we shall let him tell his own story:—

"I arrived," says Wilkinson, "the evening of the 27th [of October], and was visited by General Mifflin, with whom I had been acquainted at the siege of Boston. He wished me to take tea with him, and I found two eastern members of Congress at his house. I was minutely questioned by them respecting the military operations in the North; General Washington's misfortunes were strictured severely by them, and General Conway's criticisms again mentioned. General Mifflin appeared exceedingly despondent, and observed that he considered the insurance of buildings at Reading against the depredations of the enemy worthy reflection.

"This evening it began to rain, and the next day it fell in torrents. Lord Stirling was confined at this village [Reading], in consequence of a fall from his horse; and being myself detained by the weather, for I dared not ride in the rain, I consented at his earnest request to take a pot-luck dinner with him, and was happy to meet my friend Major Monroe (afterward president), in capacity of aid-de-camp to his lordship. With a noble deportment and dignified manners, Lord Stirling combined sound education and respectable talents. I speak of his foibles with reluctance, for he was an officer of conspicuous gallantry. His addictions were notorious, and his fondness for a long set not the least remarkable, for no man could be more strongly disposed to fight his battles over again. The earl had another aid-de-camp, by the name of M'Williams, whom I had never seen before.

"We dined agreeably, and I did not get away from his lordship before midnight, the rain continuing to pour down without intermission. In the course of the day, his lordship fought over the battle of Long island in detail, and favored me with recitals of all the affairs in which he had subsequently performed a part; and I reciprocated information of such transactions in the North as could inter-

est or amuse him. The conversation was too copious and diffuse for me to have charged my memory with particulars, and from the circumstances of it was confidential."

His lordship, notwithstanding his "addictions," did not seem on that occasion to have poured down wine of sufficient potency to steal away his brains; for his memory remained in such full possession, that he distinctly recollected that Wilkinson had said that General Gates had received a letter in which were these words, written by Conway: "Heaven has determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors would have ruined it." The earl immediately wrote the words down, and sent them to Washington, with his authority; and the commander-in-chief, as we have seen, sent them back to Conway, and thus brought the "*Conway cabal*" (as it has been called) to light, and subsequent dishonor.

Wilkinson was provoked at being discovered as the cause of the excitement which ensued, and being made the object of the indignation of his patron, General Gates. In the fretting of his youthful spirit, he declared, "My lord shall bleed for his conduct!" but he first determined that the blood of Gates should flow, the general having denounced him in strong terms for his abuse of confidence. A challenge was given and accepted, and the preliminaries for the duello were all arranged, when Wilkinson, according to his own report of the occurrence, being fully armed and accompanied by his seconds, on proceeding to the ground, was called aside by Captain Stoddert, and informed that General Gates desired to speak with him.

"I expressed my astonishment," says Wilkinson, "and observed it was impossible. He replied, with much agitation: 'For God's sake, be not always a fool! Come along, and see him!' Struck with the manner of my friend, I inquired where the general was. He answered, 'In the street, near the door.' The surprise robbed me of circumspection. I requested Colonel Ball [his second] to halt, and followed Captain Stoddert. I found General Gates unarmed and alone, and was received with tenderness but manifest embarrassment. He asked me to walk, turned into a back street, and we proceeded in silence till we passed the buildings, when he burst into tears, took me by the hand, and asked me how I could think he wished to injure me. I was too deeply affected to speak, and he relieved my embarrassment by continuing: '*I* injure you? It is impossible! I should as soon think of injuring my own child.' This language not only disarmed me, but awakened all my confidence and all my tenderness." Wilkinson went away satisfied, but still bent upon carrying out his bloody designs against Lord Stirling.

Wilkinson wrote a letter to his lordship, in which he did not pretend to deny having quoted the words sent to Washington, although in his explanations with Gates he appeared to be entirely unconscious of having done so, but merely required from Stirling a statement that the conversation he had published "passed in a private company during a convivial hour." The earl could not refuse so rea-

sonable a request, and readily certified to the fact; which was so satisfactory, that it not only proved a balm to the wound of Wilkinson's nice sensibility, but a preventive of the mischief threatening his lordship.

General Conway was deemed the main instigator of these disgraceful intrigues against Washington; and the country soon began to discover, as the commander-in-chief had predicted, that he was "a secret enemy, or, in other words, a dangerous incendiary." Sustained by a majority in Congress, Conway enjoyed a short triumph; but, as he became insolent and overbearing in success, he soon disgusted even those who had been his warmest friends. Not satisfied with writing letters to the commander-in-chief, which the latter did not hesitate to term "impertinent," demanding the command of a division in the army, he ventured to complain to Congress of ill treatment, and to offer his resignation, in such terms of contemptuous disrespect, that even his friends did not oppose the vote that it should be accepted. Conway himself was sorely displeased at being taken at his word, and afterward strove, by letter and personal interview, to withdraw his resignation, but without effect. Without employment, he still lingered in America, venting his spleen upon Washington and his army, when he was called to account by General Cadwallader. A duel was the consequence; and Conway received the ball of his antagonist, which passed into his mouth and through the upper part of his neck, in its course justly lacerating that "unruly member" which had villified the character and motives of the great chief. He believed himself to be a dying man, and had the grace to write the following letter to Washington:—

"Sir: I find myself just able to hold the pen during a few minutes, and take this opportunity of expressing my sincere grief for having done, written, or said anything disagreeable to your excellency. My career will soon be over; therefore justice and truth prompt me to declare my last sentiments. *You are, in my eyes, the great and good man.* May you long enjoy the love, veneration, and esteem, of these states, whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues.

"I am,

"With the greatest respect, &c.,

"Thomas Conway."

The wounded general, however, survived his injuries, and returned to France, his adopted country; leaving behind him, as an immortality of dishonor in America, the ill-favored association of his name with the disreputable "*Conway cabal.*"

Toward spring, the aspect of the American camp became more encouraging. A committee of Congress had been sent to Valley Forge, to confer with Washington upon the organization of a better system for the army. The commander-in-chief, in conjunction with his officers, prepared a document, in which a plan of reform was laid down, which subsequently was for the most part adopted. There was yet much suffering, before the new system could be thoroughly carried out; but already supplies began to arrive, and the troops, if still deprived of comforts, were

no longer in imminent dread of frost and famine.

The camp was also enlightened by the arrival of some distinguished visiters. Mrs. Washington had come to solace with her presence the trials and anxieties of the general, and was cheerfully submitting to the rude hospitalities of the log-huts of Valley Forge. General Greene, Lord Stirling, and General Knox, likewise had their wives now in camp. Bryan Fairfax, his old Virginia friend and neighbor, who, though still loyal to his king, did not fail to show his warm attachment to the American general by a cordial visit on his way from the banks of the Potomac to New York, and again on his return. General Charles Lee, by an exchange for the British general Prescott captured on Rhode island), was now reinstated in his old position as second in command, and, although still tenacious of his oddities, was observed to be more subdued in the exhibition of them. During the later days of his captivity he had had little to complain of in his treatment. He enjoyed, as he tells us, the full liberty of the city of New York and its limits; had horses at his command, furnished by Sir Henry Clinton and General Robertson; and had lodged with two of "the oldest and warmest friends" he had in the world, Colonel Butler and Colonel Disney, of the forty-second regiment. With this taste of the conventional comforts of life and of the pleasures of society, Lee seemed temporarily sweetened to a better humor, and his return was cordially welcomed. He soon recurred, however, to his old bitterness of temper.

The brawny Colonel Ethan Allen was also restored to liberty, and was flashing out, in his stormy eloquence, the lightning of his indignation against the tyrants of his country. He found ready listeners, in the camp at Valley Forge, to his rude oratory and to the wondrous story he had to tell of his strange adventures and daring feats during his long captivity and compulsory travels. He was, he declared, ready again to meet the foes of his country; and Washington having obtained for him a colonel's commission, it was expected that he would still have remained to do doughty deeds, but he preferred to return to his adopted country (Vermont), where he lived to tell over and over, in swelling words, the history of his strange experience.

The young marquis Lafayette had been temporarily withdrawn from the camp. The new board of war, under the presidency of General Gates, had proposed an expedition against Canada. This was supposed to have been devised for the especial glory of the "Conway cabal;" and an appointment in the enterprise was offered to the young Frenchman, with the hope of securing his adhesion to that faction. Lafayette accepted the offer — not, however, until he had consulted Washington — and soon proved that all attempts upon his fidelity to the commander-in-chief were futile. His first rebuke, administered to the conspirators, was at Yorktown, where he had gone to receive from Congress his instructions. Here he was welcomed by the "cabal," and flattered by every possible attention. Dining with General Gates, who was surrounded

by a circle of his particular friends and admirers, the wine passed freely, and, as was usual in those days, toasts were given. As the company were about rising, Lafayette filled his glass, and, reminding those at the table that they had forgotten one toast, gave deliberately, "The commander-in-chief of the American armies." It was received with a coolness which proved what he had suspected — that he was not surrounded by the friends of Washington.

Lafayette, however, proceeded on his journey; but, on reaching Albany, where he had been led to believe that at least three thousand men and a large supply of military stores were in readiness for the expedition to Canada, he met with a great disappointment, which is emphatically described in his letter to Washington: "I don't believe," he writes, "I can find, in all, twelve hundred men fit for duty, and the greatest part of these are naked, even for a summer campaign. I was to find General Stark, with a large body; and, indeed, General Gates told me, '*General Stark will have burned the fleet before your arrival.*' Well, the first letter I receive in Albany is from General Stark, who wishes to know what number of men, from where, what time, and for what rendezvous, *I desire him to raise.*"

The young marquis, with the nice sense of ridicule peculiar to a cultivated Frenchman, was heartily ashamed of the affair, and, with rather unnecessary sensitiveness, was fearful that he was disgraced in the eyes of the world for the failure of an expedition so fruitful in promise but so abortive in issue. He wrote to Washington, expressing his anxieties, and received an answer, in which he was judiciously told that his fears respecting his reputation were "excited by an uncommon degree of sensibility." The young Frenchman soon returned to the camp at Valley Forge, where he resumed his command of a division of the army, and his frequent intercourse with Washington, by whom he was greatly beloved.

There was another arrival in the camp, of more importance than all. It was that of the baron Frederick William Augustus Steuben, a distinguished Prussian officer. An old aid-de-camp of the great Frederick, he had learned and practised war under the first military tactician of Europe, and now came with a singular vicissitude to impart to a people struggling for independence the lessons which he had acquired in the service of the most arbitrary of kings. Steuben's repute in Europe was so high, that crowned heads competed for him as an officer in their armies. The emperor of Austria and the king of Sardinia both liberally bid for his services; and he was created grand marshal of the court of Prince Hohenzollern-Heckingen, and lieutenant-general and knight of the order of Fidelity under the prince-margrave of Baden, and in the enjoyment of other dignities, with an emolument which amounted to about three thousand dollars annually, when he resolved upon going to America.

While visiting Paris, the baron listened with interest to the accounts which he heard from the French ministers of the American cause, and they succeeded in persuading him to join his fortunes with

it. Franklin and Deane, then the American agents in France, gladly welcomed the acquisition of the baron, from whose thorough practise as a military disciplinarian they expected good service in the training of the loosely-ordered American army, and gave him strong letters of recommendation. The versatile Beaumarchais, the author of "*Figaro*"—by turns watchmaker, playwright, courtier, and financier—was just then, while performing in the last capacity, under the auspices of the French court, supplying the United States with money and military stores. Under the assumed mercantile names of "Roderique, Hotales, and Company," the ever-active Beaumarchais had got ready a ship and a cargo for his customers in America, and he now offered the baron Steuben a passage. *Le Heureux* (for that was the well-omened name of the vessel) made a rough and dangerous voyage, but finally landed the baron in safety at Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, on the 1st of November, 1777. On his arrival, he sent forward his letters from Franklin and Deane, with one from himself, to Washington:—

"The object of my greatest ambition," wrote the baron, "is to render your country all the service in my power, and to deserve the title of a citizen of America, by fighting for the cause of your liberty. If the distinguished ranks in which I have served in Europe should be an obstacle, I had rather serve under your excellency as a volunteer than to be an object of discontent among such deserving officers as have already distinguished themselves among you.

"I could say, moreover, were it not for fear of offending your modesty, that your excellency is the only person under whom, after having served under the king of Prussia, I could wish to pursue an art to which I have wholly given myself up."

Franklin, in his letter, spoke warmly of the claims of Steuben. "He goes to America with a true zeal for our cause, and a view of engaging in it, and rendering it all the service in his power. He is recommended to us by two of the best judges of military merit in this country, M. le comte de Vergennes and M. le comte de St. Germain, who have long been personally acquainted with him, and interest themselves in promoting his voyage, from the full persuasion that the knowledge and experience he has acquired by twenty years' study and practice in the Prussian school may be of great use in our armies."

Steuben, on presenting himself to Congress, offered his services as a volunteer, which were accepted with expressions of acknowledgment for his generous disinterestedness. He then proceeded to the camp at Valley Forge. The baron made a favorable first impression upon Washington, who thus wrote: "He appears to be much of a gentleman, and, as far as I have had an opportunity of judging, a man of military knowledge, and acquainted with the world." He had not been many days in camp, when Washington so highly appreciated his abilities, that he recommended Congress to appoint him inspector-general of the army, an office to which the faction had raised General Conway, but who never fulfilled its duties.

May 5. The baron Steuben was accordingly appointed inspector-general of the army, with the rank of major-general, and immediately assumed his new position. Other inspectors were appointed, subordinate to him. Of these were Ternant and Fleury, both of whom were gallant and efficient officers, who had been disciplined in the armies of France, and who, being fair English scholars, were enabled to act as interpreters to the baron, of whose aid in this respect he stood greatly in need, as his own English vocabulary was as yet very limited. Steuben was also glad to avail himself of the assistance of Captain Walker, who understood French, and whom he appointed his aid.

The baron, with his portly form, his somewhat venerable appearance (though he was but forty-eight years of age), his rich uniform, his splendid diamond-and-gold order of Fidelity hanging from his neck, and his military formalities of manner, made a great impression upon the raw troops whom he now undertook to teach the tactics of war. He was a rigid disciplinarian, and exacted the most minute obedience to orders. His scrutinizing eye was everywhere along the line, and upon each soldier, closely inspecting every position and every article of accoutrement and dress. He required that the musket and bayonet should exhibit the brightest polish; not a spot of rust, or defect in any part, could elude his vigilance. He was as severe in his exactions of duty from the officers as from the men. His attention was directed to every department. From the surgeons he required lists of the sick, a statement of their accommodations and mode of treatment, and did not hesitate to visit the hospitals himself.

His trials may well be conceived to have been severe, with the rude, independent material which he was striving to form into an orderly soldiery; and on some occasions his patience and his vocabulary were alike exhausted. "*Viens, Walker; vien, bon ami, curse! G–d d—n de gaucherie of dese badauts! je ne puis plus —I can curse dem no more!*" cried out the baron one day to Captain Walker, his aid-de-camp, when the stupidity of some raw recruits had drawn so liberally upon his polyglott vocabulary of oaths as to leave him destitute of resource.

Severe, however, as Steuben was as a military disciplinarian, he was the kindest of human creatures. He was so charitable, and gave away his money so freely, that he never had a dollar for himself! Washington said that if any specific sum, however large, were bestowed upon Steuben, his generous heart would keep him poor, and he would die a beggar. He was simple in his habits, an early riser, and a moderate man at the table; but he was so socially inclined, that he always kept open house for all who came. He was so generous, that he was known to have sold his watch, to supply the wants of a sick friend; and his horse, to entertain a guest! He was only careless of his own interests; and while his own exchequer was empty, and his accounts in confusion, he was so regardful of the public property confided to his trust, that, while inspector-general, only three mus-

kets were found deficient, and these accounted for in his return to the war department. Before his appointment, five thousand muskets were always the allowance made in the estimate for loss, in the number actually supplied.

Steuben's services in organizing and drilling the American army were so great, that the regulars who had been formed under his eye were said never to have been beaten in a fair engagement with the enemy.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Occasional Skirmishes.—"Light-Horse Harry."—A Successful Defence.—Wayne and Pulaski.—Successful Encounters.—Captain Barry and his Row-Boats.—A Prize.—Sir Henry Clinton in Danger.—The Play not worth the Candle.—Fortification of West Point.—Kosciusko.—The British Forayers.—The Queen's Rangers.—Hay and Corn.—Sir Henry Clinton in Command at Philadelphia.—He proposes to retire.—Lafayette set to watch the British.—He is caught in a Critical Position.—A Skilful Manœuvre and Fortunate Escape.—The Enemy return to Philadelphia.—A Successful Raid by the British over the Delaware.

1778. FEW occurrences, of a strictly military character, took place while the two armies were in winter-quarters. There were, however, occasional skirmishes between parties sent out to forage. Captain Henry Lee, as usual, did good service with his light-horse, and cheered the heart of Washington (who was so much attached to him) by his frequent feats of gallantry. While stationed with his troop of cavalry as an advanced guard at Derby, Lee was attacked by a party of the enemy's dragoons, nearly two hundred in number, who endeavored to surprise him. About daybreak they made their appearance. Lee was on the alert, and manned the doors and windows of the large stone-house where he was quartered. The British dragoons, trusting to their vast superiority in numbers, attempted to force their way into the building. The contest became very warm, but the spirit of Lee's men baffled the enemy, and they were driven off from the house. They made an attempt to carry off the horses, but they were also forced from the stables, without being able to take a single animal. The British had one commissioned officer, a sergeant, and three soldiers wounded, and three privates taken prisoners. The Americans lost four privates, who belonged to the patrol-guard, and who, being stationed outside of the building, were overpowered while struggling manfully against the whole troop of dragoons. A sergeant was also taken prisoner, and a lieutenant and two soldiers wounded.

A small force had been stationed by Washington during the winter at Trenton, to keep in check the foraging-parties of the enemy. While Wayne and Count Pulaski were in command of their respective troops in this quarter, three thousand

British crossed the Delaware and attempted to surround them. The Americans, however, succeeded in escaping, and harassed the enemy severely on their return across the ferry. Pulaski behaved with great daring on the occasion, and during a smart skirmish had his horse wounded. After the British returned to their camp in the city, General Wayne crossed the Delaware, laid waste the forage in Philadelphia and Bucks counties, and retired over the river, driving before him the horses and cattle.

On the water, too, Captain Barry, of the navy, had by his gallantry won a small triumph. Having manned four boats at Burlington, in New Jersey, he rowed down the Delaware with muffled oars, and took two British transports and an armed schooner by surprise. They were from Rhode Island, and bound to Philadelphia. The transports were laden with forage, and the schooner was well mounted with four-pound cannon and howitzers. The exploit was gallantly executed, as the river was in full possession of the enemy's ships. Barry, in fact, had no sooner seized his prizes, than he was obliged to burn one, to prevent its being retaken; and "I fear the other," he wrote to Washington, "will share the same fate after discharging her; but I am determined to hold the schooner at all events."

There was another affair which would probably have been successful, had it not been concluded that "the play was not worth the candle." While Sir Henry Clinton was in command in New York, he occupied the house of Captain Kennedy, of the British navy, near the "Battery." General Washington had learned the exact position of all the approaches to the dwelling, and even of the bedchamber of Sir Henry; and it was proposed to carry him off. Eight or ten light whale-boats, manned by a hundred and fifty Marblehead seamen (dressed in red, that they might pass for British soldiers), were to move down the Hudson with muffled oars from the Highlands to New York, where the men were to land and seize the British general. Everything was in readiness for carrying out the enterprise, which gave every promise of success, when Colonel Hamilton took occasion to ask Washington, "Have you examined the consequences of it?"—"In what respect?" replied the general. "Why, it has occurred to me," rejoined Hamilton, "that we shall rather lose than gain by removing Sir Henry Clinton from the command of the British army, because we perfectly understand his character; and, by taking him off, we only make way for some other, perhaps an abler officer, whose character and disposition we may have to learn." The good sense of this remark was immediately acknowledged by Washington, and the scheme abandoned.

The importance of holding the Highlands of the Hudson was never disregarded; and, after the fall of Forts Clinton and Montgomery, it was determined to select some other position, and strongly fortify it. General Putnam's attention was directed to this important matter, and he, together with the Clintons of New York, carefully reconnoitred the banks of the river, with the view of selecting a proper site for a fort. West Point was

deemed most eligible by them, as well as by a committee of the legislature of New York; although Radière, the French engineer, did not approve of the site. There was some delay in constructing the works in consequence of the absence of General Putnam from his command on the Hudson. Brigadier-General Parsons, of Massachusetts, who succeeded him temporarily, not feeling authorized to act, nothing was done until the arrival of General M'Dougall, who assumed the command. As Radière had objected to the site of West Point, which it was now determined to fortify, Kosciusko was chosen in his place; and the works were begun, and pushed on with great vigor. The chief redoubt, constructed of logs and embankments of earth, was finished before the month of May. It was large, and well placed upon a cliff rising nearly two hundred feet above the water. Fort Clinton was the name given to it, in honor of the governor of New York. There were other redoubts planned and finally erected upon the eminences in the neighborhood, while connected with the works were barracks and quarters for nearly six hundred men. There was also a heavy chain stretched across the river, to prevent the passage of vessels.

Mar. 20.

Although Sir William Howe was inactive with the main body of the British army at Philadelphia, some of his foraging-parties showed great enterprise and alacrity. Colonel Mawhood and Major Simcoe, with the corps of America loyalists called the "Queen's Rangers," made themselves memorable by their successful activity at Salem and at Quintian and Hancock's bridges. "They generally succeeded in their petty objects," says one of their own historians. "The fighting was chiefly for hay and corn, clothes and blankets."

As it was rumored that Sir Henry Clinton (who had taken command of the British army on the resignation of Sir William Howe) was about to evacuate Philadelphia, the young marquis Lafayette was detached with twenty-four hundred of the choicest of the American troops and five fieldpieces, "to move," as Washington said, "between the Delaware and the Schuylkill, for restraining the enemy's parties and procuring intelligence, and to act as circumstances may require."

Lafayette accordingly marched from headquarters, and took post at Barren hill, on the east side of the Schuylkill river, about half way between Philadelphia and Valley Forge. Here his troops were encamped on commanding ground, with the artillery in front, the Schuylkill and rocky precipices on the right flank, and wooden and some strongly-built stone houses on the left. In advance of the left wing was posted Captain M'Lane with his company, and about fifty Indians. On the roads leading to Philadelphia, videttes and pickets were stationed; and six hundred Pennsylvania militia were ordered to watch those which led to Whitemarsh. At a short distance from the left of the encampment was a church, where two roads joined, both of which led to Valley Forge, one by Matson's ford and the other by Swedes' ford, leading across the Schuylkill.

May 18.

May 20. Early on the second morning after encamping, while Lafayette was conversing with a young girl, who was about setting out for Philadelphia, to collect information, under the pretext of visiting her relatives, intelligence was brought to him that some cavalry, dressed in red, had been seen at Whitemarsh. The marquis was expecting some American dragoons; and at first he inferred that, as they were to come in that direction, those reported to have been seen were his own men. To make sure, however, he sent out an officer to reconnoitre, who soon returned with the alarming intelligence that one column of the enemy was in full march from Whitemarsh to Swedes' ford, and that their front had already gained the road which led from Barren hill to Valley Forge; while another column was approaching by the Philadelphia road. The Pennsylvania militia, whose duty it was to watch at Whitemarsh, had shifted their position without orders, and thus exposed Lafayette to a surprise.

The young marquis now found himself in a critical position; but, without losing for a moment his presence of mind, he calmly yet rapidly set about extricating himself. He first changed the front of his troops, and, having so disposed them as to bring them under the cover of the woods and stone-houses, in case of a sudden attack from the approaching enemy, he then strove to seek out a way of retreat. The direct road to Valley Forge, by Swedes' ford, was in possession of a large force of the British. The only route left was the somewhat circuitous one by Matson's ford. This was his only chance of escape, and this he availed himself of. He first sent off the advanced guard, under the command of General Poor, and followed himself with the rear.

To conceal his intention, however, from the enemy, who, as the road to Matson's ford was hidden by an intervening hill covered with trees, could not see the retreating Americans, Lafayette now and then despatched small parties through the woods to make a demonstration, as if they were heads of columns marching to an attack. The enemy were completely deceived. General Grant, who commanded the detachment of British advancing in that direction, halted and prepared for action. This gave the young marquis an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose; and he succeeded in throwing his main body across the Schuylkill at Matson's ford, without the least interruption, and posting it on some stony ground on the opposite bank. The artillery naturally lagged behind, and, before it could pass the river, some skirmishing occurred with the enemy, who came up, undeceived, at the last moment. The Americans lost nine killed and taken prisoners, and the British two or three in all.

General Grant, finding himself outmanœuvred, pushed on toward Swedes' ford, where he joined the other British detachment, which Sir Henry Clinton himself commanded. They reached the river, and took a survey of the marquis and his troops on the other side; but, finding them too securely posted to be dislodged, they turned and marched back to Philadelphia.

When Washington heard the firing, he was in great anxiety for the safety of the marquis. He and his officers ascended some rising ground beyond the camp at Valley Forge, and with their field-glasses watched the movements of the troops with the deepest solicitude, which was not relieved until Lafayette arrived in camp, bringing the report and proof of his cleverly-managed escape from the enemy.

The British were more successful in a raid which they made upon the water. A party ascended the Delaware in flat-bottomed boats, and set fire to the small American vessels which had sought refuge in the shallow part of the river above, and destroyed the storehouses at Bordentown, on the New-Jersey side.

There was little else accomplished, worthy of record, until the beginning of summer. There were, however, other events occurring in the meantime, which were of more importance in their effect upon the cause of American independence than any of the inglorious feats of arms that we have had occasion to narrate in this chapter. To these matters let us now turn our attention.

CHAPTER LXIX.

Good News at Valley Forge.—Treaty between France and the United States.—Celebration.—Brilliant Appearance of the American Army.—Public Dinner.—Huzzas!—Simeon Deane.—His Arrival at Yorktown.—French Diplomacy.—Lord North's "Conciliatory Bills."—British Commissioners.—Free Circulation of the Bills.—Counter-Statements.—Warm Reception of the Bills in Rhode Island.—Arrival of the Commissioners.—The "Dandy Carlisle."—His Associates.—Secretary Ferguson.—Departure of Sir William Howe.—Evacuation of Philadelphia.—Discouragement of the Inhabitants.—The Commissioners refused a Passport.—British Address to Congress.—No Negotiation without Independence.—Intrigue.—Attempt at Corruption.—Memorable Reply of Reed.—Justification of Johnstone.—Appeal to the People.—Lafayette challenges Lord Carlisle.—A Sensible Answer.

1778. WEDNESDAY, May 7th, was a day of such exulting joy in the camp at Valley Forge as the most sanguine, during that winter of privation and suffering which had just passed, never ventured to hope for. "Our independence is undoubtedly secured—our country must be free!" was now the feeling which gladdened the hearts of even the most desponding patriots, on learning that a treaty had been signed between France and the United States. It was proper that such an occasion should be marked by every observance and ceremonial which could fix it in the memories of all. Accordingly, Washington determined to celebrate the auspicious day.

With that reverence for religion which was a strong characteristic of the commander-in-chief in his public as well as private conduct, the first part of the day set apart for the celebration of the occasion was devoted to a grateful acknowledgment of the Divine goodness, "it having pleased the Almighty Ruler of the universe to defend the cause of the Uni-

ted American states, and finally," in the words of Washington's order for the day, "to raise us up a powerful friend among the princes of the earth, to establish our liberty and independence upon a lasting foundation." The brigades were all assembled at nine o'clock in the morning; and the intelligence of the treaty having been communicated to them by the chaplains, prayer, thanksgiving, and a "discourse suitable to the occasion," followed. **May 7.**

At half-past ten o'clock, a cannon was fired, as a signal for the men to be under arms. The dress and accoutrements having been inspected, the battalions formed, and, the order to load and ground arms given, a second cannon was fired as a signal to march. The whole army then paraded. A discharge of thirteen cannon now took place, followed by a *feu-de-joie* of musketry running along each line. A signal having been given, the entire army burst forth, shouting, "*Long live the king of France!*" A second discharge of thirteen cannon, and a *feu-de-joie* of musketry, followed. Then another shout—"*Long live the friendly European powers!*" Again, a third discharge of artillery and musketry, closing with a loud huzza for "*The American States!*"

The army made a most brilliant appearance on parade, and entered with great spirit into the celebration. In the afternoon, Washington dined in public, with all the officers of the army, and attended by a band of music. "I never was present," wrote one of the American officers, "where there was such unfeigned and perfect joy as was discovered in every countenance. The entertainment was concluded with a number of patriotic toasts, attended with huzzas. When the general took his leave, there was a universal clap, with loud huzzas, which continued till he had proceeded a quarter of a mile, during which time there were a thousand hats tossed in the air. His excellency turned round with his retinue, and huzzaed several times."

The treaties of commerce and alliance between France and the United States were signed as early as the 6th of February. They were brought to the United States by Simeon Deane, the brother of Silas Deane, one of the American commissioners in Paris. He arrived at Falmouth (now Portland), in Maine, on board the French frigate *Sensible,* of thirty-six guns, which Louis XVI. had expressly ordered to convey him. Deane did not present himself to Congress, at Yorktown, until the 2d of May; and five days more passed before the important intelligence which he bore was received at the camp at Valley Forge. **April 13.**

The French government strove to conceal from England the fact of the signing of the treaty with the United States until it had made some progress in carrying out its objects. The British cabinet, however, though not directly informed, had received such intelligence as to induce its members to believe it, and act accordingly. Lord North, the prime minister, in order to counteract the French alliance, immediately introduced his "conciliatory bills," which were rapidly passed through Parliament. These conceded more than was ever asked by America as a colony,

and would have been thought generous in 1774. In 1778, all concessions offered by Great Britain to the United States were considered as gratuitous insults to an independent nation, and were thrown back with indignant contempt. British ministers, however, were still hopeful; and, having secured the passage of the conciliatory bills, they sent copies of them to be industriously circulated in America, and appointed three commissioners to carry out their purpose.

There was some anxiety felt even in the United States about the possible effect of these measures of the English government. Lafayette declared he feared the arrival of the commissioners more than that of ten thousand men. Washington himself was fearful that Congress might not be equal to the emergency. "This more than ever," said he, "is the time for Congress to be filled with the first characters from every state, instead of having a thin assembly, and many states totally unrepresented, as is the case at present."

The British agents spared no exertions in distributing copies of the conciliatory bills; and Tryon, the tory governor of New York, was, as usual, among the most prominent of them. He sent Washington a supply, impertinently asking him to circulate them among his officers and men. "They were suffered," wrote the American general, in answer, "to have a free currency among the officers and men under my command, in whose fidelity to the United States I have the most perfect confidence." He also returned Tryon a Roland for his Oliver, in the shape of several printed copies of a resolution of Congress, offering pardon *to all who had taken up arms against the United States*, with the request that he would be instrumental in communicating its contents, as far as it might be in his power, to the persons who were intended to be the objects of its operations. "The benevolent purpose it is intended to answer," added Washington, sarcastically, "will, I persuade myself, sufficiently recommend it to your candor."

The popular feeling in reference to the "conciliatory bills" was in character with that so emphatically expressed by the people in Rhode Island, who seized and burnt them under the gallows. Congress, as well as the nation, was proof against the British bills. That body unanimously resolved "that these United States can not with propriety hold any conference or treaty with any commissioners on the part of Great Britain, unless they shall, as a preliminary thereto, either withdraw their fleets and armies, or else in positive and express terms acknowledge the independence of the said states." This did not promise very favorably for the coming commissioners.

In accordance with the provisions of the "conciliatory bills," three commissioners were duly appointed, who arrived at Philadelphia in the early part of the summer. They were all notable men, though perhaps not the best adapted for such an embassy. The earl of Carlisle was well known as an aristocratic dandy — or *maccaroni*, as he would have been called in those days. No one had fluttered his ruffles more gayly on the *mall* in St. James's park. He was fresh

June 6.

from exchanging scandal with Walpole at "Arthur's," and from playing hazard at "Brooke's," where his companions may have been statesmen, but he knew them only in their pleasures, and not in their business. His intimate friend was George Selwyn, the man of fashion, of whom he was a correspondent; and not Charles James Fox, the statesman and orator, who condemned his appointment — declaring that Governor Johnstone was the only member of the commission "who could have the ear of the people in America."*

Johnstone, who had been governor of Florida, was prominent in Parliament as an advocate for the American cause, and was believed to be a firm friend of the colonies. He, however, like the earl of Chatham and others, who boldly stood forward, at the beginning of the struggle, for political concessions to the Americans as colonists, was strenuously opposed to their acknowledgment as an independent nation. The third commissioner was William Eden, afterward Lord Auckland, the brother of the colonial governor of Maryland.

The secretary of the commission was Doctor Adam Ferguson, who was at that time about fifty-five years of age, and, by his "*Essay on the History of Civil Society*," had obtained a high rank, among the Humes and Smiths of his native Scotland, as a philosophical writer. He subsequently became still more famous by his profound and learned "*History of the Progress and the Termination of the Roman Republic.*" Ferguson had a most gallant spirit in a martial frame of body, and was as well fitted to fight battles as to describe them.*

When the commissioners reached Philadelphia, the easy, indulgent Sir William Howe had been gone a fortnight. His departure was deeply regretted, for he was greatly beloved by both his officers and men; having been, as is sarcastically observed by an English writer, "on all occasions *extremely careful of their lives*" and attentive to their comforts. The parting was tender and affecting. The bravest of the band are said to have shed tears when the general stepped into his barge. Admiral Lord Howe would have accompanied his brother home to England, but he had been urged to stay by the British ministers, who anticipated that a French war, which was imminent, would soon furnish an occasion for the active services of him and his fleet. Although their names were included in the commission, the Howes resolved not to act under the leadership of Lord Carlisle, from some feeling of pique or jealousy toward him, or from discontent with the conduct of the ministers.

The commissioners were received by the inhabitants of Philadelphia with every manifestation of joy; and they would have been sanguine of the success of their embassy, had they not found, much to their surprise and vexation, that orders had been sent out to Sir Henry Clinton, unknown to them, to evacuate the city. Everything was in great confusion as the British army was

June 6.

* "Lord Carlisle was a young man of pleasure and fashion; fond of dress and gaming, by which he had greatly hurt his fortune; was totally unacquainted with business; and, though not void of ambition, had but moderate parts and less application." — HORACE WALPOLE.

* Pictorial History of England.

about leaving; and thousands of Philadelphia tories were crowding on board the transport-ships, as they did not care to trust their loyalty to the tender mercies of the patriots. The inhabitants, loath to leave their homes, clung to the commissioners with earnest appeals for protection. "Why were you so long in coming? Do not abandon us!" they cried, and entreated that the army should be retained and sent against Washington. They were also liberal of promises, and declared that twenty thousand men were ready to arm as soon as they were supplied with the means and the British general should take the field. Johnstone was inclined to believe them, and said afterward in Parliament, "I am persuaded, if we had been at liberty to have acted in the field, our most sanguine expectations would have been fulfilled." But General Howe could have told them that the American loyalists were more liberal in promise than in execution. The commissioners, however, had no power to alter the destination of the army, as Sir Henry Clinton's orders to evacuate Philadelphia were peremptory.

The first act of the commissioners was to charge their secretary with despatches for Congress; and Sir Henry Clinton addressed a letter to Washington, asking for Ferguson a passport to Yorktown, where that body was in session. English writers have declared that this request was harshly refused. Washington's letter on the occasion to Sir Henry Clinton disproves the charge. Nothing can be more courteous than the terms in which it is couched:—

"HEADQUARTERS, *June* 9, 1778.

"SIR: At nine o'clock this evening I had the honor to receive your excellency's letter of this date. I do not conceive myself at liberty to grant the passport you request for Doctor Ferguson, without being previously instructed by Congress on the subject. I shall despatch a copy of your letter to them, and will take the earliest opportunity of communicating their determination.

"I have the honor to be, sir, &c.,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

Without waiting for the decision of Congress upon the application of Sir Henry Clinton for a passport for Ferguson, the commissioners forwarded their despatches. Among these was an "address" to Congress, which the president was desired to read immediately. He began at once, and continued reading till he came to a passage containing strong expressions of disrespect to the king of France, when he was interrupted; and the house, directing him to seal up the papers, adjourned. At a subsequent session, the subject was resumed; when Congress ordered a reply to be sent to the commissioners, in which their previous resolution was reiterated, not to enter into negotiations with Great Britain for peace without an explicit acknowledgment of the independence of the United States, or a withdrawal of British fleets and armies.

The commissioners, now giving up all hope of formal negotiation, made a vain effort to effect by intrigue and bribery what they had failed to obtain by honest means. Governor Johnstone wrote a letter to Robert Morris, the financier, in

which he said: "I believe the men who have conducted the affairs of America incapable of being influenced by improper motives. But in all such transactions there is a risk, and I think that whoever ventures should be secured at the same time; that honor and emolument should naturally follow the fortunes of those who have steered the vessel in the storm and brought her safely into port. I think Washington and the president [of Congress] have a right to every favor that grateful nations can bestow, if they could once more unite our interests, and spare the miseries and devastations of war. I wish above all things to see you, and hope you will so contrive it."

Morris was an acquaintance which Johnstone had formed while living in America as governor of West Florida. Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, who was now president of Congress, was another old friend, to whom a similar epistle was addressed. A correspondence also took place with General Joseph Reed, but a still bolder attempt was made upon his integrity, as he stated in Congress, of which he was a member. A "married lady of character, having connections with the British army," intimated to Reed that ten thousand pounds in money, and any office in the colonies which the king could bestow, awaited his exertions toward the reconciliation of the colonies with the mother-country. Reed's memorable answer was: "I am not worth purchasing; but, such as I am, the king of Great Britain is not rich enough to do it."

It is but just to Johnstone to state that Adam Ferguson, who was the soul of honor and truth, declared that Johnstone denied (and confirmed the assertion by proofs and documents) that the bribe proffered to Reed was authorized by him. He could not, however, deny the letters to Laurens and Morris, although his associates in the commission (Lord Carlisle and Eden) disclaimed all responsibility for or even knowledge of them, until they appeared in the newspapers. Congress had declared these letters of Johnstone to be atrocious attempts upon its integrity, and resolved that no further correspondence should be held with the commissioner who had been guilty of them.

Finding all their efforts to negotiate with the members of Congress in their private or public capacity fruitless, the commissioners appealed to the people, and artfully strove to bring the prejudice against the French, which the Americans shared in common with their English relatives, to bear in opposition to the alliance with France. Lafayette's Gallic sensibility was greatly wounded by the attacks upon his native land, and in his youthful ardor he challenged Lord Carlisle; but his lordship coolly answered that he did not hold himself responsible to any but his king and country for his public conduct, and refused to accept the challenge.*

* "Lord Carlisle, before he left that quarter of the world, had received a challenge from the marquis de Lafayette, a young Frenchman of quality, married into the powerful family of Noailles, and who, from enthusiasm for liberty, had resorted to America seemingly without the approbation of his court, though certainly with its connivance, as at his return he received only a short exile ten miles from Paris, and had been very active in the service of the Congress. This young adventurer had taken offence at expressions reproachful to his country in the proclamation of the commissioners, and very absurdly had addressed himself to Lord

This last effort of the British commissioners, however, proved no less unsuccessful than their previous attempts; and being thus totally balked, they finally left the country — with a feeling of contempt on the part of the American people toward them, and an ill-concealed disgust with themselves for having engaged in an embassy that proved to be a fool's errand.

CHAPTER LXX.

Evacuation of Philadelphia.—Secrecy of Sir Henry Clinton.—Washington in the Dark.—A Divided Council.—Opinion of Washington.—The Retreat of the British to be harassed.—Washington crosses the Delaware.—General Lee in Opposition.—He gives up his Command to Lafayette, and retreats.—Sir Henry Clinton changes his Line of March.—Lee ordered to the Advance.—His March.—Washington's Eagerness.—Lee ordered to attack.—Contradictory Orders.—Bewilderment.—Plans.—Lee in High Spirits.—General Wayne's Charge.—Altercation between Lee and Lafayette.—Washington summoned.—Retreat of Lee.—Meeting with Washington.—Fierce Words.—Nothing further to do.—The Struggle at Monmouth.—Hot Engagement.—Check of the British.—Formation of the American Line.—The Enemy beaten back.—Fall of General Monckton.—The Day over.—Washington sleeps on the Field.

1778. SIR HENRY CLINTON, in pursuance of his orders from the British ministry, was about evacuating Philadelphia; but so adroitly had he made his preparations, that even on the very day of his

June 18. march, his destination and route were unknown in the American camp. "As yet," wrote Washington, on the morning of that day, "I am not fully ascertained [informed] of the enemy's destination; nor is there wanting a variety of opinions as to the route they will pursue, whether it will be by land or sea, admitting it to be New York."

On the previous day a council of war was held, in which the question as to the policy of attacking the British army on its march from Philadelphia (should New Jersey be the route) was submitted. A great variety of opinion was entertained, but most of the officers considered it too hazardous to make a general attack; for, although the Americans had, including the militia, nearly fourteen thousand men, and the British numbered less than ten thousand, the latter were effective troops. General Lee was opposed to doing anything beyond skirmishing with the outguards, and harassing the enemy as circumstances would permit. His influence in the council was great, and he carried with him many of the other officers. The decision of the majority was therefore in accordance with Lee's views.

After the council broke up, however, Generals Greene, Lafayette, and Wayne, wrote to Washington, explaining more fully their opinions, which differed from those of the majority. They did not de-

Carlisle for satisfaction. The latter, in a very sensible letter, told him that he did not at all think it became him to answer for his conduct as a public minister to a private man, and that he thought the national quarrel would be best decided by Admiral Byron and Comte D'Estaing."—HORACE WALPOLE.

clare in favor of pushing the enemy at all events to a general action, but they strongly urged an attack upon their rear with a large detachment, and such a disposition of the main body of the army as to be ready for an engagement should circumstances seem favorable. Washington's own opinion being in accordance with this plan, he determined (if the British gave him an opportunity) to adopt it. He, however, as soon as he was well assured of Sir Henry Clinton's movement across the Delaware, sent out General Maxwell with his brigade to co-operate with the New-Jersey militia in obstructing the march of the British. In accordance also with the decision of the council, Washington ordered a detachment of fifteen hundred men, under General Scott, to act on the enemy's left flank and rear, preliminary to carrying out the more general plan of attack which he anticipated, in furtherance of his own views, and those of Generals Greene, Wayne, and Lafayette.

Washington now broke up his camp at Valley Forge, and, crossing the Delaware at Coryell's ferry, marched with his main body to Cranberry. Having here learned that the British were taking the route toward Monmouth courthouse, he determined to carry out his plan, and ordered a thousand of his choicest troops under Brigadier-General Wayne to advance immediately, and, having formed a junction with Maxwell's brigade, the force under Scott, and the other detachments which had already been sent forward, to attack the enemy's rear and flanks.

As General Lee was second in rank, the whole advanced corps fell under his command. Lafayette, however, always eager for an opportunity to distinguish himself, was glad to take advantage of Lee's supposed reluctance to execute a plan which he had so strenuously opposed. Accordingly, the young marquis, suggesting to Washington the probability of Lee's embarrassment, offered himself as a substitute. The commander-in-chief answered that such an arrangement would be agreeable to him, but that it was necessary to obtain General Lee's consent. Lafayette's desire met with no opposition from Lee, who immediately resigned the command to him, with an emphatic denunciation of the plans of Washington, which he was sure, he declared, would fail, and that he was therefore glad to be rid of any responsibility in their execution.

General Lee, on reflection, however, repented of the readiness with which he had granted the request of Lafayette, and strove to get back his command. He wrote to Washington, and, acknowledging that he had been rash, asked to have his command restored to him. But the commander-in-chief declared that he could not reinstate him without the consent of Lafayette. Lee appealed to the young marquis, who said that, as the command had been yielded to him freely, he was very reluctant to give it up. Lee, however, becoming urgent, Lafayette finally consented, provided (as he was now on his march) he did not come up with the enemy during that day.

In the meantime, Sir Henry Clinton, on marching from Allentown, had changed the disposition of his army, by placing the baggage in advance, under the guard

of Knyphausen and his Hessians, and his best troops, consisting of the British grenadiers, light-infantry, and chasseurs of the line, under the command of Earl Cornwallis, in the rear. Washington, on discovering this, found it necessary to strengthen his advanced corps, and immediately detached Major-General Lee, with two brigades, to form a junction with Lafayette at Englishtown. This at once settled all difficulty between these two officers; as Lee, being the higher in rank, on being ordered to reinforce the advanced troops, necessarily assumed the general command. Washington's object, in sending Lee with the reinforcement, was, to relieve him of his "uneasiness," which was "rather increasing than abating..... At the same time that I felt for General Lee's distress of mind," observed Washington, writing to Lafayette, "I have had an eye to your wishes, and the delicacy of your situation; and have therefore obtained a promise from him that, when he gives you notice of his approach and command, he will request you to prosecute any plan you may have already concerted for the purpose of attacking or otherwise annoying the enemy."

June 25. Washington, in the meantime, having lightened his march by leaving his baggage behind, moved on with the rest of the troops, and encamped within three miles of Englishtown, where the advanced corps, now consisting of five thousand men, under the command of General Lee, was posted.

Sir Henry Clinton, on reaching Allentown, found Washington almost in front; and, not wishing to hazard a battle, he changed his original purpose of marching his troops to the Raritan, and embarking them at Brunswick or South Amboy for New York. He now turned to the right, and took the road toward Monmouth, with the intention of proceeding in all haste to Sandy Hook.

The British, being hindered by their immense baggage and camp-appurtenances, fagged by their fatiguing marches in the hot summer weather, and harassed by the skirmishing of the country militia, were slow in their movements. **June 27.** They encamped in a strong position, with their right extending about a mile and a half beyond Monmouth court-house, and their left along the road from Allentown to the village of Monmouth. Their right flank lay on the skirt of a small wood, while their left was secured by a very thick one. There was a morass in their rear, and again another, together with a wood, in their front.

The position of the enemy was deemed too strong for an attack, and Washington awaited the moment when they should begin to march, to commence operations. He accordingly ordered General Lee to make his disposition for the assault on the British rear as soon as they should get in motion from their present ground. Lee was directed to keep his troops constantly lying upon their arms, in order to be in readiness at the shortest notice; for Sir Henry Clinton had only ten or twelve miles to march in advance, to reach the heights of Middletown, where it would be impossible to attempt anything against him with a prospect of success. The attack, to be made at all, must be made in

the interval of time between his march from his present strong ground to the still stronger one beyond. The greatest alertness was therefore necessary, to seize upon the critical moment. Washington not only enjoined this upon Lee, but took care to secure it on the part of the troops under his immediate command, which he kept in reserve at Cranberry, several miles distant, and was prepared to bring up to sustain the advanced corps so soon as it should have begun its attack on the enemy's rear.

Washington was so anxious lest the British should escape him by decamping unobserved before the break of day, that at midnight he sent word to General Lee to order out a corps of observation. The New-Jersey militia, under General Dickinson were accordingly sent forward, to lie as close as possible to the enemy, in order to watch their movements. At five o'clock the next morning, an express from Dickinson came into Washington's camp, with the intelligence that Sir Henry Clinton's front had begun to move. The day had no sooner broken, than General Knyphausen marched with his long train of baggage and bat-horses, extending ten or twelve miles along the narrow road. It was about eight o'clock when Sir Henry Clinton followed with the rear, composed of the main body of the army and the choicest troops, under the immediate command of Lord Cornwallis.

June 28.

As soon as he received intelligence of the enemy's march, Washington sent one of his aids to General Lee, with orders to move on and attack them, "unless there should be very powerful reasons to the contrary." The commander-in-chief himself, having ordered his men to throw off their packs and blankets, that they might march with the greater rapidity and comfort during that sweltering summer day, immediately advanced to the support of Lee, to whom he had sent due notice of his approach.

General Lee, on receiving Washington's orders, despatched a body of light-troops in advance to skirmish with the enemy, while he moved forward with the brigades of Wayne and Maxwell to sustain it. In the course of his march, Lee received a variety of contradictory reports. Now one aid-de-camp rode back with the intelligence that the main body of the British was marching to attack him; and, again, another brought word that Sir Henry Clinton had moved off in precipitation, and left only a covering-party to protect his retreat! Lee was obliged to manœuvre accordingly; and, skirmishing as he went, he advanced and retired again and again. At one time, hoping to find the enemy in small force, he crossed the bridge over the morass on his route, in order to attack them; at another, fearing that their main body was approaching, he rapidly retired, lest he should be caught in the dangerous position, with a morass in his rear, and only a narrow bridge to cross it. While thus bewildered, Lafayette came up with the main body of Lee's division, which, when united with the advanced troops, formed a force (exclusive of Morgan's corps and the New-Jersey militia, then out skirmishing) of about four thousand men. Thus reinforced, Lee pushed forward until he

reached the plains of Monmouth, on the edge of which, and within the cover of a wood, he formed his line, that it might be concealed from the view of the British.

General Lee, accompanied by Wayne, now rode out to reconnoitre; and, from his own observations, and the intelligence received from his scouts, he concluded that the troops of the enemy which he saw were only a covering-party, and that there was a sufficient distance between them and their main body to allow of a chance to cut them off. Lee formed his plans accordingly. He sent off Wayne, with seven hundred men and two field-pieces, to attack them in the rear, but not with such impetuosity as to drive them either to seek safety by a junction with their main body in advance, or to cause reinforcements to be sent to their aid. Lee himself proposed to take them with a strong force in front, and strove accordingly to carry out his purpose by leading his men along a short and cross route by which he expected to intercept the enemy.

Full of confidence in his plan, the general was riding at the head of his troops, and hurrying on their march, when he was accosted by an aid-de-camp of Washington, who rode up for intelligence. Lee was in high spirits, and his face beamed with an expression of confident success, while with a firm tone of voice he told the aid-de-camp to inform his excellency that the rear of the enemy was composed of only fifteen hundred or two thousand men, and that they did not seem to understand the roads; that the route he was on cut off two miles of distance; that he expected to fall in with them, and felt great certainty of cutting them off; and that General Wayne and Colonel Butler were amusing them with a few loose shot while he was marching to the attack.

As Wayne approached and prepared to skirmish with the rear of the enemy, a party of British dragoons were seen parading as though they were about charging the American light-horsemen in advance, when General Lee's aid-de-camp rode forward and suggested to the officer in command of the latter, to appear to await the attack, and then at the last moment to retire toward General Wayne and allow him to receive it. This manœuvre succeeded: the British dragoons made the charge, and, while in pursuit of the retreating American horsemen, came within the fire of Wayne's troops, when they were suddenly compelled to wheel round and gallop back.

General Wayne's men now pushed on with fixed bayonets, and charged the enemy with such spirit, that Lee sent word, in order to check his impetuosity, that he (Wayne) was only to feign an attack, or otherwise he would spoil his game. Colonel Oswald, in command of the artillery, observing the impression which Wayne's charge had made upon the British, believed that they were about retreating, and hurried forward with his two field-pieces across the morass in front, and, planting them on some high ground on the other side, commenced a cannonade. Wayne was disappointed by the check which he received in the orders of Lee, but he obeyed them; although, with his

usual sanguineness of temper, he believed that his obedience had cost him an almost certain victory. He, however, waited in the hope that Lee, by a vigorous blow in front, would retrieve the loss.

General Lee, however, was proceeding with caution; and, as he approached the British, instead of coming forward at once with his whole force and striking a rapid blow, his troops made their appearance emerging from the woods in separate detachments. The enemy were drawn up to receive him, and, as Lee was forming his line, their cavalry began to manœuvre in the direction of the American right. Lafayette's ardent and youthful spirit was much chafed by General Lee's cautious movements, and, eager for action, he at this movement begged to be permitted to try to get to the rear of the enemy. "Sir," answered Lee, "you do not know British soldiers; we can not stand against them; we shall be certainly driven back at first, and we must be cautious."—"It may be so, general," responded the young marquis, "but British soldiers have been beaten, and may be beaten again; at any rate, I am disposed to make the attempt." Lee so far yielded to the desire of the impulsive Frenchman as to allow him to wheel his column to the right, for the purpose of attacking the enemy's left flank.

Lafayette seems to have been so much dissatisfied with Lee's conduct, that he took the occasion of the riding up of one of Washington's aids-de-camp to send back word to the commander-in-chief that his presence on the ground was absolutely necessary. Lee continued to act with the same deliberate circumspection, and seemed by no means impatient for action. While reconnoitring, the enemy were discovered to be in so much greater numbers than he expected, that Lee acknowledged that he had been mistaken in their strength. Sir Henry Clinton, moreover, was making preparations for a vigorous attack upon the Americans in his rear, with the view of forcing them to call to their aid Dickinson with his militia and Morgan with his rifle-corps, who were severely harassing the British van, which was marching with the baggage. While Lee was cautiously manœuvring, to prepare to meet the enemy, a confusion took place, either in his orders or in the understanding of them by his subordinate officers: one whole brigade having retreated when it had been ordered merely to fall back, the rest of the troops followed in disorder, pursued by the British.

General Washington, in the meantime, was pushing on to the support of Lee. When he reached the church at Freehold, where two roads joined, General Greene with the right wing took one, in order to prevent a flank-movement on the part of Sir Henry Clinton; while Washington led the rest of the force along the other directly to the rear of General Lee, who was supposed to be at that time engaged with the enemy. This disposition having been made, the march had hardly been resumed, when a countryman was met, with intelligence that the continental troops were in full retreat. Washington could not believe it, as he had received from Lee such an encouraging account of his prospects, and there had been

no indication of an engagement, beyond the sound of a cannon or two. Soon, however, others came up with the same report; and finally the retreating troops themselves followed.

June 28.

"The conviction that Lee was a TRAITOR," says Lossing, "and that this retreat was the first bitter fruit of his treason, now flashed upon the mind of Washington. Already the belief that he was untrue, and a dangerous man in the army, had been forced upon the consideration of many officers; but, until the previous evening, the generous heart of the commander-in-chief would not harbor such a suspicion. Late at night, the Reverend David Griffiths, a Welshman, and chaplain of the third Virginia regiment, had repaired to headquarters, and warned the chief, in presence of Hamilton, Harrison, and Fitzgerald, not to employ General Lee in commanding the advance on the ensuing morning. Washington received the warning doubtingly; when the reverend gentleman, on retiring, observed, 'I am not permitted to say more at present, *but your excellency will remember my warning voice to-morrow, in the battle!*' Now that warning voice, Lee's opposition to attacking Clinton at all, and his changefulness respecting the command of the advance, all combined to make Washington feel that Lee had ordered this retreat for the purpose of marring his plans, and disgracing him by the loss of a battle, so as to fulfil the traitor's own predictions of its failure."

Washington accosted each officer as he rode up, ordering him to halt his men, and asking him for an explanation of what seemed so incomprehensible. He could get no satisfactory answer, and therefore determined to seek out General Lee himself. Putting spurs to his horse, he galloped rapidly along the road until he reached an ascent, from which he caught a glimpse of Lee, with the remainder of his troops, coming on in full retreat. The commander-in-chief was greatly troubled at what had occurred, and, holding Lee responsible, could not, on meeting him, contain his indignation.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" he demanded of Lee, looking at him sternly, and speaking with angry emphasis. "I desire to know, sir, the meaning of this disorder and confusion!" repeated Washington, before the recreant general could sufficiently recover himself from the effect of being thus accosted, to reply.

Lee now in turn gave issue to his own temper, and answered fiercely, while he hurriedly strove to justify his conduct, saying that he had not been disposed to face the whole British army with such a force as he had.

"I have certain information," replied Washington, "that it was only a covering-party."

"Covering-party or not," declared Lee, "it was stronger than mine, and I was not disposed to run the risk."

"I am very sorry, then," rejoined Washington, "that you undertook the command, unless you meant to fight the enemy."

"I did not think it prudent to bring on a general engagement," retorted Lee.

"Whatever your opinion may have been, I expected my orders would have been obeyed," said Washington. During

this brief interview, the enraged chief is said, on the authority of Lafayette, to have called Lee "a damned poltroon;" and the marquis observed that this was the only instance in which he ever heard the general swear. The ardent Hamilton, too, who also remembered the chaplain's warning, here dismounted, and, unsheathing his sword, addressed Washington: "Your excellency and this army are betrayed; and the moment has arrived when every true friend of America and her cause must be ready to die in their defence!"*

There was no time for further altercation, as the British were rapidly pressing forward in pursuit of the fugitives. Washington rode off hastily to the extreme rear of the retreating troops. Taking a rapid survey of the ground, and finding it favorable for forming, the chief ordered the battalions of Colonel Stewart and Lieutenant-Colonel Ramsay to face about and march to the left, where, under the cover of the wood, they might be somewhat protected from the enemy's artillery, and also be enabled to check their advance.

General Lee, on being told by one of his aids that Washington had taken the command of his division, said, "Then I have nothing further to do;" and, turning his horse, he rode back to where the commander-in-chief was forming a front out of the rear of the retreating troops to oppose the enemy's approach. As he came up, Washington asked:—

"Will you command on this ground or not? If you will, I will return to the main body, and have them formed on the next height."

"It is equal with me where I command," was Lee's reply.

"I expect you will take proper measures for checking the enemy," said Washington, emphatically.

"Your orders shall be obeyed," promptly answered Lee, "and I will not be the first to leave the field!"

Washington now hurried back to the main body, which he formed on a height, with a morass in front, and between him and Lee's advanced division. He had hardly gone, when the British brought up their artillery, and began a severe cannonade on Lee's right, which was, however, well returned by the Americans. At the same time the enemy pushed forward their light-horse, which, making an impetuous charge, followed by a large body of light-infantry, drove the battalions of Stewart and Ramsay before them.

The engagement now became hot between the British and Varnum's brigade united with Livingston's regiment, which had been stationed in front of the bridge across the morass, in order to cover the retreat of the artillery and the advanced troops. They, too, were obliged to give way before a charge of the enemy, but retired in good order. Lee, having posted Colonel Ogden in a wood near the bridge, ordered him to defend it to the last extremity, and remained in person on the ground until the orderly retreat of his whole force was secured, when he himself crossed the bridge, and rode up to Washington. "Sir," said Lee, "here are my troops: how is it your pleasure

* Lossing.

that I should dispose of them?" As they were jaded by the day's work, the commander-in-chief ordered them to to be marched to the rear, in the neighborhood of Englishtown, that they might be refreshed by repose.

June 28.

While the enemy were thus checked by Lee's division, Washington had an opportunity of forming his line, with careful deliberation. Lord Stirling commanded the left wing, where he had posted some heavy artillery; and Greene, when he discovered Lee's early retreat, had changed the direction of his march, and was now posted with his whole force on his lordship's right.

The British continued to advance in front, but Earl Stirling soon checked them with his artillery, and by detachments of infantry pushed forward to oppose them. They then attempted to turn his flank, but were repulsed. A movement toward the American front proved equally unsuccessful; for Greene had advanced a body of troops, and Knox with his artillery, to take possession of some rising ground in advance, by which the design of the enemy was checked, and their entire front enfiladed. General Wayne, as usual, among the most active with his brigade, having been posted in an orchard close to the foe, when Colonel Monckton, of the British grenadiers, determined to make an effort to drive him off. So, forming his men in close ranks, he ordered them to charge with the bayonet. Wayne bade his men withhold their fire until the enemy should be close up. On they came, with their colonel at their head, waving his sword, and shouting to his men, when the Americans opened their fire, and the brave Monckton fell amid heaps of his slaughtered grenadiers.

The British now fell back to the position occupied by General Lee in the morning. Here their flanks were secured by thick woods and morasses, while their front could only be approached through a narrow pass. Washington was not disposed, however, well covered as they appeared to be, to let them escape without another attempt to get at them. He accordingly ordered General Poor, with his own and the Carolina brigade, to move toward their right, General Woodford to their left, and the artillery to be brought up so as to gall them in front. But before this disposition could be made, the day was well spent; and the men were so fatigued by their marching and countermarching in the sandy Jersey soil, and so prostrated by the excessive heat (the day being one of the most sultry of the whole season), that it was determined to postpone the attack till the next morning. The troops were accordingly ordered to lie upon their arms, in order to be in readiness for action at the earliest moment; while the general-in-chief himself wrapped his cloak about him and lay down, with the young marquis de Lafayette by his side, at the foot of a tree, talking over the events of the day, until they both sought, in a short night's sleep, refreshment for the expected struggle of the coming morning.

June 29.

Thus ended the battle of Monmouth, which was one of the most hotly-contested of the war, and in which great skill was exhibited on both sides.

CHAPTER LXXI.

The Dawn of Morning.—The Enemy gone.—Pursuit impracticable.—Fresh Graves.—Losses on Both Sides.—Loss of the British from Heat and Desertion.—Their March through New Jersey.—Washington moves toward the North River.—A Painful March.—Horses dying in Troops.—A Refreshing Halt at Brunswick.—Court-Martial on General Lee.—His Letter to Washington.—He complains of "Cruel Injustice."—Washington's Answer.—Lee's Rejoinder.—Postponement of the Trial.—Lee's Skilful Defence.—He is found guilty.—The Verdict.—Confirmed by Congress.—Lee's Duel with Laurens.—Version of Lee.—His Retirement to Virginia.—His Morose and Secluded Life.—His Eccentricity.—His Death.—His Singular Will.—A Traitor?—Justification of Washington.

1778. THE morning came, and the American troops were aroused to arms by the early beat of drum; but the enemy had disappeared. Sir Henry Clinton, having employed the early part of the night in burying some of his dead, and collecting his wounded, marched off at twelve o'clock, and with such cautious silence, that the most advanced of the American outposts had not the least suspicion of the movement. Nothing was

June 29. left of the whole army in the morning but four officers and forty soldiers, who had been so severely wounded, that they could not be carried off.

The extreme heat of the weather, the continued fatigue of the men from their march through a low, sandy country, almost destitute of water, and the distance which the British had gained by their secret march in the night, made a pursuit impracticable. Washington was particularly apprehensive of the fatal effects of the excessive heat. Many of the men in both armies had fallen dead on the field, without a shot, while exposed to the hot glare of the noonday sun.

The enemy left two hundred and forty-five non-commissioned officers and privates dead on the field of Monmouth, and four officers, among whom was the gallant Colonel Monckton, of the grenadiers. There were also several fresh graves observed, where in their haste they had buried some of their dead; and more than a hundred prisoners were taken. "Fifty-nine of their soldiers," says Lossing, "perished by the heat. They were found under trees and by rivulets, whither they had crept for shade and water, without a wound." A large number of wounded were carried off with them during the action, and until midnight, when, as Washington said, "they stole off as silent as the grave."

The American loss was, seven officers and fifty-two rank and file killed, and seventeen officers and a hundred and twenty privates wounded. The only two important officers who suffered were Lieutenant-Colonel Brumer, of Pennsylvania, and Major Dickinson, of Virginia.

The British, in their march through New Jersey, suffered a loss, including the desertions, which was estimated in all at

about two thousand men. More than six hundred deserters went back to Philadelphia, and many joined the American army. One of the German regiments was considered so disaffected, that Sir Henry Clinton did not venture to trust it on land, and accordingly sent it to New York by sea from Philadelphia, while he took up his march through New Jersey. The British were now left almost uninterrupted to pursue their way to Sandy Hook, and thence to New York, where they encamped in the vicinity of the city.

Washington, having left the New-Jersey brigade, Morgan's corps, and some other light parties behind him, to hover about the enemy, in order to countenance desertions from their ranks, and as far as possible to prevent depredations, moved on the rest of his army through New-Jersey toward the North river, with the intention of forming a junction with General Gates, then in command at Fishkill.

June 30. The march from Englishtown to Brunswick was "inconceivably distressing to the troops and horses." The route lay for twenty miles through a deep sand, during the extremest heat of the season, while there was but one shallow stream, throughout the whole distance, where a drop of water could be obtained. Some of the men died and many were disabled in consequence, and the horses fell dead in troops. Upon the "airy, open grounds" in the neighborhood of Brunswick, Washington, though eager to pursue his march, now halted his army for a week, that his men might obtain the repose and refreshment they so greatly required.

July 4. At Brunswick the court-martial first assembled which was appointed to try General Lee on the following charges:—

"*First.* Disobedience of orders, in not attacking the enemy on the 28th of June, agreeably to repeated instructions.

"*Secondly.* Misbehavior before the enemy on the same day, by making an unnecessary, disorderly, and shameful retreat.

"*Thirdly.* Disrespect to the commander-in-chief, in two letters, dated the 1st of July and the 28th of June."

The irascible Lee was so provoked by the angry reprimand of Washington for his retreat at Monmouth, that, unable to control his temper, he wrote a letter to the commander-in-chief, in which he indulged in personal reflections such as no superior officer could, with a proper regard to his own dignity, pass by without rebuke. "From the knowledge I have of your excellency's character," wrote Lee, "I must conclude that nothing but the misinformation of some very stupid or misrepresentation of some very wicked person could have occasioned your making use of so very singular expressions as you did on my coming up to the ground where you had taken post. They implied that I was guilty either of disobedience of orders, want of conduct, or want of courage. Your excellency will therefore infinitely oblige me by letting me know on which of these three articles you ground your charge, that I may prepare for my justification, which I have the happiness to be confident I can do to the army, to the Congress, to America, and to the world in general."

Lee then, with his usual self-sufficiency, having not only justified his retreat, but claimed for it the merit of having saved the day, took occasion, after telling Washington that he thought him "endowed with many great and good qualities," to complain that he had been "guilty of an act of cruel injustice toward a man who certainly has some pretensions to the regard of every servant of this country.... And I think, sir," added Lee, "I have a right to demand some reparation for the injury committed; and, unless I can obtain it, I must in justice to myself, when this campaign is closed, which I believe will close the war, retire from a service, at the head of which is placed a man capable of offering such injuries. But at the same time, in justice to you, I must repeat that I from my soul believe that it was not a motion of your own breast, but instigated by some of those dirty earwigs, who will for ever insinuate themselves near persons in high office."

Washington wrote firmly in answer, telling Lee that his letter was, as he conceived, expressed in terms highly improper, and that he was not conscious of having made use of any very singular expressions at the time of meeting him duing his retreat. "What I recollect to have said," added Washington, "was dictated by duty and warranted by the occasion." He closed by promising him the opportunity which he had asked for justifying himself.

Lee petulantly rejoined, saying: "You can not afford me greater pleasure than in giving me the opportunity of showing to America the sufficiency of her respective servants. I trust that temporary power of office, and the tinsel dignity attending it, will not be able, by all the mists they can raise, to obfuscate the bright rays of truth."

General Lee was now arrested and tried. The court-martial was convened as early as the 4th of July, but its sessions were interrupted by the movement of the army, and it did not come to a decision until the 12th of August. Lord Stirling was president, and the rest of the court was composed of a major-general, four brigadiers, and eight colonels. Lee defended himself with great skill. He contended that, as his orders were discretionary, he could not be justly charged with disobedience. In regard to the retreat, he declared that he did not wish or give any orders for a retrograde manœuvre from the first point of action, adding: "Even when I was informed of our left being abandoned, the retreat, however necessary, was, I am ashamed to own it, done contrary to my orders and contrary to my intentions. He claimed that, in falling back and taking the ground that he intended when his division was retiring, the enemy would probably have been drawn from a good position, and the advantage given to the Americans. The weak point in Lee's conduct was the fact of his not having sent word to Washington of the retreat of his troops—by which neglect the safety of the whole army was hazarded. This looked either like premeditated injury or uncontrollable confusion.

General Lee was found guilty of all the charges, though in the second the ex-

pression "shameful" was omitted, and the term "disorderly" mitigated by the insertion of "*in some instances.*" The sentence was, suspension from all command in the armies of the United States for the term of twelve months.

The finding of the court was now referred to Congress for its action. Lee went to Philadelphia at the time, and was not a little wounded in spirit to find his old popularity so much on the wane, that, although he had still strong friends, the majority of the members were evidently against him. He strove to better his cause, by writing a clever defence, which he termed "*General Lee's Vindication to the Public.*" The opinion of Congress was, however, unfavorable; and in an exceedingly thin house, fifteen voted in the affirmative and seven in the negative, thus confirming the decision of the court-martial.

Dec. 5.

General Lee's temper was not improved by these adverse circumstances. He became greatly embittered against Washington, and took every occasion to rail at him and his military conduct. The latter remained in stoical indifference; but one of his aids, Colonel Laurens, was hot and young enough to take up the quarrel, and wrote to Lee, declaring that, in contempt of decency and truth, he had "publicly abused General Washington in the grossest terms," and that the relation in which he (Laurens) stood to him forbade him to pass such conduct unnoticed. He therefore demanded the satisfaction which he was entitled to; and desired that, as soon as General Lee should think himself at liberty, he would appoint time and place for a hostile meeting, and name his weapons."

Lee did not hesitate to accept the challenge, and, taking advantage of his privilege, as the challenged party, of choosing his weapons, he selected pistols instead of the smallsword, in the use of which he was a great adept, but which he now declined in consequence of being in a somewhat weak state of body, on account of a fall from his horse, and a recent fit of the gout. His courage was undoubted, and Lee bore himself in the encounter with cool intrepidity. His antagonist, however, proved the better shot, and wounded him slightly in the side.

Lee was especially envenomed against the members of Congress who were prominent in favor of confirming the decision of the court-martial; and William Henry Drayton, of South Carolina, drew upon himself the most concentrated bitterness of the wrathful general, who tells him in a letter, "I find that you are as malignant a scoundrel as you are universally allowed to be a ridiculous and *disgusting coxcomb.*" Again, he says: "You tell me the Americans are the most merciful people on the face of the earth. I think so too; and the strongest instance of it is, that they *did not long ago hang you up, and every advocate for the stamp-act.* And do not flatter yourself that the present virtuous airs of patriotism you may give yourself, and your hard-labored letters to the commissioners and the king, will ever wash away the stain. If you think the terms I make use of harsh or unmerited, my friend Major Edwards is commissioned to point out your remedy."

Lee was not indulged in his wish for another duel, but was allowed to retire to his plantation in Berkeley county, in Virginia, and there in solitude nurse his discontent. But he nevertheless still exhibited his malevolence toward Washington, by publishing his "*Queries, Political and Military*," in which there was a labored attempt to depreciate the military qualifications and conduct of the commander-in-chief. When the "Queries" were sent to the publishers of the Philadelphia papers, they refused to publish them; but they were finally printed in the "*Maryland Journal*," of Baltimore. Their publication caused a storm of indignation, and the deeply-incensed people insisted upon the name of the author of the gross libels. Lee now became an object of almost universal scorn.*

The spirit of the fallen general continued to grow more and more irritable and morose. Having heard a rumor that he was to be deprived of his commission at the close of the term for which he was suspended, Lee, without waiting to ascertain the truth or falsity of the report, wrote an insulting letter to the president of Congress, saying: "Sir, I understand that it is in contemplation of Congress, on the principle of economy, to strike me out of their service. Congress must know very little of me, if they suppose that I would accept of their money, *since the confirmation of the wicked and infamous sentence which was passed upon me.*"* This was received in high dudgeon by Congress, and provoked that body to do the very act which it been unjustly suspected of intending: Lee was summarily dismissed from the army. He now hid himself from all public observation, slinking away in his half-ruined house on his Virginia estate, and avoiding all companionship but that of his horses and dogs. "His dwelling," says his biographer, "was more like a barn than a palace. Glass-windows and plastering would have been luxurious extravagance, and his furniture consisted of a very few necessary articles."

Without partitions, the one apartment of the house was divided into parts by lines of chalk; and the eccentric old campaigner, as he looked upon his bed in one corner, his guns, whips, and saddles, in another, his library in a third, and his kitchen in a fourth, congratulated himself that he could sit and oversee the whole without moving from his chair! Thus he lived for several years, until he found that hoeing tobacco, as he termed it, was rapidly bringing him into debt. He now removed to Philadelphia, where he took lodgings at an inn in Market street, known by the sign of "*The Conestijoe Waggon.*" A few days after his arrival, he was attacked by a fever, which proved fatal, and he died on the 2d of October, 1782. The last words which the veteran was heard to utter in his delirium (doubtless inspired by the flickering remembrance of his European campaigns) were, "*Stand by me, my brave grenadiers!*"

* Among the "Queries," twenty-five in number, are the following, showing the malignant spirit which animated the whole: "Whether it is salutary or dangerous, consistent with or abhorrent from the spirit and principles of liberty and republicanism, to inculcate and encourage in the people an idea that their welfare, safety, and glory, depend on one man? Whether they really do depend on one man?"

* Subsequently, however, on learning that the report was without foundation, he offered an apology to Congress.

In his will, General Lee showed his gratitude to those friends who had been faithful to him through all the vicissitudes of his strange career. Among his old aids-de-camp he divided his landed estate and distributed most of his horses, his "broodmares and his fillies," of which he had a choice variety. To his "old and faithful servant, or rather humble friend, Guiseppi Minghini," he bequeathed three hundred guineas, to his housekeeper one hundred and his stock of cattle, with all his negroes to be divided equally between the two. He also took care to leave money to buy "rings of affection" for this and that friend in whose memory he desired still to linger.

This characteristic request closed the will: "I desire most earnestly that I may not be buried in any church or churchyard, *or within a mile of any Presbyterian or Anabaptist meetinghouse;* for, since I have resided in this country, I have kept so much bad company when living, that I do not choose to continue it when dead.*

"I recommend my soul to the Creator of all worlds and of all creatures; who must, from his visible attributes, be indifferent to their modes of worship or creeds —whether Christians, Mohammedans, or Jews; whether instilled by education or taken up by reflection; whether more or less absurd; as a weak mortal can no more be answerable for his persuasions, notions, or even skepticism, in religion, than for the color of his skin."

* Notwithstanding this expressed wish, Lee was interred in Christ churchyard, at Philadelphia, with military honors, and in presence of a large assemblage of the people, drawn together more by curiosity than veneration, to look upon the remains of one whose life had been so eventful.

Lee passed away under a cloud which has perhaps for ever obscured his character and motives. His conduct at Monmouth has been differently appreciated. At the time, most men were of the opinion that it was actuated by envy of Washington, whom he had hopes of supplanting in the chief command, if, by thwarting his purposes, he could make it appear that the general-in-chief was unequal to his position. Others have not hesitated to charge Lee with treasonable designs, and have connected with his conduct at Monmouth an incident which occurred a short time previously:—

"Soon after General Lee rejoined the army at Valley Forge," says Sparks, "a curious incident occurred. By order of Congress, General Washington was required to administer the oath of allegiance to the general officers. The major-generals stood around Washington, and took hold of a bible together, according to the usual custom; but just as he began to administer the oath, Lee deliberately withdrew his hand twice. This movement was so singular, and was performed in so odd a manner, that the officers smiled, and Washington inquired the meaning of his hesitancy. Lee replied: 'As to King George, I am ready enough to absolve myself from all allegiance to him; but I have some scruples about the prince of Wales.' The strangeness of this reply was such, that the officers burst into a broad laugh, and even Washington could not refrain from a smile. The ceremony was, of course, interrupted. It was renewed as soon as a composure was restored proper for the solemnity of the oc-

casion, and Lee took the oath with the other officers."*

While most men attributed Lee's conduct at Monmouth to envy, and some to treason, there were others who justified it, as the general himself strove to do, on the score of its propriety. Even Marshall, the impartial judge, declares that the reasons given by Lee for his retreat were such that, "if they do not absolutely establish its propriety, they give it so questionable a form as to render it probable that a public examination never would have taken place, could his proud spirit have stooped to offer explanation instead of outrage to the commander-in-chief."

It has been inferred, from the fact that Washington, after Lee's retreat, and having temporarily deprived him of his command, should have immediately reinstated him on the field, that therefore it was his intention to have overlooked his conduct, until he was provoked into noticing it by Lee's insolent letters. This supposition, however, seems so to belittle the motives of Washington, by giving them a personal character, that it is surprising that historians have ventured thus to dishonor the great man.

"I will defy any person out of my own family," said Washington himself, "to say that I have ever mentioned his name, if it was to be avoided; and when not, that I have studiously declined expressing any sentiment of him or his behavior." Lee did his utmost to provoke recrimination, but Washington passed by his malevolence without notice, declaring: "I have neither the leisure nor inclination to enter the lists with him in a newspaper; and, so far as his production points to personality, I can and do from my inmost soul despise it." Lee having by will left his papers in charge of Mr. Goddard, the editor of the "*Maryland Journal*," who in 1785 proposed to publish them, and wrote to Washington, to know if he wished to examine them previously; but the latter

* A document, found among the papers of Lord and Sir William Howe, has lately come into the possession of the New-York Historical Society, which proves that Lee was guilty of an act of treason while a prisoner at New York, whatever may have been his conduct before or after. This document is in the handwriting of the general, and is endorsed "LEE'S PLAN, 1777," by Strachey, the secretary of Lord and Sir William Howe. It contains an elaborate plan for a campaign against the Americans, by which the war, as the writer of the document says, "may be effectually put an end to." The paper was evidently drawn up for the benefit of the enemy, and submitted to the Howes, while Lee was a captive in New York. He proposed an expedition against New England, so as to keep the inhabitants there at home, and make it an easy matter for the British to hold possession of New York and the Jerseys. He suggested that, simultaneously with this movement eastward, a considerable force should be sent up the Chesapeake bay, to land at and take possession of Annapolis, and march into the interior of Maryland as far as Queen Anne county. Another was to be despatched up the Potomac, and take possession of Alexandria, when the two invading armies might form a junction; while a third should ascend the Delaware and capture Philadelphia. The middle states would now be in subjection, and New England and the southern states would be too wide apart to act in efficient concert. "These things accomplished," adds Mr. Lossing, "and the system of resistance dismembered, all that would be necessary, to insure a complete subjugation of the revolted states to the crown, would be the issuing of proclamations of pardon to all who should desert the republican standard, and return to their allegiance to King George." The paper seems to have had its effect, for the subsequent southern campaign of the British accorded with the views set forth by Lee in his plan, upon the success of which he emphatically declares that he is ready to stake his life. With this document the treason of General Lee is proved beyond a doubt; and his conduct at Monmouth was doubtless prompted by a desire to throw the game into the hands of the enemy, to whose interest while at New York he had pledged himself. (This "plan" of Lee was discovered at the close of 1857, among some papers said to have been brought from Nova Scotia, and offered for sale in New York. It was published in 1859 under the auspices of Professor George H. Moore, the librarian of the Historical Society.)

declined, solemnly averring: "I can have no request to make concerning the work. I never had a difference with that gentleman but on public grounds; and my conduct toward him, on this occasion, was such only as I felt myself indispensably bound to adopt in discharge of the public trust reposed in me. If this produced in him unfavorable sentiments of me, I can never consider the conduct I pursued with respect to him either wrong or improper, however I may regret that it may have been differently viewed by him, and that it excited his anger and animadversions. Should there appear in General Lee's writings anything injurious or unfriendly to me, the impartial and dispassionate world must decide how far I deserved it, from the general tenor of my conduct."

In passing judgment upon the character of General Lee, it must be borne in mind that from the beginning he seems to have acted from interested and selfish motives. Thus, when on the 19th of July, 1775, the continental Congress appointed a committee to wait upon him and notify him of his appointment, they reported that Lee gave for answer: "That he had the highest sense of the honor conferred upon him by the Congress; that no effort in his power shall be wanting to serve the American cause; but, before he entered upon the service, he desired a conference with a committee, *to consist of one delegate from each of the associated colonies*, to whom he desired to explain some particulars *respecting his private fortune*." A committee having been appointed, and reporting favorably, Congress "resolved *that the colonies will indemnify General Lee for any loss of property which he may sustain by entering into their service;* and that the same be done by this or any future Congress, as soon as such loss is ascertained." This was in marked contrast to the conduct of Washington, who, though incurring a pecuniary risk far greater than that of Lee, not only required from Congress no surety for the safety of his private fortune, but nobly served throughout the war without personal reward.

General Charles Lee "must hereafter be deservedly ranked with Church and Arnold, among the traitors whose deeds stain the annals of the American Revolution.... Reckless and unprincipled, he was willing to be a traitor to both parties; but, fortunately for the republican cause, he was deprived of opportunities for doing mischief at a most critical time. .... As a military adventurer, he was continually aiming to secure personal advantages. Proud of his abilities, and puffed up by flatterers, he aspired to be the commander-in-chief of the American armies. His ambition was checked at the outset. His meteoric light was dimmed by the steady planetary lustre of a greater than he; and, chafed by disappointment, and hopes deferred, and a jealous spirit of rivalry, he was ready to betray the people who confided in his honor, and to seek preferment, fame, and fortune, through the dark lanes of treason and its abiding infamy."*

* Lossing.

CHAPTER LXXII.

Description of the Vale of Wyoming.—An Indian Paradise.—"Delightful Wyoming."—A Change.—Quarrel of the Shawnees and the Delawares.—The Lords of Wyoming.—The First White Man.—Count Zinzendorf.—An Unbelieving Audience.—A Miracle.—Conversion.—Yankee Adventurers.—The Susquehanna Company.—Peace and Happiness.—A Sudden Change.—Indian Massacre.—The Pennsylvania Company.—The Quarrel with Great Britain.—The Patriots of the Valley.—Wyoming in Danger.—Colonel Zebulon Butler.—Preparations for Defence.—Approach of the Enemy.—The Butler Rangers.—Encingerachtan.—The Battle.—Fratricide.—Massacre.—Suffering.—Horror upon Horror.—Surrender of Fort Forty.—Savage Orgies.—Tragic Laughter.—Flight of the Inhabitants.—Adventure and Suffering.—Desolate Wyoming.—A Metamorphosis.

1778. Among the mountains of Pennsylvania, between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, lies the valley of Wyoming. Through a gap in the rugged wall of mountain which encloses it, the river Susquehanna bursts, and then winds in a gentle flow among the rolling fields and level meadows which, for more than a score of miles in length and three miles in breadth, form the fertile area of the vale. As the river turns and turns in its tortuous course through groves of willow, sycamore, and maple, it widens here and there into lake-like expanses, where its waters are increased by the flow of other and smaller streams, which gush in noisy torrents from the mountains on all sides, but soon subside into gentle rivulets as they course smoothly through the level meads. The scene of beauty presented by Wyoming is unsurpassed in Nature. The mountains, often precipitous and rugged, and jagged here and there with wild ravines, either choked with the forest-growth or flooded with turbulent torrents, increase by contrast the gentle beauties of the valley which they enclose.

Inviting, however, as is this beautiful valley to repose and happiness, it had hardly been the abode of either at the time of which we write. Long before the white man, attracted by its promise of generous reward to labor, sought to fix his home upon its fertile soil, the Indian had made it his favorite resort. The savage may have been unconscious of the beauties, but he was familiar with the advantages, of the valley. Its seclusion offered comparative security to his wigwam, his squaw, and his children, hidden from a vindictive enemy among the maples on the river-bank, while he roamed beyond the mountains in pursuit of the elk. The stream which flowed close by his door was filled with fishes of all kinds —with the perch, the pike, the bass, the catfish, the roach, and the shad. Small game, too, abounded everywhere in the valley. The quail whistled in the meadow; the pheasant rustled in its leafy covert; the wild-duck reared her brood and bent the reed in every islet; and even the red deer ventured to browse upon the acclivities of the surrounding hills.*

* Miner's History of Wyoming.

With nothing but the rude culture of the Indian, the maize grew abundantly on the fertile land; while the wild plum, the grape, the hazelnut, and the butternut, yielded a profuse harvest, without the care or labor of man.

Such was "delightful Wyoming" by Nature; but it was never long a scene of peace and repose. Different tribes of Indians came to build their villages in the valley. There was plenty of room for all. The Nanticokes had settled on the east side of the Susquehanna, and the Shawnees in the meadows on the west; when the Delawares, driven away from their native river by the warlike Iroquois, came also to settle in the valley, on the banks of the first-named stream.

For awhile, peace reigned among them. The Delawares, however, being away upon the mountains, on a hunting-expedition, some of their squaws with their children went to gather wild fruits along the banks of the river, when they came upon a company of Shawnee mothers and little ones. A Shawnee boy (so runs the tradition) having caught a large grasshopper, a quarrel arose between him and some of the little Delawares as to whom it belonged. The mothers now took part in the dispute, and from words they came to blows; when, after several had been killed in the strife, the Shawnees were forced to take to their canoes and paddle across to the side of the river where they belonged.

When the Delaware warriors returned from the mountains, and heard of the quarrel and its fatal consequences, they resolved upon revenge. A fierce conflict ensued, in which nearly one half of the whole tribe of the Shawnees were killed, and the rest were driven for ever from the valley.* In the course of time, the Delawares became the sole lords of Wyoming.

The first white man who penetrated through the mountains to this secluded valley was Count Zinzendorf, who came with pious enthusiasm to convert the Indians.† He arrived in 1742, accompanied only by an interpreter, and boldly set up his tent on the outskirts of the village. He told the Indians, as they gathered threateningly about him, that he had crossed the great waters, and was a messenger from the Great Spirit sent to teach them the true worship. They listened, but did not believe his word; and, thinking that his object was to take their lands from him, they determined to destroy the intruder. With the genuine nature of Indians, they chose the night for the purpose, and, with their tomahawks in their hands, groped their way to the good man's tent. As they lifted its folds, and were stealing in with cautious steps, they saw

* They migrated to North Carolina, thence to Ohio, and were finally removed to the "Indian reservation" in Kansas, where they now remain, in charge of Quakers.

† Count NICHOLAS LOUIS ZINZENDORF, the restorer of the sect of Moravians, was born at Dresden, in 1700. He was son of the elector of Saxony's chamberlain; and was educated at Halle and Wittenberg. He early manifested an enthusiastic turn of mind with respect to religious concerns. In 1721, having given an asylum on his estate to some of the persecuted Moravian brethren, he espoused their doctrines, and became the head of their church. To spread those doctrines, and procure toleration for the professors of them, he travelled over a large part of continental Europe, visited England, and made two voyages to America. He died in 1760. The Moravians, and their head, were long the subject of many gross calumnies, from which, however, their meritorious conduct has amply vindicated them.—*Cyclopœdia of Biography.*

Zinzendorf seated upon a bundle of reeds which he had cut from the margin of the river, and writing in a book before him. At that moment a huge rattlesnake, which had been enlivened by the warmth of the fire that the count had lighted, came out of the hollow of a tree, and crawled over his feet, apparently without his being conscious of it. The deadly purpose of the savages was at once arrested; and, believing that their visiter was under the protection and truly a messenger of the Great Spirit, they stole quietly back to the village, and told of the wonder which they had beheld. This secured a favorable reception for Zinzendorf among the Delawares; and the Moravians date their success as missionaries among the Indians from this event.

Other white visiters, however, soon came, with very different objects from those of the benevolent Zinzendorf. In 1750, a band of shrewd New-Englanders crossed the mountains, and, gazing from the summits of the surrounding hills upon the fertile valley of Wyoming, were at once impressed with the advantages it offered for a profitable enterprise. On contrasting the rugged hills of their native Connecticut with the fat lands which had gladdened their eyes from the mountain-tops of the Susquehanna, they became dissatisfied with their home, and determined to emigrate. The "Susquehanna Company" was accordingly formed, for the purpose of trading with the Delawares for their beautiful valley, and making arrangements for the proposed settlement. The Indians were readily persuaded to part with "delightful Wyoming" for the sum of "two thousand pounds of current money of the province of New York."

It was not, however, till the year 1762, after the close of the French War, that the New-Englanders took possession of their purchase, when some two hundred men entered the valley, and commenced clearing farms. They had cut down the timber, built their log-houses, and, before the winter frosts set in, had sown broad fields with wheat. They now concealed their implements of husbandry, that they might be secure from the depredations of the Indians, who still preserved their villages in the valley, and returned to pass the winter in Connecticut. In the spring of 1763 they came back with their wives and their children, their cattle and their household furniture, intending to make Wyoming their permanent home.

The season had been favorable; their crops had proved abundant, and the settlers were looking forward with hope to a life of peace and happiness, when suddenly a large party of their savage neighbors burst upon them with a loud war-whoop, and began an indiscriminate massacre. Twenty fell at the first attack, and the rest of the white settlers fled in fright to the mountains. The Indians, fearful that they would suffer a severe retribution from the hands of the whites, disappeared altogether from the valley; when again, after an interval of six years, another hardy band of settlers came from Connecticut. There were no longer any red men to oppose them, but some hardly less savage whites now disputed possession of the valley.

A Pennsylvania company, in the meanwhile, had prevailed upon the Indians to *sell their land over again*, and repudiate the purchase of the New-Englanders. Accordingly, when forty of the latter, under the authority of the Susquehanna Company, came to take possession of Wyoming, they found a formidable number of representatives of the rival association prepared to dispute it with them. A fight ensued, and the "Yankees" were driven off; but, coming back with a reinforcement, they finally, after a prolonged struggle, succeeded in securing possession of the ground. The dispute, however, still remained undecided, when the breaking out of the Revolutionary War diverted the inhabitants of the valley from their own quarrel to that with Great Britain.

The people, with prompt patriotism, eagerly came forward to sustain the cause of liberty. Two companies, of eighty-two men each, were raised in the town of Westmoreland, as the chief settlement in the valley of Wyoming was called. These readily obeyed the summons of Congress to join Washington, and aid in fighting the battles of the country. They were with the continental army in its camp at Brunswick, when their homes on the Susquehanna were threatened with devastation by the savage allies of the British. Letters came from aged fathers, mothers, from wives and sisters, urging their natural protectors to hasten to the defence of all they loved. The summons was heard, but could not be obeyed. The men begged for permission to leave the army, and go to Wyoming, but were refused. Congress and their own state of Connecticut were appealed to, but in vain. At the last moment, some twenty men, willing to risk all, deserted, and five commissioned officers resigned, and hastened to Wyoming, with the sad foreboding that they might be too late, and even powerless if in time, to avert from their beloved vale the impending blow, but determined to share the common peril with their kindred.

Colonel Zebulon Butler, a continental officer, had been successful in his application for leave of absence from the army, and, being chosen leader, now prepared to make every resistance which the valley with its diminished population was capable of. On each side of the Susquehanna were several old forts, rudely constructed of logs. The principal one on the west, about two miles above Wilkesbarre, was "Fort Forty," so called from having been raised by the forty pioneers who came into the valley in 1769. This had been strengthened when the Revolutionary War began, and blockhouses were now added to it, to shelter the women and children when forced to seek refuge from the enemy.

Colonel Zebulon Butler now mustered all the force that he could gather. This amounted but "to two hundred and thirty enrolled men and seventy old people — boys, civil magistrates, and other volunteers." Most of the able-bodied men were with Washington's army, and those who had been left in the valley were the few whose labor was necessary to cultivate the land; while the rest of the male inhabitants were the aged and the sick. They all now came forward in the urgen-

cy of danger. The strong men abandoned the fields; the old men and the feeble left their retreats beneath the sweet shades of the honeysuckled porch; the boys played no longer about the schoolhouse. Age, youth, and sickness, were nerved to unusual vigor; and every one, with musket on his shoulder, prepared to strike a blow for the defence of his home.

While the men were being drilled from morning till night at the fort, the women and the girls cheerfully went forth into the fields to plant seed, make hay, or garner corn. They also bore a share in the military preparations. A "pounder" was brought into the settlement; "and the women took up their floors, dug out the earth, put it in casks, and run water through it (as ashes are leached); then took ashes in another cask, and made lye; mixed the water from the earth with weak lye, boiled it, set it to cool, and the saltpetre rose to the top. Charcoal and sulphur were then used, and powder produced for the public defence."*

The expected foe finally approached. On the last day of June, 1778, Colonel John Butler, a tory of Tryon county, in New York, an ally of Sir William and Sir Guy Johnson, and like them famous as a leader of the Indians, entered the head of the valley of Wyoming. The force with him numbered about eleven hundred men, and was composed of the Butler Rangers, a detachment of Johnson's Royal Greens, and about six hundred Indians, led on by *Encingerachtan*, a chief of the "Turtle" tribe of the Senecas. Among Butler's troops were some tories who belonged to Wyoming valley, and who, having been driven away from their homes, burned to revenge themselves upon the patriots, although they had been their old neighbors, and among them were their kindred.

* Miner's History.

At the head of the valley there were still some settlers left who clung to the tory interests; and as soon as Butler presented himself, his plans were facilitated by their connivance. Fort Wintermost was in the control of a family of that name, who, being loyalists, did not hesitate to yield it up at once; while another fort was forced to surrender. Butler then sent a summons to Fort Forty, which the resolute patriots who held it answered by a prompt refusal.

As soon as the enemy had entered the valley, Colonel Zebulon Butler mustered all his force at the fort, where the settlers had fled for refuge. The summons to surrender having been refused, a council was held, to consider what next was to be done. The majority were for marching out against the foe, and giving them battle at once. Butler and some of the older officers were in favor of delay, in the hope that some reinforcements which they had urgently entreated might be sent to their aid, would arrive. The impatience of the rest, however, could not be controlled; and Colonel Butler, though still opposed to the march, mounted his horse, exclaiming, "I tell you we go into great danger, but I can go as far as any of you!" and led forth his meager band of "three hundred men, old men, and boys." They set out on their march at three o'clock in the afternoon; and, as

July 3.

they advanced toward the head of the valley, they saw Fort Wintermost in flames, which had been set on fire by the enemy, to give the impression that they were retiring.

The colonel pushed on until he came within sight of the enemy, posted on a plain between the river Susquehanna and a marsh, when, selecting his ground, he drew up his little force. On the right of "Indian Butler" (as he was called, to distinguish him from the commander of the patriots) were his savage allies and the tories of Wyoming, while on his left were his own Rangers and Johnson's Royal Greens. The patriot Butler formed his line of the same extent, directly opposite, posting his right near the river, and his left, under Colonel Denison, toward the marsh.

"Men, yonder is the enemy!" exclaimed the patriot colonel. "We come out to fight, not only for liberty, but for life itself; and, what is dearer, to preserve our homes from conflagration, and our women and children from the tomahawk. Stand firm the first shock, and the Indians will give way. Every man to his duty!"—"Be firm! everything depends on resisting the first shock," repeated Colonel Denison on the left: and the whole line was ordered to fire, and at each discharge to advance a step.

The men behaved themselves with coolness, and kept up the fire steadily and with such effect, that at one moment the enemy appeared to waver; but the Indians now came to their rescue. These savages plunged into the morass, to turn the left flank of the patriots; while others, skulking behind the bushes and the pine-trees which grew near the river, kept up a galling fire on the right. Colonel Denison strove to prevent the Indians from outflanking him, and ordered the left wing to fall back, that it might present a front to them. His raw militia, however, misunderstood the order, and began to retreat. "Don't leave me, my children," cried their colonel, "and the victory is ours!" But it was too late. The greatest confusion prevailed, and the patriots finally turned and fled in all directions, with the savages in fierce pursuit. Few escaped the merciless tomahawk; no quarter was shown, and many of those taken prisoners were put to death with cruel tortures.

The Indians counted two hundred and twenty-seven scalps as their barbarous trophies of the day, and only spared the lives of five of the captives, who were saved with the greatest difficulty by the interposition of their white leader, Butler. Great as were the horrors of the massacre, they were much exaggerated by the contemporary reports, which have been repeated by most subsequent historians. Two well-authenticated incidents, however, were of a nature sufficiently terrible to set the imagination brooding, until horror accumulated upon horror.

Several of the fugitives, having thrown away their arms, succeeded in swimming to an island in the river called Monockonock, and hid themselves amid the brushwood. The enemy were in hot pursuit, and followed them across the stream, and, having deliberately wiped their muskets, which had been wetted by the water, re-

loaded them, and began to beat up the island in search of the hidden fugitives. One of the pursuers was a former tory settler of Wyoming; and as he passed slowly along, carefully scrutinizing every covert, he suddenly came upon a fugitive, who proved to be his brother! "So, it is you, is it?" exclaimed he fiercely. The poor fellow, finding himself discovered, came out of his hiding-place, and, throwing himself upon his knees, begged his brother to spare his life; declaring that, if he would, he would live with him and serve him as a slave for the rest of his days. "All this is mighty good, but you are a d——d rebel!" was the only answer to this fraternal appeal; and the monster levelled his rifle, and shot his brother dead upon the spot.

One Elijah Shoemaker, while endeavoring to escape, plunged into the river; but, not being able to swim, he feared to venture beyond his depth. At this moment he was observed by one of the enemy, a tory of the name of Windecker, who had been indebted to Shoemaker for many an act of neighborly kindness in former days. "Come out, Shoemaker!" hallooed Windecker. "I am afraid you will give me up to the Indians," was the reply. "No," rejoined Windecker, "I'll save you; they sha'n't hurt you." The poor fellow, trusting to his word, no sooner came within his reach, than the perfidious Windecker dashed his tomahawk into his head, and sent the lifeless body floating down the stream.

Some fugitives escaped by swimming the river; others by crossing the morass to the mountains, and hiding themselves until night, when they made their way back to Fort Forty. The two colonels, being mounted, were the first to reach the fort, and bring the sad intelligence of the day's disaster to the defenceless old men, women, and children, there huddled together. After they had drawn up terms of capitulation to be offered to the enemy, Colonel Butler crossed the river to Wilkesbarre; and early next morning, throwing a feather-bed across his horse, and mounting with his wife behind him, he made his escape from the valley, leaving Colonel Denison in chief command of the fort.

In the evening, a small reinforcement of militia from the neighboring towns of Salem and Huntington arrived at Fort Forty, which somewhat strengthened the garrison, but did not encourage them to hold out. On the next morning, Colonel John, the "Indian" Butler, sent in a summons to Colonel Denison to surrender, which, after a short negotiation, was complied with. The terms agreed upon were, that the settlers should lay down their arms, and not resume them during the contest; that the fort be demolished; that the continental stores be given up; that the British prisoners in the fort be released; that the inhabitants be allowed to occupy their farms, that their lives and property be preserved, and that Colonel Butler should use his utmost influence with his troops and Indians in securing these conditions. It was also agreed that the property taken from "the *people called tories*" should be made good, and that they should be allowed to remain in the peaceable possession of their

July 4.

farms, and unmolested in pursuing a free trade throughout the settlement.

July 5. On the ensuing day, the gates of Fort Forty were thrown open, and the tory Butler entered with his Rangers, followed by the Seneca chief Encingerachtan and his Indian warriors. The arms of the garrison were all stacked, and Butler, pointing to them as his savage allies came in, exclaimed, "See what a present the Yankees have made you!" During the day, the Indians contented themselves with skulking about the settlement, and peering with their painted faces through the doors of the houses; and, although they greatly terrified the inhabitants, they did not harm them or their property. The savages, however, soon gave way to their instincts for plunder. Helping themselves to the rum in the shops and taverns, they soon became so wild with drink, that their leader, Butler, lost all control over them. He was remonstrated with by Colonel Denison, for not extending the protection to the inhabitants which had been guarantied by the treaty. Butler, however, waved his hand significantly, and declared, "I can do nothing with them." Without further effort to check their barbarous propensities, he marched out of the valley with his tory confederates, *and left the settlement to the mercy of his savage allies.*

The Indians, in company with their squaws, now went prowling about from house to house, from barn to henroost, in search of plunder. Nothing escaped them. They tore the hunting-shirts from the men's backs, and pulled the bonnets from the heads of the women. The "great chests" were ransacked, and the stores of household linen, so dear to good housewives, carried off by the filthy hands of drunken squaws. The ovens were robbed of the last loaf, before the wistful eyes of famishing children. They seized upon the feather-beds, flung out the feathers, and, cramming in their plunder, threw them upon the horses stolen from the stables; and then decking themselves in ill-assorted finery, they paraded in grotesque triumph throughout the settlement. The drunken, painted squaw, with bonnets put on all awry, and towering three deep upon her head, with a bright scarlet cloak hanging before her, a terrific wand in her hand strung with bloody scalps, and jolting upon some sorry nag along the road, presented a horrid picture, yet so grotesque, that it did not fail, even in those hours of trouble, to raise a laugh from the suffering spectators.

Thus the savages revelled in riot and robbery from day to day for a week, until they finally set fire to all the houses in the settlement, and gave up the fields of grain to the trampling hoof of horse and cattle. The inhabitants fled for refuge to the fort, where they remained for a fortnight, living upon a concealed store of provisions, which had fortunately escaped the observation of the Indian robbers, who did not leave "a hoof, a kernel, or a morsel of bread or meat," which they could either carry away or burn.

As their provisions were being rapidly exhausted, as all hope of aid from beyond the mountains passed away, and as the savages still prowled about, and peered into the very embrasures of the fort, and

jeered at the poor wretches huddled together with the cruel threat, "Wild Indians come soon—kill Yankee and eat 'em!" it was determined to abandon the ill-fated colony. Their work of devastation accomplished, the savages returned to their homes, having burnt every dwelling but a few near the fort at Wilkesbarre.

A general exodus of the survivors now took place. Some constructed rude boats, and risked their all upon the dangerous waters of the Susquehanna; some few were fortunate enough to find a stray horse or a pair of oxen, while the greater portion were obliged to travel their weary way on foot. With a scanty supply of provisions to begin their journey, they had exhausted them all long before they reached the hospitable homes of their countrymen beyond the mountains. In their hunger they were forced to feed themselves on the twigs and roots of the sassafras and the wild berries which grew by the roadside. Women and children sickened and died by the way, and strong men almost gave up in despair when they found themselves powerless to save those they loved.

In a few weeks, however, the fugitives began to return, in order to secure such of their crops as had escaped destruction. In October they undertook to gather the remains of their comrades who had fallen, and to give them decent burial. The weather had been so hot and dry, that the mutilated corpses were shrivelled up and inoffensive. They could be recognised only by the clothing that remained upon them. They were taken up with pitchforks, and deposited in a common grave, which remained unmarked for more than half a century. At last a granite monument was erected over the spot, bearing appropriate inscriptions, and recording the names of those who fell in that fatal battle.

During the remainder of the war, Wyoming was harassed by prowling bands of Indians. No man who went into the fields in the morning had any security that he would not be waylaid, shot, and scalped, before night. Scarcely a month passed which was not marked by some murder committed by the marauding savages.

Thus was the beautiful vale of Wyoming made desolate by a savage enemy. The dark morasses of the Pocono river, through which the wretched fugitives from the battle fled before the ruthless tomahawks of Butler's pursuing Indians now received the fitting appellation of "*The Shades of Death.*" The valley had never resembled the picture which Campbell, with a poet's license, had painted of its earlier days:—

> "Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies
> The happy shepherd-swains had naught to do
> But feed their flocks on green declivities,
> Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe."

In these later times, there is but little hope of an Arcadian revival, with such unpastoral elements as a puffing locomotive, a smoky furnace-chimney, or a boarded factory. Wyoming, with all its attractions, will ever owe more to the genius of the poet for its picturesque reputation than to the rich bounty of Nature or the homely virtues of its inhabitants.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

A Timely Escape.—Arrival of a French Fleet.—The Count D'Estaing.—Encampment of the Americans.—Character of D'Estaing.—French Hyberbole.—Arrival of the French Minister and the American Agent.—Admiral Lord Howe on the Move.—Spirit of the British Tars.—The two Fleets in Sight.—D'Estaing prudently sails away.—He arrives at Newport.—Another Chance lost.—Expedition against Rhode Island.—Active Preparations by Washington.—John Hancock in Arms.—Plans of Attack.—Postponement.—Gallic Sensibility.—An Apology demanded.—Appearance of Lord Howe.—D'Estaing sails out to meet Him.—Manœuvres.—General Sullivan begins the Siege.—A Terrible Storm.—No Appearance of D'Estaing.—He arrives at Last.—The Adventures of his Fleet.—The Storm.—Fight with the British.—A Drawn Battle.—D'Estaing goes to Boston to refit.—Disappointment of the Americans.—Quarrel with Sullivan.—A Satirical Order.—Complaint of D'Estaing to Congress.—Lafayette interposes.—The British Attack.—The Americans on the Defensive.—Retreat of Sullivan.—New Bedford laid in Ruins.

1778. SIR HENRY CLINTON with his army and Admiral Lord Howe with his ships had escaped just in time. They had left Philadelphia and the Delaware only a few days before the formidable French fleet, under Count D'Estaing, ap-

July 8. peared off the mouth of the river. The voyage from Toulon, prolonged by head winds, had lasted eighty-seven days, and the French admiral was thus balked of his purpose of caging the English earl within the Delaware. D'Estaing's fleet, composed of twelve ships-of-the-line and six frigates, and having on board, in addition to full crews, troops amounting to over four thousand men, was in a condition to have effectually checked the movements of the British, if not, with the co-operation of Washington's army, to have forced both Howe and Clinton to terms.

This practical demonstration of the advantages of the "French alliance" gave great encouragement to the Americans, and they warmly welcomed the arrival of D'Estaing. His personal reputation was not such as to be particularly assuring, or the reverse; but the substantial aid be brought with him, in the shape of great ships and powerful armaments, together with thousands of men, were such accessions of strength, that for the first time the people felt that they had such resources at command as to remove all dread of being overwhelmed by the material weight and wealth of the powerful nation against which they were bravely struggling.

Count CHARLES HENRY D'ESTAING, the French admiral, was a native of the province of Auvergne, and had acquired some reflected glory while serving under the great Marshal Saxe, and in the East Indies under the famous native Irishman and naturalized Frenchman De Lally. D'Estaing had somewhat stained his gallantry by breaking his parole when a prisoner in the hands of the English; but his rank and family influence in France secured him promotion, and, although his early career had been in the army, when appointed to the command of the fleet now sent to the succor of the American cause, he was among the most prominent

of the French naval commanders. On arriving off the mouth of the Delaware, he immediately sent a despatch to Washington, which was characteristic of the man, who had more than the usual Gallic fondness for hyberbole. He was charged, he said, with the glorious task of giving his allies, the United States of America, the most striking proofs of his royal master's affection. His happiness in performing it was enhanced, he declared, by the consideration of serving with General Washington, whose talents and great actions "have insured him, in the eyes of all Europe, the title truly sublime of *Deliverer of America*."

The count, disappointed in his expectation of catching Lord Howe in the Delaware, now sent a small vessel to convey to Philadelphia Monsieur Gerard, the first minister from France, and the recalled American agent, Silas Deane, who had come passengers with the fleet, and then went in pursuit of his lordship.

In the meantime, Admiral Howe, having heard of the count's arrival, prepared to receive him. The British fleet was lying within Sandy Hook, and, although it was small compared with the French (consisting only of six ships of sixty-four guns, three of fifty, two of forty, and a few small frigates and sloops, making six hundred and fourteen guns in all, with which to oppose D'Estaing's eight hundred and fifty-four), it soon showed a very vigorous manifestation of resistance. The spirit of the English sailors was aroused to great enthusiasm by the prospect of fighting with their ancient and hereditary enemies. D'Estaing arrived off New York, but seemed to hesitate about venturing into the bay. He remained at anchor for eleven days off Sandy Hook with his formidable fleet, separated only by a narrow strip of sand from his adversary. During this delay, Lord Howe had a good opportunity of putting his ships in order and recruiting his crews. English seamen of all classes readily offered their services. A thousand volunteers were immediately despatched from the transports to serve in the fleet; others were daily coming in, and among them masters and mates, who did not hesitate to abandon their traders in order to have a brush with the French. So many officers and soldiers of the army contended eagerly to serve on board the men-of-war as marines, that it became necessary to choose them by lot.

Count d'Estaing, however, had doubts, strengthened by the judgment of his pilots, about the safety of carrying his large vessels across the bar; and, after his long delay, he weighed anchor and set sail for Newport. He again lost the chance of a success. A few days after he put to sea, several British men-of-war arrived, which belonged to Admiral Byron's fleet, that had been scattered in a storm. Within a week after D'Estaing's departure, no less than four vessels, each one singly, came and anchored inside of the Hook. They were so damaged by the severe weather to which they had been exposed, that they were little more than so many wrecks, and were so incapable of resistance, that they would have struck immediately had they encountered the French fleet on their arrival. To add to D'Es-

taing's chagrin, he soon learned that, a few days after he had left the Delaware, a large convoy of ships laden with provisions for the British forces, of which they were in great need, had entered the river. By a neglect on the part of the British ministry, these storeships had been allowed to sail for Philadelphia, although orders to evacuate that city had been previously sent out. Count d'Estaing declared, with an emphatic *sacré*, that the English had the devil's own luck.

The expedition against the British on Rhode island, which was now undertaken by the French fleet, was suggested by Washington, who did his utmost, by an active co-operation, to secure a successful result. He urged General Sullivan, then in command at Providence, to be on the alert, and make all possible preparations by land. Militia were ordered to be called out from New England to reinforce the regulars in the proposed enterprise, and Washington sent additional troops from his own camp in New Jersey. These latter, with their officers, as far as possible, were selected from those who were connected with New England, and especially with Rhode Island, in order that to the incentive of duty there might be added the spur of interest. The Massachusetts and Rhode Island brigades of Glover and Varnum were accordingly despatched; and General Greene, a Rhode-Islander, although he could be ill spared, as he was then performing the important functions of quartermaster-general, was ordered to take command of one division, and Lafayette of the other. The young marquis had been selected because he was a compatriot of D'Estaing, and it was thought his presence might serve to regulate and harmonize the naturally-discordant combination of Americans with the French. General Sullivan, already in command at Providence, was of course commander-in-chief of the land-force, which soon numbered ten thousand men. Such was the eagerness to co-operate with their new allies, and their confidence of a triumphant success, that thousands of gentlemen-volunteers had thronged in from Boston, Salem, Newburyport, and Portsmouth, to offer their services. John Hancock, who had retired from the presidency of Congress, had buckled on his sword and led the militia of Massachusetts as their major-general, but was not destined to garner from the field of battle any fresh laurels to add to those which he had harvested in the state.

Count D'Estaing now arrived with his formidable fleet off Point Judith, but it was not until some days after that he moved in toward the harbor, where General Sir Robert Pigott, the commander of the British forces, made preparations for receiving the expected attack. The squadron, consisting of four frigates and several smaller vessels, were burned or sunk by the British; and Pigott withdrew all his troops, amounting to six thousand, from the various forts scattered over Rhode island, within his strong intrenchments, about three miles from Newport. **July 29.**

D'Estaing, having concocted with General Sullivan the plan of operations, by which the former was to push into the harbor with his fleet, and the latter should

cross from the main over Seaconnet channel and attack the British intrenchments by land, was prepared to begin his part, when unfortunately a delay took place. Sullivan sent word to the count that he was not ready, in consequence of the non-arrival of some expected troops. The attack was therefore postponed until the 10th of August.

August 8. In the meantime, the French admiral took his fleet into the harbor, under a heavy fire from the British batteries (which, however, he soon passed), and anchored his ships above the town. General Sullivan had also moved forward to Tiverton, ready to cross Seaconnet channel at the time agreed upon; but finding on arriving there in the night (August 8th), that the works on the opposite side had been abandoned in consequence of the withdrawal by the British commander of all his troops within his intrenchments near Newport, he could not resist the temptation of crossing. Early

August 9. the next morning, Sullivan accordingly threw his whole force across to the northern part of Rhode island, and thus made this movement one day sooner than had been agreed upon with D'Estaing.

The French admiral, who had not been informed of the change in the plan of operations, felt highly vexed at this apparent want of respectful consideration for a man of his rank and dignity, and now refused to act until his wounded sensibility was relieved by an explanation or healed by an apology. While the irritable Frenchman was undergoing the soothing process, the appearance of Admiral Lord Howe and his fleet off Newport put a sudden stop for the time being to all thought of an attack upon the island, and D'Estaing concentrated his attentions upon his naval antagonist.

As soon as he had discovered the destination of the French, Lord Howe hastily refitted the shattered vessels belonging to Admiral Byron's squadron, and with his fleet thus reinforced sailed from New York in search of D'Estaing. The wind blew directly in for the harbor of Newport, but Earl Howe thought it more prudent to come to anchor off Point Judith. The count was eager to try his metal with his lordship, and, considering his arrival a challenge to an encounter, he determined to accept it. The wind changing, gave D'Estaing an opportunity to stand out with all his fleet; and accordingly, the next morning, at

Aug. 10. an early hour, he sailed out of Newport harbor, sending word to General Sullivan before he left that on his return he would be prepared to carry out the concerted plan against the British on the island.

In the meantime, Lord Howe weighed anchor and made preparations to receive his antagonist; but, not willing that the latter should have the advantage of the weather-gage of him, the earl tacked and manœuvred his fleet, in order to get between him and the wind. D'Estaing was not less anxious to retain his position; and the two squadrons, while thus trying to outmanœuvre each other, ran out to sea, and out of sight of Rhode island.

General Sullivan had already advanced

from the northern point of the island, where he had landed, to Quaker hill, about ten miles from the British lines near Newport; and when he heard that his French ally, instead of co-operating with him, had gone to give battle to Admiral Howe, he was so vexed, that he determined to carry out the enterprise without waiting for the impracticable Frenchman. Lafayette, with a natural sympathy for his compatriot, strongly urged Sullivan not to begin operations until the return of D'Estaing; but the American officers were all strenuously in favor of commencing the siege at once, without waiting for the count, whose delays and punctilious formalities had greatly disgusted them.

Aug. 12. The siege began; but little progress had been made, however, when a severe storm came on, which raged with the violence of a tropical hurricane, blowing down the tents, damaging the ammunition, and causing the death of some of the soldiers and horses. The storm lasted two days. On the third, the sun shone brightly; and the troops, although somewhat dispirited by their sufferings, prepared themselves to continue the siege. A day having been spent in drying the arms and ammunition, and repairing the tents torn by the wind, the soldiers on the next morning marched to Honeyman's hill, within only two miles of the British intrenchments. Here they took post, and began to advance against the enemy's works by regular approaches. The men for some time kept spiritedly to their duty, encouraged by the hourly expectation of the return of the French fleet to their aid. When, however, they waited in vain day after day, they became discouraged. At last, the camp was suddenly enlivened by the appearance of D'Estaing and his ships off the harbor, whose adventures during his absence we shall now relate. **Aug. 19.**

Lord Howe, having been unable, with all his manœuvring, to get the weather-guage of his antagonist, finally hove to, formed his ships into line to the leeward, and waited for the French fleet to bear down upon him. D'Estaing, doubtless, would not have hesitated to accept the challenge; but just at this moment, a furious storm (the same which had prostrated Sullivan's whole camp) began to rage. The vessels of both fleets were at once dispersed, and all greatly damaged. The Languedoc, of ninety guns, Count D'Estaing's flagship, was dismasted, and several others were completely disabled.

Aug. 14. On the third day, when the storm had abated, Admiral Howe had gathered only seven of his scattered fleet, but he was still disposed for the fight; and two of his ships, the Renown and the Preston, falling in with the dismasted Languedoc and the Tornat, gave them a rough handling, and would have captured them, had not other vessels of the French come to their rescue. A day or two subsequently, chance brought together two other ships which had suffered less in the storm than any of their consorts. These were the Isis, of fifty guns, commanded by Captain Rayner, and the Cæsar, of seventy-four, commanded by the renowned De Bougainville. They fought desperately for an hour and a half, being

for the greater part of that time close alongside of each other. De Bougainville, with his superior weight of metal, had borne down upon the Isis with confidence of victory, but his guns were overloaded and badly served. Finding his antagonist too strong for him, he made off before the wind, with his deck strewed with seventy men killed and wounded. The Isis was so severely damaged in her masts and rigging as to be unable to give chase, although her crew had suffered but little — one man only having been killed and three wounded. De Bougainville lost an arm and an eye.

There being no further disposition for battle between the shattered fleets, Lord Howe bore for New York to refit, and D'Estaing returned to Newport, and was making for that harbor, when his sudden appearance, as we have seen, enlivened General Sullivan's troops with the prospect of assistance and a successful result to the enterprise in which they were engaged. As soon as the French fleet came to anchor, Generals Greene and Lafayette pushed off to visit the admiral. They were sadly disappointed to find that he had determined to sail for Boston, in order to refit his damaged vessels. They entreated him not to desert them at the very crisis of the enterprise, when the British garrison was so dispirited by its disappointment in not receiving supplies from Earl Howe and reinforcements from Sir Henry Clinton at New York, that it would probably surrender at the mere sight of the return of the French fleet to the harbor.

D'Estaing, however, resisted all their entreaties, declaring that he was disposed to yield, but that his officers unanimously insisted upon obedience to the orders of the French government, which had directed that, in the event of damage to his vessels, he should put into Boston for repairs. Greene and Lafayette returned to the camp before Newport with the unwelcome intelligence. General Sullivan was very indignant, and sent a remonstrance to the French admiral, which was signed by every one of his officers except Lafayette. In this paper, Sullivan protested against D'Estaing's taking the fleet to Boston, as derogatory to the honor of France, contrary to the intention of his most Christian majesty Louis XVI. and the interests of the French nation, destructive to the welfare of the United States, and highly injurious to the alliance formed between the two nations. The remonstrance, however, only served to offend the pride of the French admiral, and not to alter his resolution. He sailed with his fleet to Boston.

Sullivan, who was fluent with his pen, and rather prided himself upon his skill in turning a period, could not resist the temptation of indulging in what he probably supposed was a very delicately expressed bit of satire; and he accordingly made the following allusion to the departure of the French in his order to his troops: "The general can not help lamenting the sudden and unexpected departure of the French fleet, as he finds it has a tendency to discourage some who placed great dependence upon the assistance of it, *though he can by no means suppose the army or any part of it endangered*

by this movement. He yet hopes the event will prove America able to procure that by her own arms which her allies refuse to assist in obtaining."

On reaching Boston, D'Estaing wrote to Congress, justifying himself, and complaining of the remonstrance of the American officers, and Sullivan's uncourteous allusion quoted above. It required all the prudence of Washington and the conciliatory tact of Greene to prevent this quarrel from putting an abrupt termination to the French alliance. The old anti-Gallican prejudice which the Americans had inherited from England was aroused to such an extent, that the French officers in Boston were hooted in the streets; and in some of the seaports riots occurred, in which French and American sailors came to blows, that in several instances proved fatal.

General Sullivan, though hopeless of any aid from D'Estaing, continued the siege of Newport. Lafayette, however, trusting to his influence as a fellow-countrymen, and having volunteered to proceed to Boston, in order to persuade the French admiral to return to Rhode island, was permitted to go. The young marquis, nevertheless, met with no success beyond an offer on the part of the count, who was rather more of a soldier than a sailor, to march by land, with the French troops of his fleet, to the succor of Sullivan.

The American general, however, finding his militia deserting him by whole regiments at a time, now gave up all hopes of a successful siege of Newport, and only thought of means of escape. His chance of retreat was endangered by the diminution of his force, but Sullivan extricated himself with great prudence and skill. Having sent off his heavy artillery and baggage, he **Aug. 26.** on the second night afterward retired from before the British lines toward the north end of the island, where he had first landed. Here it was determined to fortify the camp, and await the result of the mission of Lafayette, who had gone off very sanguine of its success.

Early on the next morning after the Americans had begun to retreat, their departure was discovered by the British, who immediately came **Aug. 29.** out in pursuit in full force. Greene, with the regiments of Colonels Livingston and Laurens, covered the American rear, and gallantly kept off the enemy until Sullivan had reached the northern end of the island. Here the troops were drawn up in order of battle. The British continued to advance. Greene proposed that the Americans should march to meet them, as he believed that they were coming on in separate detachments, and that they might be advantageously fought in detail. His plan, however, was rejected as being too hazardous, and it was determined to remain on the defensive.

The enemy were now close at hand. The Americans were well posted, with two redoubts in front of their lines, and waited confidently the approach of the foe. On closing in, the British stationed themselves on Quaker hill, facing the American lines, and began a brisk cannonade from their batteries, which was well returned from the redoubts. The

enemy now attempted to turn the American right, in command of Greene, who gave them a warm reception, and, being reinforced by troops from the centre and left, was soon enabled not only to defeat the manœuvre of the British, but to drive them back with great slaughter.

Aug. 30. On the following day, a British squadron being seen off the harbor, General Sullivan determined not to linger any longer upon the island. As the sentries of both armies were only four hundred yards apart, the greatest caution was necessary lest the enemy should become aware of his purpose, and interfere with the retreat. The night was accordingly selected; and, during the day preceding, tents were pitched, and the men kept at work on the intrenchments, in order to make it appear that it was intended to remain on the ground and resist to the last.

The night came, and the camp-fires being lighted, Sullivan began his retreat, without exciting the suspicion of the enemy. It was near midnight, and all had been nearly accomplished, when Lafayette made his appearance, having ridden in all haste from Boston, in order that he might share in the engagement which he knew to be imminent. He was greatly mortified that he had missed the fight of the preceding day. He arrived, however, in time to aid in the retreat, and brought off the pickets and covering-parties in admirable order. Not a man was left behind on the island, and not a single article lost.

General Sullivan had retired just in time from Rhode island; for the British ships, of which he had caught a glimpse off the coast, had Sir Henry Clinton on board, with about four thousand troops. Finding himself a day too late, Sir Henry put to sea again, for New York. That his enterprise, however, might not be without some result, he, on leaving his ships at New London, directed General Sir Charles Grey ("No-flint Grey," as he was called, from his fondness for the bayonet) to proceed to New Bedford and effect as much damage as he could. Grey showed his usual promptitude in devastation, and laid waste an immense quantity of American property. He burned ships (more than seventy in number), magazines, stores, wharves, warehouses, vessels on the stocks, mills, and dwellings, amounting in value to hundreds of thousands of dollars. After laying New Bedford in ruins, General Grey proceeded to Martha's Vineyard, where, after destroying a few vessels, he mulcted the inhabitants, by a compulsory levy of arms, of all the public funds, three hundred oxen, and ten thousand sheep. He now re-embarked and the squadron returned to New York, laden with spoils.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

The American Naval Force.—Difficulties and Casualties.—Cruise of the Raleigh and the Alfred.—Cruise of the Ranger.—John Paul Jones.—His Life and Character.—His Adventures.—A "Hard Man."—Cruelty.—Abandons his Native Country.—His Arrival in Virginia.—Command of an American Vessel.—Arrival in France.—Cruise off the English Coast.—Attack on Whitehaven.—Raid Upon Lord Selkirk.—The Family Plate.—Naval Dignity.—Capture of the Drake.—Return to France.—Gallant Exploit of Rathburne.—Less Glory.—Destruction of Vessels in the Delaware.—Captain Barry.—The Cruise of the Raleigh.—Her Fate.—Privateering.

1778. THE United States had been very unfortunate in their early attempts to establish a naval force. The possession of New York and Philadelphia by the enemy, and their command of the Hudson and the Delaware, had led to the destruction of the principal men-of-war which had been built by the Americans. The few small vessels which had succeeded in getting to sea, met with various fortunes. The Randolph, a thirty-two gun ship, under the command of Captain Nicholas Biddle, a spirited young officer, had blown up while in action with a British vessel, the Yarmouth, off Barbadoes. The Hancock, also of thirty-two guns, commanded by Captain Manly, after a successful fight or two, finally struck to a superior force, and was taken as a prize, by the British, into Halifax. The Raleigh and the Alfred, commanded by Captain Thompson, whose gallantry in sailing with his ship into the midst of a whole squadron of the enemy we have already had occasion to describe, having made their voyage in safety to France, now sailed on their return to America. Their course was kept well to the south, as was usual in those days, in order to escape the large British cruisers, and to pick up small West-India traders. They had been several weeks at sea, when the British ships Ariadne and Ceres hove in sight and gave them chase. The Raleigh was considerably in advance of her escort, and escaped; but the Alfred, being overtaken, and finding it useless to fight with the odds of two to one against her, struck.

The most memorable cruise of the year was that of the Ranger, an eighteen-gun ship. She is described as a crank, clumsy vessel, with a gun-deck, but no armament above, and a dull sailer. Her defects, however, were more than compensated by the excellent nautical qualities of her commander, who was no less a personage than the famous Paul Jones, "a short, thick, lithe fellow, about five feet eight inches in height, and of a dark, swarthy complexion," as he is described.

JOHN PAUL was born on the 6th of July, 1747, at Arbigland, Selkirkshire, on the frith of Solway, in Scotland. His father was the gardener of a Mr. Craik, a gentleman of property in that neighborhood. The son, bred up on the seacoast, naturally took to a sailor's life, and at the age of twelve years readily consented to become the apprentice of a shipmaster in command of a small vessel trading with

the American colonies. This first brought him to Virginia, where he found his brother, married and settled, and from whom he acquired an inclination toward a colonial life. He was, however, obliged to return, but did not remain long with his master, whose bankruptcy released him from his indentures.

Young John Paul's next transition was to the forecastle of a slaver; and subsequently, by the death of the captain and mate, to the quarter-deck, as commander. In this capacity he served for several years; and it may be supposed that, although he was in a good school for the improvement of his nautical skill and the development of his daring qualities, he was not likely to have his sensibilities refined.

The youthful commander was already known as a "hard man," and not seldom complaints were made of his cruelty by his sailors. On one occasion, he was called to account before a court in the West Indies by Mungo Maxwell, one of his crew, who complained of ill treatment. The complaint was dismissed as frivolous; but Mungo, shipping soon after in another vessel, died suddenly at sea, and there were not wanting people to blame Captain Paul for his death. This created a prejudice, which, together with the ill repute of his occupation, clung to him so tenaciously, that he determined to leave his native country.

In 1773, his brother died, and John Paul went to Virginia to settle. There, changing his name simultaneously with his life and country, he began his new career as JOHN PAUL *JONES*. He had resolved to quit the sea for ever, when the Revolutionary War breaking out, he became an enthusiastic American patriot, and was appointed, in consequence of his well-known abilities as a seaman, a lieutenant in the navy. His first cruise was in the Alfred, from which he was soon transferred to the Providence as captain, and again in a short time promoted to the Ranger, the cruise of which we shall now relate.

Jones had gone to France, with the expectation of receiving the command of the *Indien;* but she had been given, previous to his arrival, as a present to King Louis XVI., and the ambitious young captain had to content himself with the Ranger, which was thought quite unworthy of so gallant a commander. He was promised a better ship, but he had not the patience to wait, and accordingly put into Brest, to refit his vessel and prepare for a cruise.

Having completed her preparations, the Ranger sailed for the Irish channel, where Jones was perfectly "at home," and knew almost every foot on the land and fathom of the sea. As he passed along the coast, he made several prizes, and then bore away for Whitehaven, England, with the intention of burning the colliers crowded into that port. The weather, however, was unfavorable for the project, and he sailed to the north until he reached the coast of Scotland, where, having pursued a revenue-vessel without success, he bore away for Ireland. While off Carrickfergus, he observed a vessel at anchor in the roads; and having learned from some fishermen,

April 10.

who boarded the Ranger, that she was the Drake sloop-of-war, Jones determined to run in and try to take her.

The night was chosen for the purpose; and Jones having, during the daylight, accurately taken the bearings of the Drake, now in the dark stood for the roads where she was anchored. His intention was, to bring his vessel close to the bows of his enemy; but the anchor was not let go in time, and she drifted astern of the Drake. Jones, finding his object defeated, ordered his cable to be cut; and, making sail, he hauled his ship by the wind in all haste. A gale coming on, he barely succeeded in weathering the land, and getting back into the channel.

The wind now being favorable, Captain Jones determined to carry out his design upon Whitehaven. The Ranger accordingly stood for the Cumberland coast, on the English side of the channel, and soon made the port which was the object of attack, and out of which the captain had often sailed in his early days when a trading-skipper. He waited until night, and then dividing into two parties as many of his crew as could be spared from the ship, lowered his boats and pulled for the shore. As he was familiar with the ground, Jones took the lead in command of one party, and his lieutenant Wallingford followed in charge of the other. The forts were seized, the guns spiked, and the sentries gagged and bound. The men had been provided with candles in lanterns, which were to be used not only as lights, but as torches to set fire to the shipping. There was, however, some delay, and the candles had all burned out when they were wanted for the secondary purpose. The day was fast approaching, and there was but little time to spare. The lieutenant and his party, therefore, giving up all hope of success, took to their boat and pulled back to the ship, without effecting anything.

The resolute captain, however, was not to be thus balked of his purpose. So he sent one of his men to a neighboring cottage, and obtained a candle. Thus provided, Jones boarded a large ship in the port, and with a barrel of tar kindled a fire in her steerage, and soon had her in flames. As the tide was out, and the vessel lay high and dry in the midst of a large fleet of other craft, he was in hopes that they would all take fire, and his object be thus effectually accomplished. The burning ship soon alarmed the inhabitants, who rushed out in numbers, crowding the adjacent heights, and thronging to the rescue of the shipping. Jones and his party still remained ashore, and with their drawn hangers presenting a resolute attitude, kept back the people till it was thought that the ship was sufficiently in flames to secure a general conflagration, and then the captain drew off his men to their boat, and pulled back for the Ranger.

The inhabitants, however, succeeded in extinguishing the fire before it had done much harm to the shipping; and, recovering somewhat from their panic, they were enabled to bring a gun or two to bear upon Jones's boat, but not in time to reach it with a single shot. The fright produced by this audacious attempt was such that, even to this day, the name of

Paul Jones is a terror along the whole English coast.

The Ranger now stood for the opposite shore of Solway frith; and Captain Jones again took to his boats, and landed a party at the mouth of the Dee, near to the town of Kirkcudbright, on the Scottish coast. Jones was here upon his native soil, and knew every point of rock and inch of ground. He at once led his men to St. Mary's isle, where the earl of Selkirk had a country-seat, and where Jones is said to have lived while his father was in his lordship's service. The earl and his family were absent, and the servants left in charge were overpowered and the mansion plundered. One of the officers brought away with him a quantity of the family plate, whereat the captain was greatly indignant, it being in his opinion an act quite unbecoming the dignity of a naval officer. He accordingly determined to restore it, and, having paid his crew out of his own pocket the sum of a hundred pounds sterling (the supposed value of the plunder, which they claimed as their prize), he sent back the plate, with a courteous note to the countess of Selkirk, expressive of his regret that it had been carried off.

Jones fretted to think that the Drake had escaped him, and it was a point of honor with him to make another attempt at her capture. He accordingly sailed again for the Irish coast, and was pleased to find, on arriving off Carrickfergus, that the Drake still lay in the roads. The saucy Ranger was soon observed from the English man-of-war, and a boat sent out to discover who the stranger was, and what she wanted. As soon as he saw the boat, Jones began to manœuvre his vessel in such a way, that only her stern could be seen. The British officer in command was thus induced to pull alongside the Ranger, which was just what Jones wanted, as it gave him the opportunity, of which he immediately took advantage, of seizing the boat, officer, and crew. From his prisoners he learned that intelligence of the Ranger's audacious proceedings at Whitehaven and St. Mary's isle had reached Ireland, and that the commander of the Drake was on the alert.

Jones expected that the detention of the boat would bring the Drake herself out in search of it, and in this expectation he was not disappointed. The English ship immediately got under way in the roads, but soon lay to, waiting for the Ranger to come on. Jones, however, stood off the land, in order to draw his antagonist more into the channel. The Drake, observing the manœuvre, began to work out of the roads; but, as the tide was against her, she moved slowly, and did not succeed in drawing near the Ranger until almost nightfall; but she came out defiantly, with her decks crowded with volunteers, eager for a brush with "the American privateer," and accompanied by a number of small craft to see the fight.

As soon as the Drake closed in sufficiently, she hailed her antagonist, and asked her name; which she received, with a challenge to come on. The two ships were standing on. The wind was light, and such as to admit of but little manœuvring. As the Drake was somewhat to leeward and astern, the Ranger put her

helm up. The enemy followed suit, when Jones poured in his first broadside. The two vessels, now running free under easy canvas, continued to cannonade each other for an hour and four minutes, when the Drake, hauling down her ensign, called for quarter. She had suffered severely, her hull and rigging being well cut up, her captain and lieutenant wounded mortally, and forty of her crew killed or disabled. The Ranger, although carrying fewer guns and a smaller crew, suffered much less than her antagonist. Lieutenant Wallingford and one of the crew were the only killed, and there were but five wounded.

Captain Jones, putting a crew on board his prize, and securing his prisoners, sailed away triumphantly, with the captured Drake in company, for France. He took the North channel, and, although chased repeatedly on his round-about passage by British ships-of-war, succeeded in reaching Brest in safety with his prize.

May 8.

A gallant little exploit was achieved by Captain Rathburne, in command of the Providence, a twelve-gun sloop. Her metal was only of the weight of four-pounders, and she carried a crew of but fifty men. Rathburne, however, with his little vessel, bore for New Providence, one of the Bahamas, and landed on the island with twenty-five men. Here he was joined by about thirty Americans, who were held as prisoners by the British authorities; and with this small force he took possession of the forts and stores, and in fact of the whole island. The vessels in the harbor, six in number, among which there was a privateer of sixteen guns, fell into his hands. The inhabitants attempted to overpower him, but Rathburne kept them in check by threatening to set fire to the town. After holding the place for two days (during which a British sloop-of-war looked into the harbor, but finding the Americans in possession, she hurried off again), Rathburne withdrew. On leaving, however, he spiked all the guns of the fort, burned two of his prizes, and took off with him all the ammunition and the rest of the vessels. In this daring expedition the Americans did not lose a man. The very audacity of the enterprise filled the enemy with such terror, that they were not capable of striking a blow in their defence.

A less glorious fortune than that of the little Providence awaited some of the vessels lately built. The Virginia, a twenty-eight gun ship, had just been launched, and was proceeding down the Chesapeake on her first cruise, in command of Captain Nicholson, when she got aground during the night, and lost her rudder. Her anchor was let go, and the next morning, as preparations were being made to refit her, two British vessels-of-war were observed near at hand. Captain Nicholson now thought it advisable to leave her, and went ashore with his papers, while the enemy took possession of his ship. Congress, after investigating the conduct of the captain, acquitted him of all blame, although there were many who censured him for deserting his vessel.

We have already had occasion, in speaking of the movements of the British while in possession of Philadelphia, to allude to

the destruction of the American vessels on the Delaware. It is appropriate that in this chapter we should narrate the facts more in detail.

Early in May, an expedition, headed by Major Maitland, left Philadelphia, and ascended the Delaware, in order to destroy the American vessels which had been taken above the city for the purpose of escaping the British men-of-war below. To the land-force of a battalion of light-infantry and two fieldpieces was joined a flotilla, under the command of Captain Henry of the British navy, consisting of the schooners Viper and Pembroke, the galleys Hussar, Cornwallis, Ferret, and Philadelphia, four gun-boats, and eighteen flat-boats.

The expedition succeeded in its purpose, without the least show of resistance. Landing a little above Bristol, the enemy burnt the Washington, of thirty-two guns, and the Effingham, of twenty-eight, both of which, being new ships, had never been to sea; also several privateers, and a number of merchantmen. Their next point was Crosswise creek, where the Sturdy Beggar, an eighteen-gun privateer, and eight other vessels, were destroyed. Six more craft were set fire to at Bill's island; and on descending the river, on their return to Philadelphia, the British burned as many more, among which were probably the Hornet, the Sachem, the Independence, and the Musqueto, as nothing is recorded of them after that period.

Captain Barry, whose spirited capture of the enemy's armed storeships in the Delaware has already been described, had soon another opportunity of distinguishing himself. The Raleigh had been taken from Captain Thompson, in consequence of his having allowed his consort the Alfred to be captured by the enemy without going to her assistance, and was now given to Barry.

"Under the orders of this new commander," says Cooper, of whose authority as a naval historian we have freely availed ourselves, "the Raleigh sailed from Boston on the 25th of September, at six in the morning, having a brig and a sloop under convoy. The wind was fresh at northwest, and the frigate ran off northeast. At twelve, two strange sail were seen to leeward, distant fifteen or sixteen miles. Orders were given to the convoy to haul nearer to the wind, and to crowd all the sail it could carry, the strangers in chase. After dark the Raleigh lost sight of the enemy, as by this time the two ships were ascertained to be, and the wind became light and variable.

"The Raleigh now cleared for action, and kept her people at quarters all night, having tacked toward the land. In the morning it proved to be hazy, and the strangers were not to be seen. The Raleigh was still standing toward the land, which she shortly afterward made ahead, quite near. About noon, the haze clearing away, the enemy were seen in the southern board, and to windward, crowding sail in chase. The weather became thick again, and the Raleigh lost sight of her two pursuers, when she hauled off to the eastward.

"Finding nothing visible at six in the morning, the Raleigh crowded sail once more, and stood southeast by east. At

Sept. 26. half-past nine, the two ships were again discovered astern, and in chase. The Raleigh now hauled close upon a wind, heading northwest, with her larboard tacks aboard. The enemy also came to the wind, all three vessels carrying hard with a staggering breeze. The Raleigh now fairly outsailed the strangers, running eleven knots two fathoms, on a dragged bowline."

Unfortunately, at noon the wind moderated, when the leading vessel of the enemy overhauled the Raleigh quite fast, and even the ship astern held way with her. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the Raleigh tacked to the westward, with a view to discover the force of the advanced vessel in pursuit; while at the same time she made several signals, which were not recognised. "At five o'clock, the leading vessel of the enemy having nearly closed, the Raleigh edged away and crossed her forefoot, brailing her mizzen and taking in her staysails." In passing, the Raleigh delivered her broadside, which was returned by her antagonist, who set the St. George's ensign, and showed her force, which proved to be a battery of fourteen guns of a side, including both decks. The Englishman now came up under the lee quarter of the Raleigh, and the two were soon warmly engaged; but the former, apparently getting the worst of it, shot ahead.

The Raleigh having lost her fore-topmast and mizzen-top-gallantmast, her crew were busy in clearing the wreck; and an opportunity was thus given to the enemy to get to the windward, and fire at the disabled vessel from a distance. The Englishman, however, soon edged away, and made an attempt to rake the Raleigh; when Barry, finding that, with the loss of his spars, he could not manœuvre his ship as he had done before, bore up and bringing her alongside strove to board his antagonist. But the enemy, having all his canvas, and sailing best in the light wind then blowing, succeeded in defeating the American's object.

The Englishman's consort now drawing near, Barry called a council of his officers, when, as in the crippled condition of the ship there was no chance of escaping by flight, it was determined to run her ashore upon one of the unknown islands observed early in the afternoon, and which was now only a few miles distant. The Raleigh therefore wore round, and stood directly for the land, with her antagonist close to her side, while both ships in the meantime kept up a brisk fire. Thus they continued till midnight, when the Englishman hauled off, for fear of grounding, and left the Raleigh to pursue her dangerous course alone among the islands.

Captain Barry now began to bend new sails, with the hope of escaping, as he was concealed by the increasing darkness of the night. It was not long, however, before both of the enemy's ships again hove in sight, closing fast. The Raleigh was driven with all speed right on the land, firing her stern-guns as she went, which kept off her pursuers awhile. They nevertheless soon renewed the attack, pouring in their shot, which Barry gallantly returned until his ship struck the ground. The enemy hauled off, to avoid a similar

fate, and, taking a position at a safe distance on the Raleigh's quarter, opened their broadsides upon her. Barry now determined to land, to burn his ship, and defend the island. He had got a large portion of his crew ashore, and was about returning for the rest, when he found that the Raleigh, through the treachery of one of his officers, had struck to the enemy! Barry and his men escaped from the island — which proved to be Wooden Bell. one of the group of rocky islands off the mouth of the Penobscot — and on reaching the mainland, and relating the account of their struggle, were greatly applauded for their gallantry.

The Raleigh was immediately taken possession of by the two antagonist ships, which turned out to be the Experiment, of fifty guns, Captain Wallace, and the Unicorn, of twenty-two. It was the latter which clung so closely and so obstinately to the Raleigh during the long engagement. She was well cut up in hull and rigging, and had ten men killed and a considerable number wounded. The entire loss of the Americans was twenty-five killed and wounded.

Little else, beyond what has been narrated in this chapter, was done or suffered during the year 1778 by the navy of the United States. privateering was, however, carried on with great spirit and success.

CHAPTER LXXV.

Washington at White Plains.—Strengthening of Forts and Highlands of the North River.—General Putnam at West Point.—Small Designs of Sir Henry Clinton.—Attack on Egg Harbor.—Washington at Fishkill.—Lord Cornwallis plans a Surprise.—General Wayne timely warned.—Baylor less fortunate.—"No-Flint Grey."—Yagers caught.—Cruelty of Grey.—A Worthy Son, Earl Grey.—Devastation at Egg Harbor.—Work of Death.—Indians rooted out.—A Formidable Expedition.—Suffering.—Return from Schoharie.—A Salvo of Artillery.—Tories and Savages.—Butler and his Rangers.—Cherry Valley.—Massacre.—Cruel Indians and Hardened Partisans.—General Sullivan sent against the Indians.—Desolation.—A Severe Lesson.—The Savage less formidable.

1778. WASHINGTON, after moving his encampment from Brunswick to Paramus, finally quitted New Jersey, and, crossing the Hudson, took post at White Plains, in Westchester county, New York. Here he remained until September, when he made a different disposition of his army, with the view of protecting both the Highlands of the Hudson and New England, either of which it was thought might be the object of the extensive preparations being made by Sir Henry Clinton in New York. Washington accordingly strengthened the forts on the North river, and posted General Putnam with two brigades at West Point. General Gates with three brigades, and General M'Dougall with two, were despatched to Danbury, in Connecticut; while Washington himself encamped his main body at Fredericksburg, on the borders of Connecticut, and about thirty miles distant from West

Point, in order that he might be in readiness to defend either the Hudson or New England, as the plans of the enemy should render necessary.

Sir Henry Clinton, however, did not appear to have any very extensive military designs, and contented himself with apparently insignificant forays. He now planned an attack upon Little Egg Harbor, on the New-Jersey coast, where the Americans had a number of privateers and prizes, and some extensive salt-works. But, in order to divert the attention of Washington from his object, and at the same time to procure a supply of forage and fresh provisions for his troops, the British general-in-chief sent Lord Cornwallis with one detachment to New Jersey, and General Knyphausen with another *to the east side of the Hudson.* These two, being separated only by the river, and well supplied with boats, were able to form a junction within twenty-four hours and thus with their combined troops present a very formidable force.

Washington, on discovering this movement, believed its object was to forage, and therefore sent General Wayne with a detachment of troops to aid the militia of New Jersey in checking the enemy. In order, however, to be ready for any more serious attempt which might be made upon the forts on the Hudson, Putnam was directed to be on the alert at West Point, and Washington himself with a division of his army marched to Fishkill.

General Wayne had posted himself at New Tappan, with the militia; but Lieutenant-Colonel Baylor had taken up his quarters, with his detachment of light-horse, at Old Tappan, near the enemy. Lord Cornwallis now devised a scheme with Knyphausen for surprising the entire American force. The former was to send a detachment to take the Americans under Wayne; while the latter was to throw across the river another detachment, to take those under Baylor. Some deserters from Knyphausen's troops, however, having gone over to General Wayne, gave him timely warning, by which he was enabled to defeat the Hessians' part in the scheme.

Baylor was less fortunate. His men, quite unconscious of the movement, lay unguardedly in barns, when General Sir Charles Grey, who had been despatched for the purpose by Lord Cornwallis, came suddenly upon them in the middle of the night. Having cut off the sergeant's patrol of twelve men quickly, the enemy were enabled to fall upon Baylor's troopers while they were asleep and unarmed. "No-flint Grey," with his usual faith in cold steel, ordered his men to take the flints out of their muskets, that they might be confined entirely to the use of their bayonets. They thus rushed in upon the helpless dragoons, who, finding themselves unable to strike a blow in their defence, sued for quarter. Little quarter, however, was given; and the merciless enemy were thrusting their bayonets wherever they could find any sign of life, until one of the British officers, less ferocious than his commander, interposed and saved the lives of forty prisoners. Sixty-seven, out of the one hundred and four of Baylor's company, were either killed, wounded, or

taken. Baylor himself escaped with a severe but not a dangerous wound.

"It was a small compensation" for this affair, as Washington said, that Colonel Butler, three or four days subsequently, with a party of infantry and Major Lee's light-horse, surprised about a hundred German *yagers* (riflemen) below Tarrytown, killed ten on the spot, and took a lieutenant and eighteen men prisoners.

The American public was greatly indignant at the cruelty of Grey, and did not hesitate to term his action a cold-blooded massacre. Grey made himself memorable by his unsparing cruelty, but was considered so efficient a servant by those who employed him, that he was soon after raised to the peerage, as a reward for his military services. He gave birth to Earl Grey, the famous whig minister, who was as firm an advocate for liberty as his father was a rigid executioner of tyranny.

The expedition to Little Egg Harbor, on the eastern coast of New Jersey, was in the meantime in full progress.

Oct. 8. Captain Ferguson was selected to conduct this enterprise, and he sailed from New York with three hundred regular troops and a number of New-Jersey royalists. The people at Egg Harbor, having heard of his coming, sent out to sea such of the privateers as could be got ready; hauled the larger vessels, chiefly prizes, to Chestnut Neck, about twenty miles from the mouth of the river; and the smaller privateers and other craft still farther. None but those which put to sea, however, escaped the insatiable Ferguson. On reaching Egg Harbor, and not being able to enter with the transports, the troops took to the boats, and pushed up the river until they arrived at Chestnut Neck, where they landed. Here all the vessels, shipyards, store and dwelling houses, and salt-works, were burned. These were inglorious enterprises for the Britons, but they inflicted great injury upon the Americans, and especially upon privateering, which had become a very effective though independent branch of service. The purpose of the enemy was to destroy those places where the privateers were chiefly built, fitted out, and supplied for sea.

On Ferguson's return to the ships, he found a French captain and several privates, who had deserted from Count Pulaski's legion, then stationed in New Jersey. They gave such an account of the careless manner in which three troops of horse and the same number of companies of infantry were cantoned, at no great distance, that the British naval and military officers made up their minds to beat up their quarters. The ships were accordingly moved along the coast to a favorable point, and two hundred and fifty men embarked in boats. After rowing ten miles, the troops landed and took possession of an unguarded bridge, to which they were directed by the deserters, as necessary to secure their return to the vessels. Having posted a guard at the bridge, the rest of the men pushed on. After a short march in the darkness and silence of the night, they came suddenly upon Pulaski's force; and the cruel Ferguson, as ruthlessly as "No-flint Grey," bayoneted fifty of them with-

Oct. 15.

out heeding their cries for quarter! Two French officers were left among the dead, Baron de Bose and Lieutenant de la Borderie. As soon as Pulaski was aroused, he brought his cavalry to the rescue, and the enemy were thus driven away from their work of death.

The American loyalists and their savage confederates the Indians had, by their ruthless depredations, excited so much indignation, that it was determined to attack them in their haunts and root them but. Accordingly, Colonel William Butler set out from Schoharie county, New York, with a Pennsylvania regiment, and some riflemen and rangers to act as scouts. Having gained the head-waters of the Delaware, he marched for two days along its banks, and then crossed the Alleghany mountains to the Susquehanna. The journey was toilsome and dangerous. Each man carried on his back provisions for six days, and, thus loaded down, was forced to wade through streams and to swim rivers. As the soldiers were without tents, they were exposed to the heavy rains and cold nights of that autumnal season. They reached their destination, however, but were disappointed in finding that the Indians and tory settlers had by flight cheated them of their revenge. After having totally destroyed every Indian fort and village, and laid waste the tory settlements, Butler led his men back.

Oct. 1.

The hardships of the return were still more formidable than those of the advance march. The smaller streams and the Susquehanna itself had become greatly swollen by the heavy rains. The patriots were in an enemy's country, their provisions were nearly consumed, and it seemed impracticable for them to continue their journey. Butler, nevertheless, overcame every obstacle. He mounted his men, one after another, upon the few horses which he had brought with him, and, forcing the animals to swim the swollen waters, succeeded in getting them all over in safety. On their arrival in Schoharie, they were so overjoyed at reaching their homes, of which they had almost despaired, that they gave vent to their happiness by firing thirteen round of cannon and a *feu de joie* of musketry.

The tories and their Indian allies, notwithstanding, continued as active in their cruelties as ever. Walter Butler (the son of Colonel John Butler, who led the attack against Wyoming in the preceding July), having escaped from his prison at Albany, where his neck had only been saved from the gallows by the interposition of some of his father's friends, was now thirsting for revenge. The elder Butler soon gave his son the opportunity which he sought. A detachment of rangers, and the Indians with Brant the famous Mohawk chief as their leader, were placed under the command of young Butler, to carry out an expedition against the settlers of Tryon county.

Walter Butler, eager for the enterprise, hastened from Niagara with his rangers, and formed a junction with the Indians at Genesee. Brant disliked young Butler, and was moreover piqued at being obliged to serve in subjection to so youthful a leader. He was, however, finally prevailed upon to join the expedition,

which now numbered a combined force of seven hundred men.

Cherry Valley, situated near the headwaters of the eastern branch of the Susquehanna, within the state of New York, was the chief object of the proposed attack, as it was the most thriving of all the settlements. Colonel Ichabod Alden, with two hundred and fifty men, was in command of the fort called by his name. Fort Alden was, however, merely a strong stone dwelling-house, which had been fortified, and surrounded with rude pickets and earthen embankments. The colonel had been duly informed of the approach of his barbarous enemy, but he gave no heed to the intelligence. The inhabitants, nevertheless, were greatly alarmed, and begged that they and their most valuable property might be received within the fort. Alden, ridiculing their fears, refused, and was only prevailed upon by their earnest entreaties to send out scouts to gain information, and to keep guard against any sudden surprise.

The scouts seem to have shared in the confident security of their colonel; for, on being sent out, they had not gone far, when they lighted a fire, and laid themselves down to sleep. The enemy caught them napping and made them prisoners, and, obtaining from them the intelligence which they wished, pushed on and took post upon a wooded hill that overlooked the settlement of Cherry Valley. Here they encamped until the next morning,

Nov. 10. when they rushed into the village and began an indiscriminate slaughter of the defenceless innabitants. Whole families were destroyed by the savage invaders. Old men, women, and children, appealed equally in vain to the cruel instincts of the Indian and the still more cruel ferocity of the hardened partisan.

In the course of the next year, Washington determined to strike a de- **1779.** cisive blow against the Indians in their homes and haunts. He accordingly placed a considerable body of continental troops under the command of General Sullivan, to whom was soon after joined General Clinton, of New York, with one thousand men. The Mohawks, or the *Six Nations*,* as they were termed, were the principal objects of the expedition. These tribes inhabited the fertile tract of land lying between New England, the middle states, and the province of Canada. At the beginning of the Revolutionary War. they had pledged themselves to neutrality, but soon proved faithless to their word. The Oneidas, and a few besides, alone remained faithful; while the rest, won over by the Johnsons and the profuse gifts of the British agents, became hostile to the Americans, and destroyed their lives and property on every occasion.

The Indians, on becoming aware of the approach of the Americans, made prepa-

* This confederacy of Indians, first known as the "Five Nations," was composed of the Senecas, Cayugas, Oneidas, Onondagas, and Mohawks; but, in 1713, the Tuscaroras, being driven out of the Carolinas by the whites, migrated northward and joined the former tribes, who were thence called the "Six Nations." After Sullivan's expedition, a large portion of them moved to Canada (from which country they appear to have been forced southward at a remote period by the great confederacy of the Algonquins). The warlike Senecas and others of the Six Nations, or *Iroquois*, as the French called them, in their migrations spread their deadly hostility to the American whites throughout all the tribes of the Northwest.

rations to meet them. They concentrated their forces, selected a good position, and fortified it with considerable skill. For two hours they stood their ground manfully against the whole of Sullivan's force, but were finally compelled to give way before his artillery. The savages, once driven from their stronghold, made not an effort to rally, but fled in despair. Sullivan's avenging troops pursued them closely, and, penetrating into the heart of their country, spread desolation everywhere.*

"Many settlements," says Ramsay, "in the form of towns, were destroyed. All their fields of corn, and whatever was in a state of cultivation, underwent the same fate. Scarcely anything in the form of a house was left standing, nor was an Indian to be seen. To the surprise of the Americans, they found the lands about the Indian towns well cultivated, and their houses both large and commodious. The quantity of corn destroyed was immense.† Orchards, in which were several hundred fruit-trees, were cut down; and of them many appeared to have been planted for a long series of years. Their gardens, replenished with a variety of useful vegetables, were laid waste.‡

"The Americans were so full of resentment against the Indians for the many outrages they had suffered from them, and so bent on making the expedition decisive, that the officers and soldiers cheerfully agreed to remain till they had fully completed the destruction of the settlement. The supplies obtained in the country lessened the inconvenience of short rations. The ears of corn were so remarkably large, that many of them measured twenty-two inches in length." Necessity suggested a novel method of grinding the grains. The soldiers thrust their bayonets through the camp-kettles, and thus produced a rough surface upon which they rubbed the corn into a coarse meal.

This severe lesson had its effect upon the Indians, who became thenceforward less bold in their cruelties and depredations. The frontiers now enjoyed comparative security from the incursions of the savages. Brant and his tory confederates still fostered their wolfish propensities in their lair at Niagara, and would occasionally find an opportunity to glut them in the blood and spoils of the unguarded settlers. These occasions, however, after General Sullivan's successful raid became known, were availed of with

* This region of country, then known as Tryon county, but now comprising Chemung and other counties, received, from the cruel devastations and massacres of the savages, the appellation of *The Dark and Bloody Ground.*

† It was estimated that not less than a hundred and sixty thousand bushels of corn in the granaries and fields were thus destroyed. In one fortnight this beautiful country was cast back a century in its progress toward civilization.

‡ Washington, who had conceived and planned this most righteous expedition, and ordered its rigid execution in the manner in which it was performed, received from the savages the name of *An-na-ta-kau-les*, which signifies, in the Seneca language, *town-destroyer*. At a council held in Philadelphia, in 1792, Corn-Planter, the distinguished Seneca chief, thus addressed President Washington: "FATHER — The voice of the Seneca nation speaks to you, the great counsellor, in whose heart the wise men of all the thirteen fires have placed their wisdom. It may be very small in your ears, and therefore we entreat you to hearken with attention, for we are about to speak to you of things which to us are very great. When your army entered the country of the Six Nations, we called you *The Town-Destroyer;* and to this day, when that name is heard, our women look behind them and turn pale, and our children cling close to the necks of their mothers. Our counsellors and warriors are men, and can not be afraid; but their hearts are grieved with the fears of our women and children, and desire that it may be buried so deep that it may be heard no more."

less frequency and more timid caution. Nevertheless, Brant, with sixty of his savages and twenty-seven white men attacked the Mininsink settlement during the same summer (1779), and burnt ten houses, twelve barns, a fort, and two mills. He moreover carried off several prisoners and a large quantity of plunder. The neighboring militia gathered together and went in pursuit, but were driven back by the Indians.

July 23.

In South Carolina, Generals Williamson and Pickens carried out an expedition like that of Sullivan, and with similar success. The villages and harvests of the savages were destroyed, and they themselves forced to fly beyond the frontiers. Colonel Broadhead, too, was equally successful in Pennsylvania. The Indians from this time became much less formidable, although we shall yet have an occasional atrocity to record.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

Lafayette in a "Cul de Sac."—A Brilliant Flight.—Checked by Washington.—Return of Lafayette to France.—The Ship Alliance.—The Voyage.—A Conspiracy.—Its Terrible Objects.—The Disclosure.—The Conspiracy put down.—An Enemy avoided.—Arrival at Brest.—Lafayette in High Favor.—A Formal and Royal Rebuke.—His Reception by Queen Marie Antoinette.—Commander of the King's Guard.—Washington's Winter-Quarters.—Disposition of the Troops.—Hutting.—Washington visits Philadelphia.—General Putnam in Trouble with his Troops.—A Rebellion quelled.—Jollity in the Camp.—A Christmas Dinner.—A Holyday.—A "Splendid Entertainment."—Hospitality at Headquarters.—Colonel Hamilton at the Dinner-Table.—Visit of Monsieur Gerard.—A Grand Review.—Native Gentlemen.—General Gayety.—An Occasional Duel.—Affection under the Gallows.

1778.

LAFAYETTE, while shut up in a *cul de sac*, as he termed it, at Bristol, on a neck of land, with a bay on the one side and a river on the other (where General Sullivan had placed him, after the retreat from Rhode island, to watch the motions of the British), plumed his wings for a broader flight. He had conceived a brilliant plan for an expedition against Canada. He would obtain from his sovereign, Louis XVI., a large army and a powerful fleet, to reduce Halifax and Quebec, while the Americans should co-operate by the lakes, and thus wrest every spot of earth in North America from British possession. Congress seemed to sanction the scheme; but Washington, who, with every trust in the disinterestedness of the ardent young marquis, placed little faith in that of his country, defeated the wild and dangerous enterprise by his cautious counsels.

Lafayette proposed to return to France, but had postponed his voyage for the purpose of furthering his Canadian project. "If you have entertained thoughts, my dear marquis," quietly remarks Washington, "of paying a visit to your court, to your lady, and to your friends, this winter, but waver on account of an expedition into Canada, friendship induces me to tell you that I do not conceive that the prospect of such an operation is so

favorable at this time as to cause you to change your views." Lafayette now prepared to go home, and would have immediately set sail, but was detained by a severe illness.

The finest frigate in the embryo navy of the United States, the Alliance, was ordered to convey the young marquis to France. On his recovery, he proceeded to Boston to embark, but found the ship not yet manned. The government of Massachusetts went so far in its courtesy to its distinguished visiter as to offer to obtain a crew by impressment. This was, however, an encroachment upon the rights of man to which the young French disciple of freedom most positively objected. Recourse was therefore had, in manning the Alliance, to a number of British sailors, some prisoners, and a few Frenchmen, who were taken indiscriminately from the docks of Boston.

The captain of the Alliance was Landais, a Frenchman and a gallant officer, to whom the command had been given as a compliment to France, whose friendship every effort was at that time made to strengthen, and to which the very name of the ship was a tribute. The prejudice against serving under a Frenchman was, however, one of the chief difficulties in manning the Alliance with American sailors, and forced Landais to content himself with a motley crew, of all countries and characters.

With this difficulty about a crew, the Alliance did not finally get to sea until the beginning of the year 1779. The passage was boisterous, and the frigate lost a topmast and sprang a leak; and, when she had got within two days' sail of the English coast, a conspiracy was discovered among the crew by one of the sailors, who was an American by birth, but, having lived a long time in Ireland, was supposed by his English shipmates to be an Irishman, and therefore taken by them into their confidence. It was not, however, until the morning of the very day for carrying their plans into execution, that the conspirators disclosed them to the American sailor. He pretended to enter into their views with his whole heart, and thus got from them every detail. He watched his opportunity to convey the intelligence to the captain, but was not able to do so until some time after three in the afternoon, although the hour appointed for carrying out the plot was four o'clock.

Jan. 11.

According to this American sailor's account, the conspirators were mainly composed of Englishmen, and their purpose was bloody and determined. By the original plan, the cry of "Sail ho!" was to be raised about daylight, which it was supposed would bring all the officers and passengers (of whom there were several besides Lafayette) on deck, when it was intended to seize them. The mutineers had divided themselves into four parties, of which one was to get possession of the magazine, the second of the wardroom, the third of the cabin, and the fourth of the upper deck aft. In case the officers should resist, the four nine-pound guns on the forecastle (which one of the mutineers, a gunner's mate, had secretly loaded with canister) were to be pointed aft, and thus sweep the quarter-deck. A ser-

geant of marines, who was also one of the party, had privately distributed firearms and side-weapons among his associates.

The officers, passengers, and those who were in the interest of the ship, were severally to be dealt with as follows: Captain Landais, who was particularly odious, was to be heavily ironed, and sent adrift on the sea, in a boat, without food, water, oars, sails, or compass. The marine officer and the surgeon were to be hanged and quartered. The gunner, carpenter, and boatswain, were to be killed on the spot. The sailing-master was to be seized, hanged up to the mizzen-mast, scarified, cut into morsels, and thrown overboard. To each of the two lieutenants was to be offered the choice of either navigating the ship into the nearest British port or of "walking the plank." The passengers were to be more humanely treated, as it was intended only to iron them and deliver them up in England as prisoners. This diabolical conspiracy was, however, thwarted by the disclosure of the American sailor.

Not a moment was to be lost; and accordingly, Captain Landais, having armed his officers and passengers, rushed up with them in a body on deck just in time to seize the ringleaders of the mutiny before the signal was given for the beginning of operations. Thirty or forty English sailors were put in irons; but, as at this moment a twenty-gun ship of the enemy hove in sight, it was thought imprudent to arrest any more. Landais, with most of his crew in a state of mutiny, did not care to show fight, and therefore so manœuvred as to avoid an engagement, and, crowding on sail, made his way with all haste to the harbor of Brest, where the Alliance arrived after a short passage.* **Feb. 6.**

The young marquis was greeted on his arrival with great applause. "I had the honor," he wrote, "of being consulted by all the ministers, and, what was far better, embraced by all the ladies. Those embraces lasted but one day; but I retained for a greater length of time the confidence of the cabinet, and I enjoyed both favor at the court of Versailles and popularity at Paris. I was the theme of conversation in every circle."

Louis XVI. deemed it necessary to vindicate his authority by the formality of a rebuke to the young marquis for his former disobedience in leaving the country contrary to orders; but, with wonderful French tact, his majesty contrived to sweeten his censure with a compliment. Lafayette was forbidden to quit Paris for some days, and told to avoid those places in which the public "might consecrate his disobedience by their loud applause." Queen Marie Antoinette, then in all the pride of her youthful beauty, and with no dread of days of terror, received the revolutionary hero with every mark of favor. Through her intercession, Lafayette was given the command of the dragoons of the king's guard; and this young enthusiast of liberty was warmed in the very bosom of despotism.

In the beginning of December, Washington disposed his army in its winter-quarters. The troops under General Putnam were stationed at Dan- **1778.**

* Cooper.

bury, in Connecticut; those under General M'Dougall, in the Highlands of the Hudson; and the main body, under the commander-in-chief, in the neighborhood of Middlebrook, in New Jersey. Here the old expedient of hutting was resorted to; but, as the soldiers were better clothed, and as it was hoped that they would be better provisioned, the prospect was more promising at Middlebrook than during the previous year at Valley Forge.

Washington was urged to pass the winter, with his wife, at Philadelphia, where General Arnold was in command, and where Joseph Reed, now president of Pennsylvania, dwelt. "Were I to give in to private conveniency and amusement," he wrote in answer, "I should not be able to resist the invitation of my friends to make Philadelphia, instead of a squeezed-up room or two, my quarters for the winter. But the affairs of the army require my constant attention and presence, and, circumstanced as matters are at this time, call for some degree of care and address to keep it from crumbling."

The commander-in-chief, however, visited Philadelphia during the winter, where Congress had been in session since the evacuation of the city by the British in the previous May. His object was to confer with the members of the government in regard to the coming campaign (1779). The result was, a determination to pursue at the North a defensive policy, with the exception of the expedition against the Indians, which we have already related.

Washington's patriotism was greatly shocked by the selfish intrigues and partisanship of the public men by whom he found himself surrounded at the capital. "If I were called upon," he wrote, "to draw a picture of the times and of men, from what I have seen, heard, and in part know, I should in one word say that *idleness, dissipation, and extravagance, seem to have laid fast hold of most of them; that speculation, peculation, and an insatiable thirst for riches, seem to have got the better of every other consideration, and almost of every order of men; that party disputes and personal quarrels are the great business of the day; while the* MOMENTOUS CONCERNS OF AN EMPIRE, *a great and accumulating debt, ruined finances, depreciated money, and want of credit (which in its consequences is the want of everything), are but secondary considerations, and postponed from day to day, from week to week, as if our affairs wore the most promising aspect.*"

By his personal efforts and tact in the control of others, Washington succeeded in securing unusual comfort and good discipline among his troops. By timely interposition, he prevented what threatened to prove a serious mutiny on the part of the officers attached to the New-Jersey brigade of General Maxwell, who were ordered to join Sullivan in the expedition against the tribes of the Six Nations. The officers were induced to withdraw a memorial which they had drawn up and sent to the legislature, in which they declared that they would not march until their arrears of pay were settled; and, by the discreet management of Washington, they were prevailed upon to proceed to their duty.

General Putnam was not so successful with his division at Danby The men did

not get under cover in their huts until some time in January; and while obliged to remain in their tents in the height of winter, they suffered greatly from the exposure to cold. Provisions, too, became so scanty, that for six or nine days together the soldier was in want of his ration of bread. A revolt took place in consequence in the brigade under General Huntington. Four hundred men got under arms and marched out of the camp to an advantageous ground in the neighborhood, where they took post, and expected to be joined by others. General Putnam, however, finally succeeded in dispersing the mutineers and quelling the rebellion.

1779.

Though for awhile there seemed an end to active campaigning, the dull routine of camp-life was enlivened by various distractions. "Military duty not being very urgent," says a contemporary annalist, "our officers appear disposed to relax in their discipline, and contract a habit approaching to dissipation." Late suppers, with music and dancing continued "through half the night," became the favorite amusements, particularly of those hot bloods the Virginian and Maryland officers. Brigadier-General Muhlenberg, who had doffed the surplice for the continental uniform, and preached his farewell sermon in sword and cockade, was among the most hospitable of the military Amphytrions. We read of his table being loaded with "fourteen different dishes," and surrounded by "forty-one respectable officers" as guests. The wine circulated freely, toasts passed, and "humorous and merry songs" were sung; while the conviviality and gayety were lengthened out to a late hour in the night with military music, dancing, and punch.

Christmas was not allowed to pass without its appropriate banqueting; and on the opening of the year, "Colonel Gibson made an entertainment, and invited all the officers of his regiment to dine at his quarters in the country, a short distance from camp." The guests did not leave the "amply-furnished" table until evening, when they were invited to the hospitable quarters of the *ci-devant* parson, Muhlenberg. "Here we were introduced," says the writer before quoted, "to a number of ladies assembled to unite with the gentlemen in the ballroom; a very elegant supper was provided, and not one of the company was permitted to retire till three o'clock in the morning. Thus have the gallant Virginians commenced the new year."*

The anniversary of the alliance with France affords the camp an occasion for a holyday, and it is celebrated in "proper style" near headquarters. A "splendid entertainment" was given by General Knox and the officers of the artillery. General and Mrs. Washington, the principal officers of the army and their wives, and a number of the leading gentry of the neighborhood, formed "the brilliant assembly." About four o'clock, sixteen cannon were discharged, and the guests collected in a large public building to partake of the banquet prepared for the occasion. In the evening fireworks were let off, and the celebration was concluded "by a splendid ball, opened by his excel-

* Thacher.

lency General Washington, having for his partner the lady of General Knox."

The commander-in-chief gives an example of hospitality by "inviting a certain number of officers to dine at his table every day." As his excellency can not possibly be acquainted with every officer by name, his invitations are given through the medium of general orders, in which is mentioned the brigade from which the officer is expected. At these dinners the table is "elegantly furnished and the provisions ample, but not abounding in superfluities." Colonel Hamilton, the aid-de-camp and secretary, does the honors at the head, while General and Mrs. Washington sit at the side of the table. "In conversation, his excellency's expressive countenance is peculiarly interesting and pleasing; a placid smile is frequently observed on his lips, but a loud laugh, it is said, seldom if ever escapes him. He is polite and attentive to each individual at table, and retires after the compliments of a few glasses. Mrs. Washington combines in an uncommon degree great dignity of manner with the most pleasing affability, but possesses no striking marks of beauty."

The visit to the camp of Monsieur Gerard, the French minister, and Don Juan de Mirilliars, a secret Spanish agent — whose arrival is announced by the firing of thirteen cannon — was the occasion for a grand review of the army, when Baron Steuben's good offices as a disciplinarian were made manifest.

The whole of the army was paraded in martial array in a spacious field, and a stage was erected for the accommodation of the spectators. "At the signal of thirteen cannon, the great and splendid cavalcade approached in martial pomp and style. A very beautiful troop of light-horse, commanded by Major Lee, a Virginian, marched in front; then followed his excellency the commander-in-chief and his aids-de-camp; next the foreign ministers and their retinue; while the general officers and their aids closed the procession. Having arrived on the field of parade, the commander-in-chief, with the foreign ministers and general officers, passed in front of the line of the army, from right to left, in review, and received the military honors due to their rank; after which the gentlemen dismounted and retired to the stage, and took seats with Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Knox, and a number of other ladies, who had arrived in their carriages.

"The army then performed the field manœuvres and evolutions, with firing of cannon and musketry. The business of the day was closed by the troops deploying and marching in front of the stage, and paying the marching salute to their excellencies."

Washington's tall figure and commanding air made him conspicuous above all others. "While mounted on his noble bay charger," continues our annalist, "his stature appears remarkable; and, being a good horseman, he displays a lofty carriage and benign dignity of demeanor."*

In a few days more, some native gentlemen present themselves in the camp, when Washington treats them to a review. "His excellency," says Thacher,

* Thacher.

"with his usual dignity, followed by his mulatto-servant Bill, riding a beautiful gray steed, passed in front of the line and received the salute. He was accompanied by a singular group of savages, whose appearance was beyond description ludicrous. Their horses were of the meanest kind, some of them destitute of saddles, and old lines were used for bridles. Their personal decorations were equally farcical, having their faces painted of various colors, jewels suspended from their ears and noses, their heads without covering except tufts of hair on the crown, and some of them wore dirty blankets over their shoulders waving in the wind."

Thus passed the winter and early spring of 1779, in a current of cheerfulness, only disturbed by an occasional duel or an execution. Captain E—— gives offence to Captain H——, and is challenged to mortal combat. E—— refuses, and H—— horsewhips him. E—— now challenges H——! They fight; but, quaintly observes our annalist, "no blood is shed, and not even a hair of their heads injured." Both, however, retire from the ground perfectly satisfied that the breach in their "honor" is made whole — until the next occasion for repair!

Five soldiers, condemned to death for desertion and robbery, are led to the gallows in a cart, seated on coffins, and with halters about their necks. A detachment of troops guards the unhappy criminals, and a large concourse of spectators gather in a circle about the place of execution. While these poor wretches are awaiting the fatal moment which is to end their earthly existence, three of them receive a pardon from the humane commander-in-chief, "who," justly remarks the narrator of these incidents, "is always tenderly disposed to spare the lives of his soldiers." Two of the condemned, more culpable than the others, are obliged to submit to their fate. One is accompanied to the gallows by his brother. Their warm expressions of affection bring tears upon the cheeks of every beholder. They cling together in the fondest embrace, kissing each other, until the hangman is forced to part them, and to perform his cruel function.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

The Tory Plunderers in East Florida.—General Robert Howe marches against Them.—Off for Georgia.—Fort Tonyon abandoned.—General Howe retires to Savannah.—Disappointment.—The British Expedition.—Colonel Campbell.—His Character.—His Arrival in Georgia.—He attacks and beats Howe.—Howe tried and acquitted by Court-Martial.—His Fault.—General Prevost on the March.—He takes Sunbury.—He arrives at Savannah.—All Georgia for the British.—Howe recalled.—General Lincoln appointed to the Command of the Americans.—His Life and Character.—His Arrival in Georgia.—Success of Moultrie at Port Royal.—Lincoln resolves to act.—General Ashe defeated by Campbell.—Restoration of Confidence among the Tories.—March of Prevost through South Carolina.—Retreat of Moultrie.—Charleston aroused.—Energy of Governor Rutledge.—Gallant Sortie of Count Pulaski.—Proposition of the Charleston Authorities.—No Politician.—Lincoln advances.—Prevost retires.

1778. THE tories had gathered in considerable force in East Florida late in the autumn, whence they crossed into Georgia, and plundered and laid waste the country. General Robert Howe, who was chief in command of the troops of the southern states, now collected a force of two thousand men (a few of whom were continental soldiers, but the greater portion South-Carolina and Georgia militia), and prepared to advance into Florida and attack the tory depredators in their own haunts. He was already on his march, when he learned that the enemy, with a body of tories and Indians, were also on the move, to invade Georgia. General Howe hastened to meet them; and, on reaching Fort Tonyon, situated on the St. Mary's river, he found the works partially demolished and abandoned by the enemy, who had retired as he advanced, and were retreating toward St. Augustine. Dissension now occurred among Howe's officers, and the climate of that region of swamps began to sicken the men. In a short time, disease and death had so diminished and weakened the troops, that hardly one half were fit for duty. The American commander therefore resolved upon retiring, and returned to Savannah, where, upon his arrival, he gave such a sorry account of his expedition as created great disappointment.

Sir Henry Clinton, apprized of the apparent ascendency of the loyalists at the South, determined to strengthen the British influence there by a vigorous manifestation of force. Although the larger portion of the fleet under Admiral Byron, who succeeded Lord Howe, had sailed for the West Indies (after looking into Boston harbor, and finding Count d'Estaing too strongly moored to be disturbed), a considerable number of men-of-war were still at New York. Sir Henry Clinton accordingly despatched a body of about two thousand troops for the South under the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, in a squadron commanded by Commodore Hyde Parker.

Campbell was the officer who had been captured off Boston, and suffered so long an imprisonment, till he was exchanged for General Lee. He was possessed of

great military skill, and tact in conciliating his enemies. No better man could have been selected to conduct the southern expedition. He arrived off the coast of Georgia near the close of the year, and, having sailed up the Tybee for twelve miles, debarked his troops about three miles below Savannah, the capital of the state. General Prevost, who was in command of the British force in Florida, was ordered to co-operate with Campbell by marching into Georgia from the south.

Dec. 29.

Major-General Howe, who had just returned from his unfortunate expedition against the tory and Indian marauders of East Florida, was posted with one thousand five hundred men within half a mile of Savannah. His ground had been well selected. Parallel to and in advance of his front was a lagoon, over which the main road to Savannah passed by means of a bridge, but which the American commander destroyed, in order to prevent the advance of the British from the town. His right flank was covered by a morass, mostly overgrown with a thick wood, with here and there a house, however, where some riflemen were posted. His left was protected by the swamps of the Savannah river, which, in order further to strengthen his position, he had connected with the morass on his right by digging a trench along his front. The town and works of Savannah covered his rear. Howe, confident in the strength of his ground, calmly awaited the approach of the enemy.

As the British van came up, a skirmish took place, but with little result, beyond the loss of a few men and a brave English officer. Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell had pushed forward with the first division of his troops, and was reconnoitring Howe's position, when a negro presented himself, who undertook to point out a by-path that led through the swamp to the American rear. Campbell gladly availed himself of the negro's information and guidance, and instantly made them available in action.

Sir James Baird was detached with the light-infantry and the corps of New-York loyalists, to take the path to the American rear disclosed by the negro; while Campbell himself remained in front, arranging his line and preparing for action. He intentionally delayed his attack until a fire in the American rear gave proof that Sir James had accomplished his object. The first gun was a signal for general assault. Campbell pushed on promptly in front, while Baird pressed in toward the American rear.

General Howe's troops, thus surrounded, were broken and driven in confusion from their ground. The defeat was instantaneous and decisive. Never was a victory of such magnitude so completely gained with so little loss, the British having but seven killed and nineteen wounded.* The Americans were hotly pursued through Savannah, and Howe was only able to save a small remnant of his force by fleeing up the river and escaping into South Carolina. He left behind him five hundred and fifty men either dead, wounded, or prisoners, together with all his artillery and baggage.

General Howe was subsequently tried

* Lee's Southern War.

by court-martial, but acquitted. Whatever may have been his skill, however, in the choice of his ground, and his gallantry in awaiting the attack of a superior enemy, he certainly was amenable to the charge of a want of due circumspection, in leaving the by-path which led to his rear, open to the advance of the enemy. It could hardly have been from ignorance —for "how happens it," as the historian asks, "that he who had been in command in that country for many months, should not have discovered the by-way passing to his rear, when Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell contrived to discover it in a few hours?"*

Brigadier-General Prevost was equally effective in accomplishing his part of the enterprise. Early in January, he **1779.** rapidly marched northward and entered Georgia. Immediately investing Sunbury, below Savannah, he compelled it to surrender; and, having left a garrison in the fort, proceeded to the latter town without opposition. Being superior in rank, Prevost assumed the chief command of all the royal forces at the South, and detached his subordinate against Augusta. Campbell got possession of the town without striking a blow. In the course of a short month, the whole state of Georgia was restored to the authority of the British crown. Nor was this result due more to the strength of the enemy's arms than to the conciliatory tact of the British generals. Both Campbell and Prevost spared the property and protected the lives of the vanquished. This prudent policy soon produced its legitimate fruits, and was rewarded with the affections of the people, who now flocked to the British standard.

After taking possession of Augusta, as already mentioned, Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton was detached into the interior of Georgia, in order to crush any remaining resistance, and to encourage the loyalists to come forward and aid in completing the establishment of royal authority in the state. Colonel Pickens, of South Carolina, hastily gathered his regiment of militia, and marched into Georgia, with the view of thwarting the progress of British influence. Advancing toward Hamilton, he was on the point of giving him battle, when, finding him too strong, sustained as he was by the co-operation of the inhabitants, he retired. On his return, Pickens fell in with a party of loyalists, under Colonel Boyd. These marauders were desolating the frontier of South Carolina, on their way to join the royal troops, and were now encountered at Kettle creek, within two days' **Feb. 14.** march of Augusta. A sanguinary struggle took place, in which the tory leader and seventy of his followers having been slain, and an equal number taken prisoners, the rest fled. This was the only check received by the British during their invasion of Georgia, Savannah being made the headquarters of their army in the South, and retained as such "until near the close of the contest, in 1782, when every rood of the soil, outside of the intrenchments around that city, was in possession of the republicans."

The fatality which seemed to attend the expeditions of General Robert Howe

* Lee.

created a strong prejudice against him; and the delegates in Congress from South Carolina and Georgia clamorously insisted upon the substitution in his place of a more experienced general. At the same time, the states of Virginia and North Carolina were urgently appealed to for succor. The latter promptly responded, and sent to the aid of her suffering sister-state two thousand militia, under Generals Ashe and Rutherford. As these were, however, unarmed, it was some time before they could be of effective service. In the meantime, Congress appointed Major-General Lincoln, of Massachusetts, commander of the southern department, in the place of General Howe, who joined the main army, under Washington.

Benjamin Lincoln led the life of a farmer near Hingham, in Massachusetts, his native town, until he was more than forty years of age. Patriotism made a soldier of him, and, after serving as an officer in the militia, he was appointed in 1777 a major-general in the continental army. He served with Gates at Saratoga, where he was wounded. His great influence in his native state was exercised much to the advantage of the American northern campaign, at a time when the first triumphs of Burgoyne had depressed the hopes of the eastern patriots. "Upright, mild, and amiable, he was universally respected and beloved; a truly good man, and a brave and prudent but not consummate soldier," is the character written of him by Harry Lee. In person, he was large and corpulent, and the heaviest officer in the army, his weight at one time being about three hundred pounds.

General Lincoln reached Charleston in January, soon after Howe's disaster at Savannah, and immediately hurried into Georgia, where he gathered the scattered American force, and, uniting it with the Carolina troops, stationed his army at Purysburg, on the Savannah river, about fifteen miles above the city of Savannah. The American troops were less than four thousand in number, and of these only eleven hundred were regular soldiers, the rest being raw militia. 1779.

The enemy's forces amounted to about the same as the Americans; but, as they were distributed at different posts from Savannah to Augusta, a distance of one hundred miles, they were not sufficiently concentrated to act with much effect on the offensive. The British general, moreover, was for the present contented with the possession of Georgia, which he strove to retain by maintaining his long line of defence. Lincoln, in the meanwhile, although he held his force compactly together, did not for some time seem to be disposed to begin operations.

General Prevost, anxious to establish a post in South Carolina, preparatory to the future purposes of his campaign, detached two hundred men by sea to take possession of Port Royal, an island near Charleston. They succeeded in making good their landing, but were soon ousted by the brave Colonel Moultrie, who, at the head of a few hundred militia, drove the British from the island, and would have totally destroyed them had not the ammunition given out. Some well-known Carolina names, as Barnwell, Heyward, Rutledge, and Wilkins, were among those

which became distinguished in the conflict of that day.

General Lincoln, being strengthened by a large accession of militia from the Carolinas, now resolved upon action. Fifteen hundred men, of whom one hundred only were regulars, were detached, under General Ashe, of North Carolina, to take post on the Carolina side of the Savannah river, opposite Augusta. Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, who was stationed in the town, fell back immediately on the approach of the Americans, and, crossing Brier creek, encamped at Hudson's ferry, twenty-four miles above Ebenezer, where General Prevost had his headquarters.

Feb. 20.

Lincoln's object was, if possible, to cut off the enemy from the northern part of Georgia; and therefore, after securing the posts along the Savannah, on the Carolina side, he ordered General Ashe to cross the river, with the view of keeping the British within the lower country, along the seaboard, where the malaria of that unhealthy region would prove a formidable scourge to the invaders during the ensuing summer heats. Ashe, in accordance with General Lincoln's directions, posted himself behind Brier creek, where it falls into the Savannah, forty miles below Augusta. Prevost determined to dislodge him. To conceal his object, the British general made a feint of crossing the Savannah with his main body. While Ashe was concentrating his attention upon this demonstration, Prevost marched with a strong detachment for a distance of fifty miles—forded Brier creek, fifteen miles above the American camp—and fell suddenly upon its rear. The handful of continental troops, under Elbert, made a brave though vain resistance; but the militia were driven away in confused flight. The British loss was insignificant, while only four hundred and fifty of the Americans ever rejoined the army. Some were killed, others perished in the morasses, and many were drowned in attempting to cross the Savannah river. By this disaster, one fourth part of Lincoln's small force was destroyed.

March 3.

The spirit of loyalty in Georgia to the British throne, which had been temporarily discouraged by the advance of the American troops, and the retirement of Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell from Augusta, was now revived by the success of Prevost. But in the neighboring state of South Carolina, the disasters of the American arms in Georgia only served to reanimate the people to more vigorous exertions for the cause of independence. John Rutledge, being immediately appointed governor, and invested with the powers of a dictator, imparted resolution to all by his wise counsels, his eloquent appeals, and firm conduct. The militia rallied to the American standard, and General Lincoln (whose force had now increased to five thousand men) was encouraged in his efforts to hold Augusta and the upper part of Georgia.

Having left a thousand men, under the command of Moultrie, to defend the posts of Purysburg and Black swamp, Lincoln in the latter part of April moved toward Augusta. While he was marching along the right bank of the Savannah, General Prevost, aware of the movement, took ad-

vantage of the American commander's absence, and crossed the river to Purysburg with two thousand regulars, and a considerable body of loyalists and Creek Indians. After entering South Carolina, and finding Purysburg abandoned, the British general made a forced march during the night, in the hope of overtaking Moultrie at Black swamp. He was, however, three hours too late.

Moultrie, being joined by Colonel M'Intosh, who had made a timely retreat from Purysburg, took post at Tulifinnee bridge, leaving Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens, with a small party of continental troops and a body of militia, at Coosawhatchie bridge; which, however, after a gallant defence, in which he was wounded, he was forced to abandon on the advance of Prevost. The British general's object was Charleston, by threatening which he hoped to divert Lincoln, who had now recrossed the Savannah, from his Georgia project. The latter, however, thinking Prevost's movement was but a feint, persevered, and contented himself with despatching a party of three hundred infantry, under Colonel Harris, to reinforce Moultrie, and aid him in opposing the march of the British through South Carolina.

May 1. General Prevost, nevertheless, proceeded on his march toward Charleston. Moultrie continued to retreat before him; and, having no cavalry, he was unable to check the British advance, and only to embarrass it by destroying the bridges. The march of the British commander through South Carolina was triumphant. General Lincoln was away in Georgia; Governor Rutledge, with the reserve militia, was in the interior; Moultrie, with his handful of men, was in retreat; the inhabitants of the state were panic-stricken, and many in their fright appealed to the British for protection. Prevost might now have pushed on and carried Charleston by a *coup de main*. For some unaccountable reason, however, he delayed for two or three days on his march, and lost his chance.

The threatened city, in the meantime, was aroused from the lethargy of despair to the activity of hope. The lieutenant-governor and the council made the greatest exertions to stimulate the energies of the inhabitants. Every effort was made to fortify the town. "Masters and servants, boys and girls," says Lee, "mixed in the honorable work of self-defence." All the houses in the suburbs were burnt. Intrenchments and *abattis* of trees were extended from Ashley to Cooper rivers, and cannon mounted across the whole extent of Charleston neck. The militia of the neighborhood thronged in at the call of the lieutenant-governor.

General Moultrie's retreating troops at length arrived. Governor Rutledge and the militia, with a reinforcement of continental troops, followed, having hurried forward by forced marches. On the 10th of May, all were in the town.

It was not until the next day that nine hundred of the British troops crossed the Ashley river, and appeared before the town. The main body, **May 11.** with the baggage, were left on the other side. The spirited Pulaski, with his legion of light-horse, arrived to aid in the rescue of Charleston on the very day on

which the British presented themselves. He strove to make himself useful on the moment. The English had hardly arrived two hours, when the gallant Pole led a body of horse and some infantry beyond the lines, and, having stationed the latter in a valley, behind a small breastwork, endeavored to draw the enemy into an ambuscade. Advancing at the head of a troop of horse, Pulaski provoked an engagement with the British cavalry, and then retreated to the infantry. The latter, however, in their eagerness to engage, had left their ambush, and thus thwarted the design.

A struggle ensued, in which the British, with their superior numbers, had the advantage. Count Pulaski, by personal activity and bravery, did all in his power to compensate for the imprudence of his men, but was finally obliged to retreat within the lines.

That the town might not be assaulted by surprise during the night, tar-barrels were lighted up in front of the works. This precaution gave rise to an accident which was greatly lamented in South Carolina, as it deprived the state of one of its most devoted patriots. Governor Rutledge, having discovered a breach in the *abattis*, sent Major Benjamin Huger, at the head of a small party, to repair it. The garrison, seeing by the light of the tar-barrels some men at the works, and not being aware of their purpose, took them for enemies, and fired upon them, killing Huger and twelve of his men.

May 12. On the following day a council was held, when, as there was little trust to be put in the military conduct of the three thousand three hundred troops which defended the city, they being chiefly raw militia; and as, although Lincoln was now marching to their assistance, the time of his arrival was uncertain, it was determined by a majority of the civil (though not of the military) officers to make a proposition to the British general.

The proposition was as follows: "That South Carolina will remain in a state of neutrality till the close of the war, and then follow the fate of its neighbors, on condition that the royal army will withdraw."* The British commander bluntly rejected this offer, declaring that he was no politician, and demanded that, as the garrison were in arms, they should surrender as prisoners-of-war. This was answered by an absolute refusal.

* "To gain time," says Simms, "was of the utmost consequence. A day was consumed in tendering and returning flags. Prevost was deluded. The better to beguile him, a large hope was held out as a lure to expectation. The commissioners were instructed to propose the neutrality of South Carolina during the war, and that the future of the state should be determined by the event of the war.

"It has been assumed, by certain writers, that this offer was made in good faith; and it was the policy of Rutledge that it should appear so. There were hundreds of loyalists in the city who found means to communicate by night with the enemy. It was necessary that people and army should equally believe that the governor and his council were in earnest, in order that Prevost should believe it also. Meantime, the end was gained.

"Prevost discovered, after awhile, that the negotiations did not include the army; that, even if the city were surrendered, the troops in it might all cross to the east side of the Cooper, and escape; and that he should only possess the shell of the oyster. He demanded to treat with the military commandant, who was Moultrie. When Rutledge referred the matter finally to him, he exclaimed, 'I will save the city!' and his exclamation excited the people to enthusiasm. They had heard of the negotiations. They were roused to mutiny, people and army; and, had the governor and council persisted, which we have no reason to suppose that they designed to do, they would have been torn in pieces."—*History of South Carolina*, p. 233.

Prevost now prepared for an assault; but, having for some days hesitated to begin operations, an express from Lincoln was in the meantime captured. This suddenly changed his plans; for, learning that the American general was rapidly advancing toward Charleston, he feared that he might be caught between two fires. The British commander now precipitately quitted his ground. He had scarcely crossed the Ashley river, when Lincoln arrived at Dorchester, within a short distance of Charleston. Prevost began his retreat, by means of the boats at his command, along the seacoast; and, having first crossed to James's island, he finally passed over to John's island, where he awaited the reinforcements which he expected to receive from Sir Henry Clinton at New York.

West of the Alleghanies, where pioneers from the seaboard states had planted sparse settlements, the storm of war was meanwhile sweeping. Border forays had occurred soon after the war broke out; and finally, in 1778, a regular expedition against the English frontier posts northward of the Ohio had been led by Major George Rogers Clarke, the most active of the military commanders of that region. He was a Virginian by birth, and commanded a company in Governor Lord Dunmore's army in 1774. The following year he went to Kentucky, and became the leader of the armed settlers in that region. He was in active service most of the time till the close of the Revolution. Subsequently, he was created a major-general in the armies of France, and was to take command of the expedition which Genet, the French minister, endeavored to organize in Kentucky against the Spaniards on the Mississippi, but which failed. Clarke's operations in 1778 were in the present states of Indiana and Illinois: the British posts of Kaskaskia, Cohokia, and Vincennes, were successively captured.

In January, 1779, the commander of the enemy's post at Detroit retook Vincennes. Clarke, with one hundred and seventy-five men, penetrated the country from the Ohio, in February, to recover it. For a whole week they traversed "the drowned lands" of Illinois, suffering every privation from wet, cold, and hunger. When they arrived at the Little Wabash, where the forks of the streams are three miles apart, they found the intervening space covered with snow-water to the depth of three feet. Over a distance of five miles those hardy soldiers travelled through the chilling flood, in the deep forest, the water sometimes up to their armpits. At last they appeared, with their faces blackened with gunpowder—a fearful apparition—before the fort at Vincennes. Two days afterward, the stars and stripes were waving in triumph over that little fortress.* **Feb. 18.**

* Lossing.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

General Lincoln attacks the Enemy.—Forced to retire.—The British Policy in South Carolina.—Devastation.—Plunder of Property.—Negroes enticed.—The British from New York invade Virginia.—Fall of Portsmouth and Norfolk.—Wanton Devastation and Robbery.—Vain Remonstrance of the Assembly of Virginia.—Grand Expedition of Sir Henry Clinton.—He takes the Fort at Stony Point.—Verplanck's Point surrendered.—The British Fleet ascends the Hudson.—Washington moves his army toward West Point.—Disposition of the American Force.—General Wayne on the Practicability of retaking Stony Point.—British Expedition against Connecticut.—Plunder of New Haven.—Governor Tryon's Devastations at East Haven.—Fairfield in Ashes.—Tryon's Conscience pricked.—Loss to Connecticut.—Tryon glorified.—Wayne in Readiness.—Description of Stony Point.—Negro Pompey.—Plan and Disposition of the Attack.—The Guards gagged.—Fleury in Advance.—The Struggle.—Wayne down.—He is carried into the Fortress.—The Victory.—A Characteristic Despatch.—The Enemy's Guns turned.—The British Fleet slip Anchors.—Stony Point abandoned.—The Works at West Point

1779. PREVOST, as related in the previous chapter, having crossed from James's to John's island, General Lincoln on leaving Dorchester moved along the mainland until he came opposite to the British encampment, from which he was now only separated by Stono inlet. Prevost having marched with a body of his troops to the Savannah river, Lincoln took the occasion of attacking Lieutenant-Colonel Maitland, who was left in command of the remnant of the British force on the island.

June 20. The attack was made spiritedly and as spiritedly resisted. The object of the Americans, however, was not gained, and they were forced to retreat to the mainland. The loss on both sides was about equal.

It was now the hottest season of these southern latitudes, and all active hostilities ceased. Prevost reached Savannah, and Lieutenant-Colonel Maitland, remaining in South Carolina, took post at Beaufort, on the island of Port Royal. Lincoln, with his force diminished, by the return of the militia to their homes, to about eight hundred men, established himself at Sheldon, that he might conveniently watch the movements of the enemy at Beaufort.

The British, on their march through South Carolina, did not pursue the same generous policy by which they had gained over the inhabitants of Georgia. The plantations were wantonly laid waste, and the houses plundered of plate and jewelry. The negroes were tempted by promises of freedom to abandon their masters, and they came in hundreds to join the British, to whom they revealed the hiding-places of the planters' property. Three thousand slaves were thus lost to their masters; some were enrolled in the British ranks, but not a few were shipped to to the West Indies and sold. South Carolina estimated its loss in labor at no less than two hundred and eighty thousand dollars.*

Sir Henry Clinton, still intent upon his plan of detached expeditions to ravage

* Lossing.

and destroy, determined now to make a descent upon Virginia. He accordingly selected two thousand troops for the purpose, and put them under the command of General Matthews. Having embarked on board Sir George Collier's squadron, they reached Hampton roads on the 9th of May. On landing, Portsmouth, which was defenceless, and Norfolk, which was still in ruins, fell at once into the possession of the invaders. The troops pushed on by land, and destroyed houses, stores, and property of all kinds, at Suffolk, Kemp's landing, Gosport, Tanner's creek, and elsewhere. The British men-of-war were no less active in wrong and injury. Within the fortnight during which the expedition continued on the coast, the damage they did was enormous. More than one hundred and thirty vessels of all kinds (merchantmen, privateers, and men-of-war) were either burned or captured. Seventeen British prizes and three thousand hogsheads of tobacco were seized at Portsmouth and carried away.

May 5.

The assembly of Virginia resolved that "the governor be required to remonstrate to the British commander against such a cruel and unprecedented manner of waging war, not authorized by any civilized nation." Unfortunately, the more powerful argument of men and arms could not be urged; and the appeals to their humanity were not listened to by the enemy in those days of embittered hostility. The British returned to New York, after an absence of only a month, when other service was found, equally congenial to those heartless depredators.

Sir Henry Clinton had for some time projected an attack upon the two American posts at Stony Point and Verplanck's Point. These sites on the Hudson river, just below the Highlands, and a little south of Peekskill, had been selected for the erection of forts, in order to guard the mountain-passes beyond, and King's ferry, forming the most convenient communication between the eastern and middle states. At Verplanck's Point, on the east side of the river, a strong fort had already been completed, and was now garrisoned by seventy men, under Captain Armstrong. The works on Stony Point, opposite, were unfinished, and were defended only by forty soldiers.

The British commander-in-chief determined to lead the expedition in person; and, having added to his party some of the marauders just returned from Virginia, he set out from New York with a fleet of not less than seventy sail and one hundred and fifty small boats, carrying five thousand troops. General Vaughan, who commanded the land-force, debarked on the east side of the Hudson; while Sir Henry Clinton, advancing farther up the river, landed with some marines and guns on the western bank, and took possession of the unfinished fort at Stony Point without opposition. Here cannon and mortars were dragged during the night to the summit of the rocky heights. The next morning, Clinton opened his batteries, and poured a storm of fire upon Verplanck's Point, which was completely commanded from his position. In the meantime, General Vaughan, who had made a long circuit

May 30.

May 31.

through the hills, arrived and invested the fort by land. The garrison, finding it useless to resist, surrendered themselves as prisoners-of-war. **June 1.**

The enemy now applied themselves diligently to completing and strengthening the works, while their fleet still lingered up the Hudson. Washington, becoming solicitous about West Point and the other forts above, moved his army in that direction. From Middlebrook, in New Jersey, he marched to Smith's clove, where he left the main body under the command of General Putnam, and established his own headquarters at New Windsor, where he might be near West Point, which important position he was most anxious to secure. General M'Dougall had been substituted, in command of this latter post, for Putnam, who had now become less efficient from the effects of age. Three brigades, under General Heath, recently transferred from Boston, were posted on the eastern side of the river; Nixon's was at Constitution island; Parsons's opposite to West Point, with instructions to send fatigue-parties daily across the river to assist in constructing the works yet in progress; and Huntington's on the principal road leading to Fishkill.

Washington, conscious of the importance of the two posts lately wrested from him by the British, eagerly sought an opportunity to recover them. To General Wayne, who was in command of the light-infantry stationed between the main army at Smith's clove and Fort Montgomery, Washington wrote: "The importance of the two posts of Verplanck's Point and Stony Point to the enemy is too obvious to need explanation. We ought, if possible, to dispossess them."

Sir Henry Clinton had returned with most of his troops and ships to New York, with a view to making other incursions; and Washington thought the occasion might be convenient for the execution of his design upon Stony and Verplanck's Points. "It is a matter I have much at heart," he said, "to make some attempts upon these posts in the present weak state of the garrisons." Wayne was then entreated to use his best endeavors to acquire the necessary information, and to give his opinion on the practicability of a surprise of one or both of these places, especially of Stony Point. Wayne's reply was prompt and emphatic. "General," answered he, "I'll storm h–ll, if you will only plan it!" We shall see hereafter how far his actions responded to his words in the lesser attempt upon Stony Point.

Throughout the whole period of the Revolution, and especially during the latter years of the contest, the inhabitants of Connecticut were among the greatest sufferers by the frequent marauding expeditions sent out from the enemy's headquarters at New York. Thus, early in the present year (1779), the cruel and infamous Tryon, the last of the royal governors of New York, marched into Connecticut from Kingsbridge, with fifteen hundred British regulars and Hessians, to destroy some salt-works belonging to Americans at Horseneck, and to attack a detachment under General Putnam, lying at Greenwich. The republicans were dispersed, and Putnam barely escaped capture by some dragoons, who **Mar. 25.**

pursued him in his flight toward Stamford.* He rallied his troops at the latter place, pursued the enemy on their retreat through Westchester county, recaptured a quantity of plunder in their possession, and took thirty-eight of them prisoners.

The British government having deliberately determined upon a fresh predatory expedition into Connecticut, and instructed Sir Henry Clinton to that effect, he appointed Governor Tryon to the congenial command of the marauders. Twenty-six hundred troops, a large portion of them Hessian mercenaries, embarked on board of about fifty transports, and, being escorted by the Camilla and Scorpion men-of-war, sailed from New York up the East river and Long-island sound for New Haven. Before coming to anchor in the bay, Governor Tryon concocted with General Garth, his second in command, a proclamation to the inhabitants of Connecticut. In this document, the people were urged to return to their duty and allegiance; and all, except the civil and military officers of the government, should they remain peaceably at home, were promised protection in person and property. The proclamation was sent ashore, and the next day the British fleet came to anchor in New-Haven bay.

July 4.

Without giving the people an opportunity to consult upon the promises offered in the proclamation, and to agree upon action, Governor Tryon at once debarked his troops. One division, commanded by himself, landed at East Haven; the other, under General Garth, at West Haven. The latter pushed on to New Haven, being somewhat harassed by the militia who had gathered to oppose him. The town was delivered up to promiscuous plunder. Whigs, and even tories, who had not provided themselves with protections, suffered greatly. Many of the inhabitants deserted their homes, and fled with their wives and children to East rock, a hill in the neighborhood of the town; and from its heights, while trembling for their lives, they looked down upon the marauders who were pillaging and destroying their property in the town. The houses were robbed of plate and money; and the hogsheads of rum, molasses, and sugar, in which New Haven in those days carried on so large a trade, were turned out of the West-Indian warehouses, and wantonly broken and wasted. Personal collisions occurred between the drunken soldiers and the injured inhabitants, and occasional scenes of bloodshed and cruelty ensued.

July 5.

On the following day, the militia began to collect in such threatening force, that Garth drew off his troops, having burned the storehouses upon the wharf before his departure. At East Haven, during the same day, Tryon not only plundered but burnt the houses, and destroyed the cattle. He, however, like Garth, was frightened away from further barbarity by the threatening aspect of the provoked inhabitants.

July 6.

The next point of attack was Fairfield. On the fleet coming to anchor off the

* "It was on this occasion," observes Mr. Lossing, "that Putnam's alleged descent of a flight of stone steps, on horseback, took place. That he fled down a steep hill, near a flight of steps that had been formed for the accommodation of the neighboring inhabitants in taking a direct way to a church on the eminence, there can be no doubt; but, that he went all the way down the steps, is a pure fiction."

town, Tryon sent ashore a copy of his proclamation, with a flag of truce to Colonel Whiting, who commanded the militia, and giving him an hour to consider upon a reply, by which he might save the town. The colonel did not long deliberate, and sent back an answer in behalf of the Connecticut people, saying, "The flames have now preceded their answer to your flag, and they will persist to oppose to the utmost that power which is exerted against injured innocence." This reached the fleet at sunset. Throughout that night and the ensuing morning, the British plundered and destroyed, until the whole town of Fairfield was laid in ashes, and the country for two miles around was devastated.

July 7.

Norwalk was the next object of these ruthless invaders, and its fate was fully as merciless as that of Fairfield. Churches were burnt in common with the houses. Governor Tryon, feeling some compunctions of conscience for his conduct, justified the destruction of the dwellings on the ground that the occupants fired from them upon his troops, and expressed his regret at "the loss of two places of public worship at Fairfield, which took fire unintentionally by the flakes from other buildings; and," he added, "I gave strict orders for the preservation of that at Norwalk." Nevertheless, it is said that while Norwalk was in flames, the merciless Tryon, with a sorry imitation of Nero, seated himself in a rocking-chair upon a neighboring eminence, and gloated over the scene of desolation. It is also asserted that when he had completed the work of destruction in these pleasant and beautiful villages, he boasted of his clemency, declaring that the existence of a single house was a monument of the king's mercy! Truly has it been aid that Tryon was a disgrace to the British name. He was a fit instrument for an infatuated ministry; and, for his wrong doings in America, before and during the Revolution, the English *people* thoroughly disliked him.

July 12.

The estimated loss to the people of Connecticut by these depredations was one hundred and twelve thousand six hundred and forty-seven dollars, at New Haven; one hundred and eighty-one thousand three hundred and sixty-six dollars, at Fairfield; and one hundred and sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight dollars, at Norwalk — comprising a large amount in those days of limited means and simple habits.

Tryon was arrested in the midst of his barbarous raids upon Connecticut, by a recall from Sir Henry Clinton, to confer upon an attack on New London, which town, being a great harbor of refuge for American privateers, it was determined to treat with the utmost severity. Sir Henry had been persuaded that this petty system of depredations which he was now pursuing would, by striking at the homes and property of the people, be more effective than a nobler warfare. Its effect, however, was only to increase the feeling of hostility, while it did not seriously diminish the means.

Still, the government of Great Britain did not seem dissatisfied with the result; and the minister, Lord George Germain, wrote to Sir Henry Clinton, saying: "The

expedition into Connecticut, upon which you detached Major-General Tryon, was ably planned and well executed; and you will acquaint Major-General Tryon, and the officers that were under his care, *that their conduct has met with his majesty's approbation.*" His lordship, notwithstanding, had some misgivings about the barbarities practised, for he adds: "I can not help lamenting, with you, that the behavior of the rebels, in firing from their houses upon the troops, rendered it necessary to make use of severities that are ever painful to British soldiers to inflict."

General Wayne was now ready for the attack upon Stony Point, which, in accordance with the suggestion of Washington, he had been contemplating for some time. The works had been completed by the British. Standing upon a high promontory of rock, with the waters of the Hudson on three sides, a morass (which could only be crossed at low tide by a narrow causeway) on the fourth, and strongly fortified by art, Stony Point now presented a formidable fortress. Fortifications, compactly built, crowned the summit; heavy cannon threatened every approach; and on the acclivities were two rows of *abattis*. A garrison of six hundred choice British troops, under Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, manned the works, and several English gun-vessels were floating in the river within cannon-shot.

Wayne had diligently followed the advice of Washington, and in conjunction with the brave Major Lee had examined in person the position of the fort. Information had been carefully sought from deserters, and spies had been sent in to gain every possible intelligence. To a faithful negro belonging to a Captain Lamb, an ardent patriot of the neighborhood, Wayne was indebted for the most useful services. Pompey, this shrewd negro, succeeded in gaining admission into the fort, under the pretence of selling fruit, and soon established a traffic by which he was enabled to make frequent visits without exciting suspicion. As the season advanced, Pompey pleaded that his labors in the field (it being "hoeing-corn time") would prevent his visits by day; whereupon, as he expected, he was desired to make them by night. He was accordingly provided with the countersign, "*The fort is our own,*" in order that he might be readily admitted at all hours with his indispensable supplies for the refreshment of the garrison. Pompey thus acquired the most important information, of which Wayne was glad to avail himself, and chose him as his guide in the coming assault.*

General Wayne was now stationed at Sandy beach, distant about fourteen miles from Stony Point, and here he was joined at this time by the Massachusetts infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel Hale. Thus reinforced, Wayne marched at noon, in the height of the sweltering heat of the midsummer sun, over craggy hills and through narrow defiles and deep morasses, to within a mile and a half of the fort. So difficult and narrow was the route, that for the greatest part of the way the troops were forced to move in single file, and did not reach their destination until eight o'clock in the

July 15.

* Lossing.

evening. Here, as they came upon the ground, Wayne formed his force. The regiments of Colonels Febiger and Meigs, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hale's detachment of Massachusetts infantry, composed the right column; and Colonel Butler's regiment, with the two companies of Major Murfey, formed the left. One hundred and fifty men volunteered to form the van of the right, and were placed under the command of the gallant Frenchman, Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury. A hundred men, under Major Stewart, offered themselves for the same position on the left. Twenty picked men were selected as a forlorn hope to precede each van, and to remove the *abattis* and other obstructions; one party was led by Lieutenant Gibbon, and the other by Lieutenant Knox. Three hundred men, under General Muhlenberg, were to remain behind as a reserve, in case support should be required, or a retreat become necessary.

General Wayne now rode forward with his officers to reconnoitre, and, on his return, prepared to begin the assault at half-past eleven o'clock that night, the time fixed upon. Before moving, Wayne exhorted his men to obey his injunctions strictly, and not on any account to fire, but to trust entirely to their bayonets. Pompey's services were now put in requisition, and he led the way, accompanied by two stout and active soldiers, disguised as farmers. On coming up to the first sentry, the negro repeated the countersign; and, while engaging him in talk, Pompey's stalwart companions suddenly sprang upon the man and gagged him. The next sentinel was caught and treated in the same way. Thus the troops, without alarming the enemy, advanced to the causeway, where they were detained until past midnight, in consequence of the fullness of the tide.

Once across the causeway, the columns of the right and left advanced to their work. Wayne himself headed the former, and, repeating his order to his men to rely entirely upon their bayonets, led them on. The van had arrived within pistol-shot of the pickets on the heights of the promontory before the guards were roused, when their fire alarmed the whole garrison, which soon began to pour down a fire of musketry and grape. The Americans, however, obedient to command, did not return a shot, but pushed steadily on with fixed bayonets, and forced their way in spite of every obstacle. Both the right and left columns met in the centre of the enemy's works almost at the same moment.

Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury was the first to enter and strike the British standard, closely followed by Major Posey, his second in command, who sprang upon the ramparts, shooting the enemy's countersign, "*The fort is our own!*" Wayne, while advancing up the ascent, was struck on the head by a musket-ball, and brought to the ground. Thinking himself mortally wounded, he cried to his aid-de-camp, who came to his assistance, "Carry me into the fort, and let me die at the head of my column!" He was lifted up and borne into the fortress in the midst of his victorious troops. His wound proved less serious than he had at first supposed, and the general revived in time to share in

the immediate exultation on the success of his enterprise.

The British yielded themselves up as prisoners-of-war; and, before the morning dawned, Wayne was enabled to send intelligence of his victory to Washington, in this characteristic despatch:—

"STONY POINT, *July* 16, 1779.
"*Two o'clock, A. M.*

"DEAR GENERAL: The fort and garrison, with Colonel Johnson, are ours. Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free.

"Yours most sincerely,
"ANTHONY WAYNE."

Next morning, General Wayne turned the guns of the captured fortress on the works of Fort Lafayette at Verplanck's Point opposite, and upon the English vessels in the river. The latter were forced to slip their cables and move down the stream. The former stood fire; for the detachment of Americans under General Robert Howe, which had been ordered to attack the fort at Verplanck's Point, in co-operation with Wayne, had failed in consequence of neglect to bring with them the implements necessary for the success of the enterprise.

The loss of the Americans amounted to fifteen killed and eighty-three wounded; that of the British to sixty-three in killed, while the commander and all the garrison (numbering five hundred and forty-three officers and men) were taken prisoners. The forty gallant men who had volunteered to lead the van of the Americans were the greatest sufferers in the assault. Their daring officers, Lieutenants Gibbon and Knox, were especially commended by Wayne in his despatch for "their distinguished bravery."

On hearing of the fall of Stony Point, Sir Henry Clinton immediately broke up his conference at Throgg's Point, where in conjunction with Tryon he was planning an expedition against New London; and, abandoning that scheme, he hurried up the Hudson with reinforcements. It was hoped that Washington would risk a battle for the possession of Stony Point; but, finding that it could not be held with less than fifteen hundred men—a force which he could ill spare from his army—the commander-in-chief decided to abandon it.

The fort, having been dismantled of its cannon, and its stores removed, was destroyed; whereupon the enemy resumed possession of the site, and reconstructed fortifications of greater strength than ever. **July 18.**

Washington, solicitous for the safety of West Point, now removed his headquarters to that post, and urged on the completion of the works in progress, under the supervision of Kosciusko. The army was stationed, in two divisions, in the Highlands of the Hudson, where it remained until going into winter-quarters in December. The right wing, consisting of the Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia troops, were on the west side of the river, and commanded by General Putnam. The left wing, made up of New-England troops, under General Heath, rested on the east side.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

Paul Jones in France.—He gets a Squadron.—The Bon Homme Richard.—Sailing of the Ships.—Refitting at Brest.—A British Cruiser taken.—L'Orient.—The Richard all alone.—A Hundred American Tars.—First-Lieutenant Dale.—A Fresh Cruise.—Occasional Prizes.—Attempt on Leith.—A Gale.—The Bon Homme Richard abandoned by her Consorts.—A Daring Plan.—Falls in with a British Fleet.—The Fight begins.—Jones abandoned by Captain Landais.—The Serapis.—A Close Hug.—The Enemy attempt to board.—The Repulse.—The Man in the Tops.—An Explosion.—Terrible Havoc.—A Friend turned Enemy.—Panic.—Treason.—Quarter.—Fierce Oaths.—The Fight renewed.—Fire.—The Serapis strikes her Flag.—The Richard abandoned, and goes down.—Jones hoists his Flag on board the Serapis.—The Blood spilt.

1779. PAUL JONES'S spirited and successful cruise in the Ranger, on the English coast, had won for him great renown in France; and consequently he found his ambitious projects readily seconded by the French government. A small squadron, consisting of the Duras, the Alliance, the Pallas, the Cerf, and the Vengeance, was now placed under his command. The Alliance was the only American-built ship among them, but they were all to carry the American ensign, and were to be governed and considered in every respect as American vessels.

Benjamin Franklin, then the United States minister at the court of Versailles, had rendered effective aid in obtaining and fitting out the squadron; and Paul Jones complimented the philosopher by changing the name of his flag-ship, the Duras, to the *Bon Homme Richard*, a free rendering in French of the proverbial "*Poor Richard*." This vessel had been an Indiaman, and was clumsily constructed, with an old-fashioned poop, which rose from the stern like a tower. She was originally a single-decked ship, but Jones caused twelve ports to be cut in the gun-room, where he mounted six old eighteen-pounders, which had done service in the French navy for thirty years. Her whole armament amounted to forty-two guns, of varying weights, but generally rather light.

The crew consisted of a motley mixture of English, Scotch, Portuguese, Americans, Germans, Spaniards, Swedes, Italians, Malays, and channel-islanders. The officers, however, were for the most part Americans. One hundred and thirty-five marines, hardly less diversified in their nationality than the crew, were taken on board, chiefly to assist in preserving the discipline of the vessel. The Alliance was the best ship in the fleet; but, as related in a previous chapter,* she was commanded by Captain Landais, a Frenchman, and failed under his handling to be of the effective service that was expected. All the other vessels, with the exception of the *Bon Homme Richard*, were likewise under French commanders.

The squadron got under weigh from L'Orient, and, having convoyed some transports and coasters to **June 19.**

* See page 164.

their destined ports in France, prepared for a cruise. While lying-to, the Alliance, by clumsy management, got foul of the Richard, losing by the collision her own mizzen-mast, and carrying away the head, cut-water, and jib-boom, of her consort. They were now forced to return to L'Orient for repairs.

While making for port, the Cerf was sent in chase of a strange sail, and succeeded in coming up with what proved to be a small English cruiser of sixteen guns. After a sharp action of about an hour, the enemy was forced to strike her flag; but the Cerf had to abandon her, on the appearance of a larger British vessel, and made her way to L'Orient, with a loss of several men killed and wounded.

The rest of the squadron, in the meantime, had caught sight of three British men-of-war, which bore down before the wind as if disposed to engage; but, probably frightened by the apparent magnitude of the Richard, which stood high out of the water, and looked like a two-decker, they soon hauled up and made off with all the sail they could carry, and thus escaped.

The Richard was now left alone, the Alliance and the Pallas having parted company, and the Vengeance having been sent into port. Captain Jones, however, continued to look out for an antagonist, and soon fell in with two British cruisers; but, after first threatening to engage, they made off again, as if alarmed, like their countrymen on the previous occasion, by the formidable aspect of the pretentious American. Jones now made the best of his way to his old anchorage, under the isle of Groix, off L'Orient. Here the entire squadron was reunited.

Jones was detained by the necessary repairs to his vessel, the session of a court of inquiry appointed to investigate the conduct of Landais (of the Alliance) in running foul of the Richard, and other matters, for more than six weeks. In the meantime, however, he had the good fortune to gain a very welcome accession to his crew by the arrival in France of more than a hundred American sailors. These were men who had been held as prisoners in England, and were now exchanged. They almost to a man joined the American squadron, and were chiefly divided between the Richard and the Alliance. Jones now counted no less than three hundred and eighty souls on board his ship, and nearly a hundred of these were Americans, as were all his quarter-deck officers, with the exception of himself and a midshipman. A young American officer, of the name of Richard Dale, who had made his escape from an English prison, and joined the squadron on its first cruise, won so greatly the esteem of his commander, that he was now promoted to the rank of first-lieutenant.

The squadron at length put to sea for the second time, with a reinforcement of two French privateers, the Monsieur and the Granville. A dispute about the division of a prize taken a few days after sailing, however, caused the commander of the Monsieur to leave, which was felt to be a serious loss, as his ship mounted no less than forty guns. With various incidents, and an occasional success in taking a prize, the squadron

Aug. 14.

(with the exception of the Cerf, which had returned to France) sailed around Ireland and Scotland, until it came off the frith of Forth

Sept. 13. Jones, having learned that a twenty-gun ship and two or three men-of-war cutters were lying off Leith, the port of Edinburgh, two miles distant, determined to make a descent upon the town. He accordingly beat into the frith with the Richard, until he arrived within gun-shot of Leith, when he got out his boats and manned them. His first-lieutenant, Dale, who was to command the sailors on the occasion, was about receiving his last orders, when a sudden squall struck the ships and nearly dismasted them. Jones strove to keep his ground, with the view of carrying out his purpose, but the wind became too strong, and he was obliged to bear up. A severe gale followed, in the course of which all the vessels were driven into the North sea, and one of the prizes foundered.

Another still more daring enterprise was planned by the bold commodore, but his French subordinates strenuously protested against carrying it into effect. The scheme has never been explained, but it is said to have been warmly sanctioned by every officer from lieutenant to midshipman. Apparently with the fear that Jones would not be deterred from his project by the opinions of his colleagues, two of them determined to thwart him by their acts, and accordingly the commanders of the Pallas and the Vengeance sailed off with their ships. As the commodore could ill spare any of his little squadron, he reluctantly abandoned his scheme, and sailed to the south, to overtake the absentees.

Off Whitby, on the coast of Yorkshire, the Pallas and the Vengeance again joined company with the commodore, and with the aid of the latter he entered the Humber and took and destroyed a number of vessels. The whole coast now became greatly alarmed, and the inhabitants were so frightened, that many of them began to bury their plate and money. With this general excitement on shore, Jones thought it advisable to keep off the land, and he accordingly bore away in the direction of Flamborough head. While steering toward the north, two sails were made, which turned out to be the Alliance and the Pallas; and on the second day after leaving the **Sept. 23** mouth of the Humber, occurred the most memorable event in the career of Paul Jones.

The wind was southerly and light, and the sea smooth, as the American squadron —now composed of the Richard, the Alliance, the Pallas, and the Vengeance— gathered together. Soon a fleet of more than forty sail was seen stretching out from behind Flamborough head, and turning down toward the straits of Dover. It was mainly composed of traders returning from the Baltic, under convoy of the Serapis (forty-four), Captain Richard Pearson, and the Countess of Scarborough (twenty-two), Captain Piercy. The former was a new ship, with a good reputation as a sailer. She carried fifty guns: twenty eighteen-pounders on the lower gun-deck, twenty nine-pounders on the upper, and ten six-pounders on her quarter-

deck and forecastle, and was manned by a regular man-of-war's crew, numbering three hundred and twenty, of whom some fifteen were Lascars. The Scarborough was not a naval vessel, but had been armed and was now being temporarily used as such.

Commodore Jones, on discovering the character of the fleet, hoisted a signal for the rest of the squadron to begin a general chase, and crossed royal yards on board his own vessel. The English fleet of merchantmen were alarmed by these signs of hostility, and, hurriedly tacking together, firing alarm-guns, letting fly their top-gallant sheets, and making other signals of the danger they were in, ran to leeward or sought shelter closer in with the land. The Serapis, on the contrary, signalling the Scarborough to follow, hauled boldly out to sea, until she got far enough to windward, when she tacked and stood in shore again, to cover her convoy.* Captain Pearson had been informed, by the bailiff of the town of Scarborough, of the presence of the American squadron, and was accordingly on his guard.

The Alliance, being the fastest sailer, took the lead in the chase. As she moved ahead, Captain Landais spoke the Pallas, and told her commander that, if the enemy proved to be a fifty-gun ship, there was nothing to do but to try to get out of his way. Landais acted accordingly; for he had no sooner closed in sufficiently with the land to discover the size of the Serapis, than he hauled off again. His example was also followed by the Pallas; but, as her commander conducted himself so well in the subsequent part of the action, it has been readily allowed that he was under the supposition, as he afterward declared, that the crew of the Richard (since she was observed heading for the land) had mutinied, and were running off with her.

It was now quite dark, and Jones was obliged to use a night-glass in order to follow the movements of the enemy. The Richard, however, stood steadily on, and about half-past seven she came up with the Serapis, while the Scarborough was a short distance to leeward. The American ship was to windward, and, as she slowly drew near, Captain Pearson hailed her: "What ship is that?" The answer was, "Come a little nearer, and I'll tell you." "What are you laden with?" rejoined the Englishman. "Round, grape, and double-headed shot!" was the ready-witted response to what was considered by a man-of-war a contemptuous demand; and the two ships, without further parley, poured in their broadsides almost simultaneously.

The discharge proved terribly disastrous to the Richard; for two of the eighteen-pounders which Jones had caused to be placed in the gun-room, and from which he had expected so much good service, burst on the first fire, killing many of the men, and blowing up the deck above. All faith in these old eighteen-pounders being now gone, the men were ordered to abandon them, and trust entirely to their other guns. The inequality of the contest was in this way greatly increased, for it reduced the armament of the Richard

* Cooper, whose account we follow, as being the most authentic on record.

to nearly a third less than that of her antagonist.

The Richard, having backed her topsails, exchanged several broadsides, when she filled again and shot ahead of the Serapis, which ship luffed across her stern, and came up on the weather-quarter of her antagonist, taking the wind out of her sails, and in her turn passing ahead.

In the meantime, while the two ships were engaged closely and furiously, the Scarborough approached; but in the darkness of the night not being able to distinguish friend from foe, she edged away, without firing a shot. The Scarborough, however, exchanged broadsides with the Alliance at a great distance, and was at last brought to close quarters by the Pallas, and, after a struggle of about an hour, forced to strike her flag.

Let us, however, return to the two main antagonists. "As the Serapis kept her luff," says Cooper, "sailing and working better than the Richard, it was the intention of Captain Pearson to pay broad off across the latter's forefoot, as soon as he had got far enough ahead; but, making the attempt, and finding he had not room, he put his helm hard down to keep clear of his adversary, when the double movement brought the two ships nearly in a line, the Serapis leading. By these uncertain evolutions the English ship lost some of her way; while the American, having kept her sails trimmed, not only closed, but actually ran aboard of her antagonist, bows on, a little on her weather-quarter." At this moment, Jones cried out: "Well done, my brave lads; we've got her now! Throw on board the grappling-irons, and stand by for boarding!"

As, during these manœuvres, not a shot had been fired for some time, Captain Pearson hailed his antagonist, demanding, "Have you struck your colors?"—"*I have not yet begun to fight!*" was Jones's answer. The chains of the grappling-irons having been cut away, and the yards of the Richard being braced back, while the sails of the Serapis were filled, the two vessels separated. As soon as she was at a sufficient distance, the Serapis put her helm hard down, laid all aback forward, shivered her after-sails, and wore short round on her heel, or was box-hauled, with a view, most probably, of luffing up athwart the bow of her enemy, in order to rake her. "In this position, the Richard would have been fighting her starboard and the Serapis her larboard guns; but Commodore Jones, by this time, was conscious of the hopelessness of success against so much heavier metal; and, after having backed astern some distance, he filled on the other tack, luffing up with the intention of meeting the enemy as he came to the wind, and of laying him athwart hawse."*

In the smoke and confusion—as the firing continued the whole time from deck to main-top—there was necessarily great difficulty in manœuvring, and the two vessels ran foul again, the bowsprit of the Serapis passing over the Richard's poop. As the weather was mild, neither ship had much headway, and no damage was done by the collision. Paul Jones, having now got the enemy fast, resolved

* Cooper.

not to let him go again; and accordingly, taking some lashings, he fastened with his own hands the head-gear of the Serapis to the Richard's mizzen-mast. Stacey, the sailing-master, a Yankee skipper, was at Jones's side, assisting him, and was swearing with all the energy of an old tar. "Mr. Stacey," exclaimed the commodore, who was ordinarily not very honey-tongued himself, "this is no time for swearing—you may be the next moment in eternity; but let us do our duty."*

The Serapis, being before the wind, now had her hull swung round by her after-sails, and the two ships fell close alongside of each other. The jib-boom, however, of the Serapis, which Jones had lashed, gave way in the strain; but her spare anchor having got hooked into the quarter of the Richard, and additional lashings got out, she became faster than ever.

Captain Pearson, finding that the vessels were foul, dropped an anchor, with the hope that, as the current was setting strong, his enemy might drift clear of him; since, knowing the superiority of his ship, he preferred a regular combat with his guns to a close hand-to-hand struggle. The vessels, however, were too fast to part thus. The hulls were jammed close alongside; the yards were interlocked, so that the sailors of the Richard could pass from her maintop to the foretop of the Serapis; strong lashings bound the ships close together fore and aft; and the mouldings and ornamental work of the bows and sterns of the two had got so inextricably caught, that all hope of working clear had to be given up. Finding themselves thus locked in a fatal embrace, the English strove to board, but were driven back.

The fight now raged fiercely. The lower ports of the Serapis, which had been closed as she swung, to prevent boarding, were now blown off, as there was no room between the closely-jammed hulls to raise them. The guns were actually so close to the sides of the Richard, that in loading them the rammers projected into her ports. These heavy guns of the Serapis, with their muzzles thrust into the very ports of her enemy, cleared all before them; and the Americans were obliged to forsake their main-deck, and gather above. Some mounted the upper deck and forecastle, while others got upon the yards and into the tops, whence they kept up a constant fire of musketry, and threw hand-grenades.

The enemy was having the fight all to himself below, tearing the hull of the Richard to pieces with his heavy guns. The guns amidships, from the close contact of the two vessels, were of no use, for they could neither be sponged nor loaded. Jones could only bring into service three or four of his smaller cannon on the quarter-deck, one of which he had dragged over from the larboard side, and stood by it himself—directing its fire—through the whole action. The enemy seemed determined to carry the day, and would have done so, but for the activity and spirit of the Richard's men in the tops.

Jones's sailors and marines lay out on the Richard's main-yard; and, while some

* Analectic Magazine, vol. viii. An eye-witness.

threw grenades down upon the enemy's deck, others kept up a constant fire with musketry, blunderbusses, pistols, and every other kind of firearm which they could get hold of. Almost every man of the Serapis was thus driven below. They were not even safe here. One bold fellow had provided himself with a bucketful of combustibles and a match, and taken his post on the extreme end of the Richard's yard, whence he dropped his grenades down into the very main-hatchway of the Serapis. One of these grenades probably settled the day. By the carelessness of the powder-boys of the Serapis, a number of cartridges had been left on the main-deck, in a line with the guns, when a grenade dropped right among them, and in a moment the whole exploded in a flash from main to mizzen mast!

Sept. 23.

The effect of the explosion was terrific. More than a score of men were killed outright, and so completely torn to pieces, that of some nothing was left but the collars and wristbands of their shirts, or the waistbands of their duck trousers. Thirty-eight more were wounded, and some so severely, that there was little hope of recovery. Nearly sixty of the Serapis's crew were thus disabled, and all were greatly disheartened by the fatal accident. The sufferings and cries of the injured were so heart-rending, that the people of the Serapis, who were all crowded below, and were thus compelled to witness and hear them, began to give up in despair. Their drooping spirits, however, were suddenly aroused to hope, if not by an alleviation of their own misery, yet by a misfortune which now happened to their enemy.

The Alliance came bearing down, and, although the moon was up and the night clear, began to fire upon both friend and foe, her shots telling more severely upon the Richard than upon the Serapis. Fifty voices from the former at once hailed her, to tell her captain that he was firing upon the wrong vessel, and the usual night-signal of three lanterns was shown on the off side, while Jones ordered Landais to lay his ship aboard the enemy. He was asked if he understood the order, and he declared that he did. Landais then hauled off to some distance, but soon after drew closer, and began his fire again, pouring his broadsides indiscriminately into both vessels. Ten or twelve of the Richard's men on the forecastle fell; and an officer of the name of Caswell, who was killed, complained during the last moments of his life, with a bitterness which added to the agony of death, that he died by the hands of his friends.

The Alliance did great damage to the Richard. Her men became discouraged, and, leaving their guns, declared that the Englishmen on board the former had got possession of the ship. The Richard's tops were cut up, and her hull so damaged by the fire of the Alliance, and the water came in so freely through the shot-holes, that she began to settle. There was now a panic on board among the crew. A rumor circulated between-decks that the commodore and all his principal officers were slain, that the gunners were now in command, and that the ship had four or five feet of water in her hold. The sail-

.ors accordingly delegated the gunner, the carpenter, and the master-at-arms, to go on deck and beg quarter of the enemy. The English prisoners belonging to the prizes which had been taken, who numbered about one hundred, were let loose in the meantime, to save their lives; and one of them crept from the port of the Richard into that of the Serapis, and informed the British commander that in a few minutes all would be over with his enemy.

The gunner, in the meantime, reached the main-deck, followed by his associate delegates, and bawling out aloud, "Quarter, quarter, for God's sake quarter! our ship is sinking!" they got upon the ship's poop, in order to haul down the colors. The ensign and ensign-staff, however, had long since been shot away, and the three accordingly proceeded to the quarter-deck and began to haul at the pendant, still crying, "Quarter!"—"What rascals are those? Shoot them—kill them!" fiercely shouted Jones, who had now for the first time caught sight of the fellows, as he had been away for a moment on the forecastle. The carpenter and the master-at-arms no sooner heard that terrible voice, than they skulked below, where the gunner was attempting to follow them, when the commodore hurled a pistol at his head, which knocked him down at the foot of the gangway, where he lay senseless until the end of the battle.*

Captain Pearson, having heard the cry for quarter, and listened to the story of the English prisoner, now hailed his antagonist, crying, "Why don't you haul down your pendant?" The ensign, as we have seen, had already been shot away. "Haul down our pendant?" cried Jones. "*Ay, ay! we'll do that when we can fight no longer: we are waiting for yours to come down first!*"

The conflict was now renewed, with greater vigor than ever, but was soon suspended by the Richard taking fire. The ship had already been several times in flames, which had, however, been easily quenched by the tub of water in the foretop. The tub, nevertheless, was emptied again and again without effect, when at last the crew, by pulling off their coats and jackets, and first smothering the fire, succeeded in putting it out. The English captain now hailed again, to ask if Jones demanded quarter; and, mistaking the answer, which was in the negative, he ordered his men to take possession of the *prize*. He soon found out his mistake, however; for when some of his crew got on the gunwale of the Richard, they were met by a gang of boarders with their pikes, and forced to retreat in haste to their own ship. The American top-men now drove the crew of the Serapis (who had been ordered on deck) down below again, where they resumed their position at the lower guns, and continued their fire through and through the Richard's hull.

All fighting, however, soon ceased, as both ships were on fire, and their crews were busy in extinguishing the flames; while many of the men on board the Richard were kept constantly at the pumps, to prevent her sinking. The Serapis had been on fire twelve times during the ac-

* An eye-witness. Analectic Magazine.

tion, and her antagonist may be said never to have ceased burning during the whole time. It was past midnight, and about three and a half hours since the first gun had been fired, when Captain Pearson at last determined to strike to Jones. None of the crew could be persuaded to mount the quarter-deck for the purpose, so fearful were they of a shot from the Richard's top-men, and the British commander was obliged to haul down the flag of the Serapis with his own hands.

Sept. 23.

As soon as it was known that the colors of the English had been lowered, Mr. Dale, the first-lieutenant, got upon the gunwale of the Richard, and, laying hold of her main-brace pendant, he swung himself on board the Serapis. On her quarter-deck he found Captain Pearson, almost alone, where he had remained throughout nearly the whole action. While Mr. Dale was speaking to him, the first-lieutenant of the Serapis came up from below, to inquire if the Richard had struck, as her fire had ceased. He was, however, informed that it was his own ship which was in that predicament; when he proposed to go below, and stop the firing. But Dale would not consent; and the enemy's guns did not cease till the British captain and his lieutenant had reached the quarter-deck of the Richard, and surrendered their swords into the hands of Paul Jones.*

The Richard, having been so damaged in the action, and being still on fire, it was found necessary to abandon her the next day, and soon after she went down, head foremost. The Serapis had suffered much less in her hull, but her mainmast had been so riddled with balls that it fell, bringing down with it the mizzen-topmast.

Sept. 24.

Commodore Jones, having first hoisted his flag on board the captured ship, now sailed with the remains of his squadron and his prize to the coast of Holland, where he put into the Texel, for repairs.

The loss of lives on both sides seems to have been about equal, and amounted to nearly one half of all engaged. The conflict had lasted nearly four hours, and, sanguinary as it had been, it would have proved still more so, and far less protracted, had it not been for the fact that the crew of the Serapis were fighting below, while the crew of the Richard were fighting above.

* "It is with great reluctance that I am obliged to resign my sword to a man with a halter about his neck," are the apocryphal words attributed to the British commander on this occasion, to which Jones *is said* to have answered chivalrously, "Sir, you have fought like a hero, and I do not doubt but that your sovereign will reward you handsomely." Pearson was afterward rewarded with the title of baronet, when Jones is again *said* to have remarked, "The next time I fall in with him, I'll make a lord of him!"

CHAPTER LXXX.

Henry Lee's Attack on Paulus Hook.—Its Success.—A Massachusetts Enterprise.—Great Enthusiasm.—Extensive Preparations.—Military and Naval Forces.—Parallels and Approaches.—An Obstinate Enemy.—Massachusetts gives up Penobscot Bay in Despair.—The Fate of the Massachusetts Fleet.—The South.—The French Fleet.—Its Arrival off the Coast of Georgia.—The British taken by Surprise.—Captures.—Flight.—Count d'Estaing in Haste.—Too polite and self-confident.—General Prevost fortifies Savannah.—The Spirited Maitland.—Prevost will defend Himself to the Last Extremity.—The Siege begun.—Description of Savannah and its Fortifications.—Impatience of D'Estaing.—The Assault.—The Struggle.—Death of Count Pulaski.—Defeat of the Allies.—The Loss.—Count d'Estaing sails away.—End of the Southern Campaign of 1779.—A Clever Ruse.—Valueless Victories.

1779. The gallant Major Henry Lee was always eager for action; and, as there was little prospect of a general campaign, he took care to find out a sphere for the exercise of his own superfluous energies. He was now stationed with his light-troops, as an outpost, on the New-Jersey side of the Hudson, a short distance behind Hoboken. Here he was constantly on the alert, keeping watch over the movements of the enemy, and, when occasion offered, pouncing upon their foraging-parties. Near his post was Paulus Hook (now Jersey City), a long and low peninsula, stretching into the Hudson river, and joined to the mainland by a marsh. The British had fortified the position strongly, and occupied it with a garrison of several hundred men, under the command of Major Sutherland. The works were formidable, consisting of two redoubts, mounted with heavy cannon, enclosed within breastworks, *abattis*, and trenches. A deep ditch was dug across the narrow marsh which separated the hook from the mainland, and a drawbridge, protected by a barred gate, thrown over.

While keeping his watchful eye on the place, Lee had noticed the negligence of the garrison, who, trusting to the strength of their works, became heedless of the usual precautions. The major therefore determined, if possible, to take the hook by surprise. Washington, on being consulted, at first considered the enterprise too hazardous; but afterward, upon conferring with Lee personally on the subject, he gave his approval. He declared, however, that if the post could not be taken in an instant, by surprise, the attempt must not be made.

Thus fortified by the approbation of the commander-in-chief, Major Lee started with three hundred infantry soldiers and a troop of his own dismounted dragoons, to execute his hazardous enterprise. To deceive those in the country who were friendly to the enemy, Lee took care to have it rumored that he was going out merely to forage, and took a long and circuitous route. **Aug. 18.**

His march through the country excited no suspicion, as these foraging-excursions were of every-day occurrence. On arriving at the New bridge, on the Hacken-

sack river, Lee halted his party till Lord Stirling should come up with his five hundred men, who were to remain there as a reserve, in case their aid should be required. When the night was sufficiently advanced, Lee pushed forward through the rugged country between the Hackensack and the Hudson. Having crossed Harsimus creek, he passed over the drawbridge, and through the barred gate, into the works, without exciting the least suspicion. A party of the enemy was fortunately out foraging, and the Americans were thought by the careless guards to be their own countrymen, and were permitted to enter without question.

Major Lee's purpose was effected almost without a blow. Major Sutherland and some Hessians, however, at the last moment, succeeded in escaping into a blockhouse, after Lee had secured a hundred and fifty-nine prisoners, and thence began an irregular fire, by which two of Lee's party were killed and three wounded. There was no time to dislodge them, as the alarm had now extended to the English men-of-war in the North river, and would soon reach the British headquarters opposite, in New York; while, moreover, Lee had been strictly enjoined by Washington not to risk the lives of his men by remaining to destroy barracks or artillery. In the assault the British had thirty killed. The American commander made good his retreat, under the cover of General Lord Stirling, and had the satisfaction of being welcomed back to camp with the applause of every officer and soldier for his triumphant gallantry. Medals had been awarded by Congress to General Wayne and the leaders of the two divisions in the storming of Stony Point; and the same honor was now conferred upon Major Lee for his brave exploit at Paulus Hook.

A more pretentious but less successful enterprise was got up in Massachusetts. Colonel M'Lean, in command of the British troops in Nova Scotia, had gone with nearly seven hundred men and three sloops-of-war to establish a post on Penobscot bay, in order to obtain timber from the forests of Maine for the shipyards at Halifax, and to check the incursions of the New-Englanders. M'Lean selected some high ground on a peninsula, with a small bay toward the sea, in which the three sloops-of-war now rode at anchor, and a steep ascent on the land-side. Here he commenced the construction of a fort, which was still incomplete when he received intelligence of the setting out of a large force to attack him.

Massachusetts was greatly provoked by this invasion of its territory, and the state determined to make a vigorous effort to defend itself and vindicate its insulted honor. Confident in its own resources, the government at Boston proudly disdained all aid, and neither consulted Washington at West Point nor General Gates at Providence, nor asked them for troops. The enterprise was got up on a scale that was supposed to insure success, and Massachusetts was resolved to allow none other to share in the expected triumph.

Great military enthusiasm prevailed on the occasion, and some three thousand enterprising militiamen were enrolled under

the standard of Lovell, who was the general appointed to the command. The naval preparations were no less spirited and extensive. An embargo was laid by the general court of Massachusetts, for forty days, upon all shipping, in order that a full supply of seamen might more readily be obtained. Captain Saltonstall, the state commodore, now gathered under his broad pendant a formidable fleet of no less than twenty armed vessels, brigantines and privateers, in addition to twenty-four transports for the conveyance of the troops.

The fleet, being wind-bound for some time in Nantasket roads, at length made its appearance off the Penobscot. **July 25.** Finding the entrance to the little bay, below the enemy's fort, barred by the three British sloops-of-war, which were anchored across its mouth, the Americans sought another anchorage and more convenient landing-place. After a delay of three days, the troops finally debarked. Having climbed up the steep approach from the land, and dragged their heavy cannon after them, they took their position within seven hundred and fifty yards, and in regular form began to lay siege to the fort.

While General Lovell was proceeding, according to the most approved military art, with his parallels and approaches, the British colonel improved the opportunity of strengthening his incomplete works, and finally became so confident in his means of resistance, that, after refusing the summons to surrender, he fearlessly scorned all threats of assault.

Lovell continued the protracted siege, with an occasional attempt at co-operation on the part of Commodore Saltonstall, who made several not very vigorous efforts to enter the harbor, which were, however, always defeated by the British sloops-of-war on guard at its entrance. The militia now began to grow weary of the long trial of their undisciplined patience; and Lovell was fain to send to General Gates, at Providence, for a reinforcement of regular troops, which were despatched, but did not arrive in time.

After a brisk but ineffectual cannonading (which was returned with spirit from the fort) had continued day after day for a fortnight, the English colonel was surprised one morning to **Aug. 14.** discover that his enemies had, during the previous night, suddenly abandoned their camp-works and re-embarked.

The cause was soon made apparent by the appearance off the bay of Admiral Sir George Collier, with a British squadron of five formidable men-of-war. While Collier lay at Sandy Hook, he got wind of the Massachusetts expedition, from a communicative paragraph in a Boston newspaper, and made all haste to the rescue of the Penobscot fort. The American vessels, under Commodore Saltonstall, presented a threatening aspect on the arrival of Sir George. They were "drawn up seemingly with the view of disputing the passage. Their resolution, however, soon failed, and an ignominious flight took place."* Two of the largest armed vessels strove to run out of the bay and get to sea, but were intercepted, when one was taken, and the other, being driven on shore, was blown up by her own crew.

* Gordon.

The rest made for the mouth of the Penobscot river, where the sailors and soldiers got ashore and made their escape by land, abandoning their vessels to the enemy. The fugitives had a weary journey before them, being forced to make their way to their homes for a hundred miles through the forest-wilderness of Maine and New Hampshire, and did not reach Boston until the latter part of September. Many perished from hunger and fatigue, in the attempt. Neither general nor commodore escaped the severe rebukes of their state and fellow-citizens for the ignominious result of the great Massachusetts expedition against the enemy at Penobscot.

Let us now record events at the South, where the British seemed disposed to carry on the war. The French fleet, after being thoroughly refitted at Boston, had sailed for the West Indies, where Count d'Estaing achieved some small triumphs. As the hurricane-months were approaching, and an intermission of active operations in the tropical seas must occur, the Americans in the southern states determined to invoke the aid of the French admiral. Governor Rutledge, of South Carolina, and General Lincoln, in command at Charleston, with the concurrence of the French consul in that city, wrote to D'Estaing an earnest appeal, which was immediately responded to by his setting sail with his whole fleet for the American coast.

The French admiral, with his formidable fleet of twenty-four ships-of-the-line, fourteen frigates, and a flock of small craft, and having on board a land-force of six thousand men, appeared so suddenly off the coast of Georgia, **Sept. 1.** that the British were completely taken by surprise. The Experiment, of fifty guns, under the command of Sir James Wallace, together with three frigates, were at once captured, and the rest of the squadron on that station was only saved by running up the Savannah river. General Prevost, who held possession of the town with a small British force, was in great anxiety about its safety, and immediately ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Conger, at Sunbury, and Lieutenant-Colonel Maitland, who was stationed at Beaufort, in South Carolina, with a considerable number of troops, to march with all despatch to his aid.

Count d'Estaing, in the meantime, had met Governor Rutledge and General Lincoln at Charleston, and with them formed a plan for wresting Savannah from the British. While the admiral sailed to join his fleet, Lincoln pushed on by land; and Rutledge promptly seconded the objects of both, by obtaining at Charleston boats of light draught, to aid the former in landing his troops, and enrolling the militia of South Carolina, and marching himself at their head to reinforce the latter.

The admiral was the first to arrive, and, immediately after landing his troops at Beaulieu, he marched toward Savannah, and summoned the British garrison to surrender **Sept. 13.** *to the arms of the king of France.* Lincoln and Rutledge soon followed, and heard with no little vexation of the count's hasty proceedings, and his eagerness to monopolize for his own sovereign the expected honors. General Lincoln, reminding his French

ally that the United States claimed some consideration in the affair, the count was prevailed on, after a little angry altercation, so far to modify his future action as to acknowledge the Americans as a party concerned. The combined forces thenceforth acted with amiable co-operation.

The British general, on receiving the summons of D'Estaing to surrender, asked for a delay of twenty-four hours, to consider the demand. This the courteous and imprudently self-confident Frenchman granted. Prévost had been joined by Conger from Sunbury, but was still waiting with anxiety for the accession of Maitland's veteran troops from Beaufort. Having gained time by this *ruse*, the British general confidently relied upon the arrival of the spirited Maitland, and in the meantime continued his preparations for defence. He had every soldier, citizen, and negro, whom he could muster, busy at the works, in which he was greatly aided by Captain Henry, in command of the small naval force which had fled up the river on the approach of the French fleet. The guns from most of the vessels were landed and mounted on the batteries, and the sailors and marines sent ashore to work them and reinforce the garrison. One brig, however, was allowed to retain her guns, and was anchored above Savannah, so as to cover the right of the British lines. Several vessels were sunk across the channel below the town, in order to prevent the nearer approach of the French fleet; and others in like manner above, where a boom was thrown across the river, to hinder all attempts by water in that direction.

The welcome Maitland arrived in time. Great were the obstacles which he had to encounter. Being cut off by the French fleet from the customary route to Savannah, he was obliged to take one which led him over land and water, through deep creeks and marshes, where his soldiers were forced to drag their boats. With all these difficulties, Maitland, though ill with a bilious fever, made his way to the Savannah river, where, embarking in boats above the anchorage, he entered the town before the expiration of the truce. His arrival "diffused universal joy, not only because he added one third to the number of the garrison, and that too in troops of the best quality, but because he added himself, always the source of comfort where danger reigned."*

His purpose gained by the truce, the British general now confidently answered D'Estaing's summons by declaring that he should defend himself to the last extremity. The allies, having completed their preparations, broke ground for the siege, and pushed their approaches with the greatest diligence, so that in twelve days fifty-three pieces of battering-cannon and fourteen mortars were mounted. They now opened their fire, and with such terrible effect upon the town, that General Prevost sent out a flag, with the request that the aged, the women, and the children, might be allowed to remove to a place of safety. This was, however, refused by the confederate commanders, probably on the ground that their absence would pro-

Sept. 23.

Oct. 4.

* Henry Lee, who is always as candid as an historian as he was brave as a soldier.

tract the resistance of the garrison; although, according to Lee, the request was sustained by the claims of humanity, and if granted would have tended in no way to the benefit of the besieged or the injury of the besiegers.

The British force was comparatively small, amounting to less than three thousand men, even including Maitland's eight hundred veterans. When D'Estaing had first sent in his summons, Prevost had hardly a dozen guns mounted; but, by immense exertions, he had succeeded, during the protracted operations of the besiegers, in mounting no less than a hundred cannon of all kinds and calibres. The British engineer, Moncrieff, was a marvel of energy, and full of resource. He with great ingenuity strengthened all the weak parts of the town with impalements, traverses, *abattis*, and redoubts, and in their construction availed himself freely of the native palmetto, which, from the spongy nature of the wood, receives a ball without a shock or a splinter. The interstices of the framework formed by the trees were filled in with mud and sand.

A deep morass and the river gave security to two sides of Savannah. Fields surrounded the other parts of the town. Here the allies were approaching, and here were erected the enemy's defences. So well prepared had the besieged now become, that they eagerly wished their works might be assaulted, for their fate would otherwise be certain in time, unless relieved by a British fleet. They accordingly did not waste their strength by attempts to impede the advances of the allies; and only made two cautious sorties, more with a view to provoke assault than to strike a blow.

General Prevost calculated that the French would resolve upon storming his works, knowing the danger they would consider themselves exposed to from the approaching autumnal gales, besides the chance of the arrival of a British fleet. "He also counted upon the impatient temper of the French, identified in the character of their commander, not doubting," says Henry Lee, "from his being our voluntary assistant, he would take his measures from and for himself. Lincoln's wisdom, Lincoln's patience, Lincoln's counsel, would be very limited in its effect."

The calculation of the British general was well founded. D'Estaing became impatient, for he had already been delayed a month by an enterprise which he had been led to believe, when his aid was solicited, could be readily accomplished in ten days. His officers were still more impatient than himself; and, being anxious for the safety of the fleet—which they thought was imperilled by the approach of the stormy season, and the probable arrival of a British naval armament—they remonstrated against further delay. The count accordingly declared to General Lincoln that Savannah must be forthwith stormed, or the siege raised.

The cautious American leader would have continued his slow but sure system; nevertheless, rather than abandon the enterprise, he consented to the hazardous expedient of a storm. The 9th of October was the time appointed; and when the day dawned, the allied troops moved

to the assault. The chief point of attack, which was supposed to be the most vulnerable, was on the right of the enemy, where Prevost, aware of its weakness, had posted his choicest troops, under the command of the gallant Maitland.

Oct. 9. The allied forces were divided into three columns. Two, composed of three thousand five hundred French troops and six hundred continentals, were to make the main assault, on the right; while the third, chiefly militia, was to move upon the British centre and left, to create if possible a division of attention in that direction, or to act in reserve. The first column, headed by D'Estaing and Lincoln jointly, led the attack; and the second, under Count Dillon, was directed to follow. The approach to the right of the enemy's works was along some sunken ground, by which the advance could be made almost to the ditch without exposure to fire. Along this concealed way D'Estaing and Lincoln now pushed on, and, aided by the darkness of the early morning, got close to the redoubts unobserved. The assailants advanced gallantly, but were met by a heavy and well-directed fire from the batteries in their front, and galled in their flank by a sharp cannonade from the British armed brig in the river.

The first fire from the works was terribly fatal, and thinned the ranks of the allies; but they pushed forward resolutely, and, forcing the *abattis* there in advance, succeeded in planting a French and an American standard on the parapet. Before their comrades could come to their support, however, the English, strengthened at the point of attack by a reserve force, came up impetuously, and, tearing away the defiant standards, drove back the assailants with their bayonets.

Count Dillon, in the meanwhile, had lost his way, in consequence of the darkness of the morning, and thus failing to bring his column up in time, weakened the force of the assault. To this misfortune was added that of the death of the brave Count Pulaski, at the head of his troop of two hundred horsemen, while attempting to force his way into the rear of the town. On his fall, his men retreated, and an effort was thus arrested which might have changed the issue of the day. The body and the banner of the gallant Pole were borne away by his faithful aid, Count Litomiski.

Although the French and Carolina* standards had thus been torn down, yet important breaches had been made, and another assault promised a successful result; but D'Estaing perversely refused to renew the attack. The indignant Lincoln concealed his wrath, and, being too weak to resume the siege alone by regular approaches, he at length consented to abandon it. The siege was raised just as victory lay within the grasp of the allies. Thus a second time did the French admiral bitterly disappoint the just hopes of the Americans.

After a struggle which had lasted for nearly an hour, the allied commanders

* It was a point of honor that these colors should not be lost. Lieutenant Gray was mortally wounded in attempting to remove them. Jasper, the brave man who replanted the crescent flag at Fort Moultrie in 1776, bore them back from the bloody heights and delivered them in safety to his comrades, but lost his life in the chivalrous act, receiving a mortal wound, from which he died soon after.—Simms.

drew off their troops, without an attempt on the part of the British to harass them in their retreat, beyond firing a few shots from their cannon.

The loss of the allies was heavy. The French killed and wounded amounted to seven hundred men; the American regulars to two hundred and forty, and the Charleston auxiliaries to seven. D'Estaing, who, with Lincoln, braved every danger, was slightly wounded. The enemy, being well protected by their works, lost only one hundred and twenty killed and wounded. Their only officer killed was Captain Tarves, of the provincials or loyalists, who fell dead at the gate of the redoubt, with his sword thrust into the body of the third one of the assailants whom he had slain. A few days after the struggle, Colonel Maitland died of the fever from which he had suffered ever since leaving Beaufort. Friend and foe alike spoke with admiration of his gallantry.

In about ten days after the disastrous assault upon Savannah, Count d'Estaing re-embarked his troops and sailed away with his ships. They had hardly got to sea, however, when the whole fleet was scattered by a gale. The count, who had met with an almost unbroken succession of reverses from his first arrival on the coast, soon took his farewell of the American continent, and returned to France. Lincoln's militia, almost to a man, went back to their homes; and the commander himself, left with a small force of regulars, marched into South Carolina and resumed his post at Charleston.

During the siege of Savannah, a clever *ruse* was executed by Colonel John White, of the Georgia line. A hundred British were posted, under Captain French, near the Ogechee. Five small English vessels, four of which were armed, with their crews (amounting in all to about forty men), lay at anchor in the river. White determined, with five other persons, one of whom was his servant, to carry off the whole, soldiers and arms, sailors and shipping. The colonel and his party accordingly lighted up a series of fires not far from the enemy, to impress them with an idea that there was a large encampment in their neighborhood, and then boldly summoned Captain French to surrender; threatening, if he failed to comply instantaneously, to cut to pieces his whole force! The captain, completely deceived, did not hesitate; and thus a hundred and forty men, a hundred and thirty stand of arms, and five British vessels, were delivered to the American colonel and his six associates. The prisoners were safely conducted by three of the captors for twenty-five miles to an American post.

Thus ended the southern campaign of 1779. The most gloomy apprehensions respecting their country took possession of the southern people.* Still, although so frequently victorious, the British could boast of little material advantage from their conquests. After overrunning the whole state of Georgia, they were now reduced to the limits of Savannah. Having been deceived in their reliance upon the co-operation of the tories, they could only secure what they were able to hold by military possession.

* Ramsay.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

Winter-Quarters at Morristown.—A Severe Winter.—A Tremendous Snow-Storm.—Suffering.—Wants.—No Supplies.—No Money.—Valueless Paper.—Clamorous Soldiers.—Trials of Washington.—An Incapable Army.—A Winter Enterprise.—A Sleigh-Ride.—Failure of Lord Stirling.—Successes of the Enemy.—The Neutral Ground.—Sir Henry Clinton moves to the South.—The British Fleet scattered.—Disembarkation near Charleston.—Slight Opposition.—Deliberate Operations.—Colonel Tarleton.—His Life and Character.—General Lincoln at Charleston.—Spirit of the Inhabitants.—The Fortifications.—Description.—The American Squadron.—The Disposition of the Enemy's Ships.—Sir Henry Clinton and his Parallels.—Arrival of Reinforcements.—Governor Rutledge astir.—Tarleton leading a Charge.—A Run across the Country.—A Dragonade.—The British surround Charleston.—The Country scoured.—An Offer of Surrender.—It is refused.—Fire opened.—The Last Blow.—Surrender of Charleston.—Losses.—Terms.

1780. THE heights of Morristown had been selected by Washington for the winter-quarters of his army, where the troops were now engaged in constructing log-huts, as before in Valley Forge. The winter opened with great severity, and, while the men were still in tents, the snow fell until it was nearly six feet in depth upon the ground!

"The weather for several days," writes a suffering campaigner, "has been remarkably cold and stormy. On the 3d of January, we experienced one of the most tremendous snow-storms ever remembered; no man could endure its violence many minutes without danger of his life. Several marquees were torn asunder, and blown over the officers' heads in the night; and some of the soldiers were actually covered while in their tents, and buried like sheep under the snow. My comrades and myself were roused from sleep by the calls of some officers for assistance: their marquee had blown down, and they were almost smothered in the storm before they could reach our marquee, only a few yards, and their blankets and baggage were nearly buried in the snow. We are greatly favored in having a supply of straw for bedding; over this we spread all our blankets, and with our clothes and large fires at our feet, while four or five are crowded together, preserve ourselves from freezing. But the sufferings of the poor soldiers can scarcely be described. While on duty, they are unavoidably exposed to all the inclemency of storms and severe cold; at night, they now have a bed of straw on the ground, and a single blanket to each man. They are badly clad, and some are destitute of shoes. We have contrived a kind of stone chimney outside, and an opening at one end of our tent gives us the benefit of the fire within. The snow is now from four to six feet deep, which so obstructs the roads as to prevent our receiving a supply of provisions.

"For the last ten days, we have received but two pounds of meat a man; and we are frequently for six or eight days entirely destitute of meat, and then as long without bread. The consequence is, the soldiers are so enfeebled from hun-

ger and cold as to be almost unable to perform their military duty, or labor in constructing their huts."*

The commissariat department was, as usual, badly managed, and the financial embarrassment of the country increased the difficulty of obtaining supplies. The continental money had so depreciated, that *a pair of shoes could not be purchased for less than five hundred dollars* in the currency which Congress was vainly striving to force upon the acceptance of the people. With no supplies, and with a treasury only filled with valueless paper, the army was reduced almost to a state of starvation. The troops were always on short allowance of food, sometimes without meat, sometimes without bread, and not seldom destitute of both. Under such trials, the soldiers conducted themselves so well, that they won from Washington these words of praise: "They have borne their sufferings with a patience that merits the approbation and ought to excite the sympathy of their countrymen."

That men thus half starved and badly clothed, however, during the rigor of the coldest of winters, should occasionally become clamorous, riotous, and even mutinous, was naturally to be expected. It was the severest of all trials to the fortitude of Washington when he was obliged to enforce discipline in a camp where there was so much temptation to irregularity. He was, nevertheless, inflexible in his purpose of preserving order among his troops, and plunderers as well as mutineers were punished with all the severity of military law. The former were brought to the gallows, and the latter shot down in the ranks.

By urgent appeals to the governors of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and forced contributions from the inhabitants of the latter, Washington was finally enabled to obtain some alleviation to the sufferings of his troops. His army, however, was never in a condition, during that winter, to be of effective service. The number of soldiers was hardly ten thousand, and Washington considered these barely able to defend their encampment, and much less fit to carry on offensive operations. The excessive rigor of the winter had, by freezing over the rivers and the bay of New York, offered an occasion for attack upon the enemy, which it was desirable to improve, but which the state of the army rendered almost impossible.

"Circumstanced as things are—men half starved, imperfectly clothed, riotous, and robbing the country-people of their subsistence from sheer necessity—I think it scarcely possible to embrace any moment, however favorable in other respects, for visiting the enemy on Staten island; and yet, if this frost should have made a firm and solid bridge between them and us, I should be unwilling, indeed I can not relinquish the idea of attempting it." Thus wrote Washington, at the opening of the year; and, embarrassed as he was, he succeeded, a few days subsequently, in arranging an expedition against the British troops posted on Staten island. **Jan. 9.**

Lord Stirling was chosen to conduct the enterprise, and he set out from the American camp with twenty-five hundred

* Thacher.

troops, conveyed in five hundred sleighs. Having reached Dehart's point, he crossed the ice, and arrived early in the morning at Staten island. On approaching the British forts, Lord Stirling found the enemy (who had received timely intelligence of the expedition) ready to receive him. It was also discovered that the channel, which it was supposed had been closed by the ice, was still open to New York, whence reinforcements had reached the island. The attempt on the enemy's forts was therefore abandoned, and the earl marched back to Elizabethtown, skirmishing during his retreat with the British in pursuit. Two or three were killed on each side, and a few prisoners were carried away by the Americans. All suffered greatly from the excessive cold, and nearly five hundred men were frost-bitten.

Jan. 15.

A few days afterward, General Knyphausen ordered the British at Staten island to make in their turn an incursion into New Jersey, in retaliation for the attempt of Earl Stirling. They succeeded in surprising the picket-guard at Elizabethtown, wantonly burning the Presbyterian church, and carrying off a major and forty privates.

Another successful attempt was made by the British outposts upon "Young's house," near White Plains, garrisoned by three hundred Americans. This post was on "*The Neutral Ground*," as it was called, embracing almost the whole of Westchester county, and had been established to obstruct the supplies which the enemy in New-York city drew from the country bordering on the Hudson. The British had been long provoked by the daring of the "rebels" at Young's house, and now determined to root them out. A large force, consisting of British guards, Hessians, and *yagers*, started out from Kingsbridge in sleighs, in the night, in order to surprise the post. The snow, however, was so deep, that the soldiers were forced to abandon the sleighs and artillery, and trudge on foot. The sun was up before they arrived at Young's house, and the Americans were on their guard; but the British, notwithstanding, pushed forward to the attack, and, after a spirited resistance, succeeded in capturing the garrison. Having secured ninety prisoners (among whom were many of the yeomanry of the country), and burnt the house, the enemy returned to their lines, boasting that they had lost but two men killed and twenty-three wounded. Their prisoners were thrown into loathsome jails in New York.

The British, however, had concentrated their energies in an expedition against the southern states. Sir Henry Clinton, finding that Count d'Estaing had sailed away from the American coast with his fleet, and that New York could be left in security with but a small number of Hessian and British troops under the general command of the vigilant Knyphausen, resolved to proceed to South Carolina, and there begin a campaign. On the arrival of Admiral Arbuthnot with his ships, he had the means of transport, and a safe convoy; and he accordingly set sail from New York with about five thousand of his choicest troops and two thousand marines.

Dec. 26.

The fleet, however, had hardly got to sea, when a long and terrible storm scattered the vessels, and drove them far out of their course. Some of the transports were taken by the American privateers; others were lost, among which was one, loaded with ordnance and heavy siege-trains, that foundered; and all were more or less damaged. Nearly all the horses belonging to the artillery and to Colonel Tarleton's cavalry-legion died during the voyage. It was not until the close of January, that Sir Henry Clinton arrived in Tybee bay, on the Georgia coast, with the crippled remnant of the fleet. The damaged ships having been refitted, the squadron sailed for North Edisto sound, in South Carolina, where it arrived on the 10th of February. On the following day

Feb. 11. the troops were disembarked on John's island, within thirty miles of Charleston. Here the British general was reinforced by twelve hundred men, sent by Prevost from Savannah.

Clinton proceeded with great deliberation in his movements. After a long

Mar. 30. delay, he crossed the Ashley river on the south, and landed on Charleston neck. He had been engaged in the meantime fortifying the intermediate posts, in order to secure a communication with Admiral Arbuthnot's fleet, and in obtaining horses for his artillery, as well as to remount the dragoons of Tarleton, who had been dismounted by the disastrous effects of the voyage from New York.

The British commander, however, did not succeed in making good his position without some opposition, though slight. When his van had reached the banks of the Ashley, Colonel William Washington, in command of a troop of American cavalry, made a successful attack upon Tarleton's newly-mounted dragoons, and carried off a few prisoners, among whom was Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, of the Royal regiment of North Carolina. Again, after passing the river, the British van was gallantly attacked by Lieutenant-Colonel James, in command of a corps of light-infantry; and the earl of Caithness, aid-de-camp of Clinton, was wounded in the skirmish.

Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton's activity in the southern campaign has made him memorable. BANASTRE TARLETON was a thorough soldier, who allowed no tender sentiment of humanity to soften the hard teachings of a military life. His personal appearance accorded with his character. He was rather below the middle stature, strong and heavily made, with large, muscular legs, but was uncommonly active. His complexion was dark, and his eye small, black, and piercing.* His early years had been spent in the study of law, but his talents were evidently better suited for the tragic conflicts of war than for the bloodless wrangling of the bar; and when Tarleton entered the army, he soon proved himself equal to its most cruel demands upon his naturally severe disposition. At about the age of twenty-six, he came to America with Lord Cornwallis, and was highly valued by that nobleman as the surest reliance in his most merciless enterprises. Tarleton frankly declared that "severity alone could effect

* Watson.

the establishment of regal authority in America," and did not fail to carry out fully the opinion which he so freely professed. In the course of the southern campaign we shall have occasion to record the effects of the cruel energies of this unscrupulous soldier, who had now succeeded, by his forays on the surrounding plantations, in mounting himself and his dragoons.

General Lincoln held Charleston with only fifteen hundred men, but was expecting the arrival of the southern regiments sent by Washington from his camp at Morristown. In the meantime, though somewhat doubtful of the policy which was urged upon him by the inhabitants, of attempting to hold the city, Lincoln was making every effort to strengthen its defences, in which he was seconded by the spirited co-operation of Governor Rutledge, who had been invested by the legislature of the state with every power but that of life and death.

Charleston stands on the southern extremity of a short and narrow neck of land, with the Cooper river on the east and the Ashley on the west. The bay and harbor is formed by the junction of the two streams, which, as they flow together to the sea, bend in their curves among a number of fertile islands, on one of which (Sullivan's) was Fort Moultrie, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pinckney, and on another (James's) the ruins of Fort Johnson. In addition to these defences seaward, a small American squadron, commanded by Commodore Whipple—consisting of nine vessels, of which the largest mounted only forty-four guns—was at anchor in the bay. With the forts, the supposed difficulty of large ships-of-war in passing the bank of sand, or bar as it is called, and the American squadron to dispute the passage, the city was considered tolerably secure toward the sea.

Every effort was now made to defend the approaches by land. Governor Rutledge, in the exercise of his ample powers, called out the militia, and ordered three hundred negroes from the plantations to labor upon the works. Soon a canal was dug in the rear of the town, from the marshy borders of one river to those of the other. Beyond the canal were two rows of deeply-laid *abattis*, and a double picketed ditch; while within, toward the main works, deep holes were dug, to interrupt the march of the enemy, strong redoubts and batteries were raised on the right and left, and in the centre was an enclosed housework of masonry, forming a kind of citadel. Other works were erected at every point where a landing was practicable.

The great object of the American squadron was, to prevent the British fleet from passing the bar; but Commodore Whipple found that, in consequence of the shallowness of the water, he could not anchor near enough to dispute the passage. The ships were accordingly moored abreast of Fort Moultrie, by co-operation with which it was hoped effectual opposition might be offered to the advance of the enemy's fleet.

The British admiral lay with his ships lightened of their guns outside of the bar for two weeks, waiting for wind and tide;

Mar. 25. but he finally crossed it without the least difficulty, and came to anchor in Five-Fathom hole, the previous station of the American squadron. Commodore Whipple now moved his vessels a second time; and, fearing lest the British would enter Cooper river, where they might bring their guns to bear with effect upon the town, and cut off the only communication of the garrison with the country, he anticipated them by placing his own squadron in that position. Here, after landing his guns, to assist in the defence of the town, he sunk most of his vessels, in order to obstruct the channel of the river.

April 9. Admiral Arbuthnot weighed anchor again, and, with a strong southerly wind and on the flood of the tide, passed Fort Moultrie, in spite of the opposition of Colonel Pinckney and his garrison; only twenty-seven men were killed or wounded, as the admiral triumphantly passed and anchored his eight men-of-war and two transports within the harbor, near the ruins of Fort Johnson, and out of reach of all damage from the American batteries. The British ships, however, sustained considerable damage in passing the fort. The fore-topmast of the Richmond was shot away, and the Acetus run aground near Haddrell's point, and was destroyed by her crew, under a heavy fire from two fieldpieces, commanded by Colonel Gadsden; the crew escaped in boats.

"Fort Moultrie being now of less use than the men who manned it, they were in great part withdrawn, and it soon fell into the hands of the enemy. Colonel Pinckney's force, together with that which had served to man the small fleet of the Americans, was transferred to the city, where they helped to swell the inconsiderable numbers of the garrison. This force, at no time, amounted to four thousand men; they were required to defend an extent of works which could not be well manned by less than ten thousand: yet even for this small army a sufficient quantity of provisions had not been furnished, and, before the siege was over, the citizens were suffering from starvation."*

On the day the British admiral made his successful advance into the harbor, Sir Henry Clinton, who was proceeding according to all the deliberate formalities of a scientific siege, had completed his first parallel. He now demanded the surrender of the town. General Lincoln replied: "Sixty days have been past since it has been known that your intentions against the town were hostile, in which time has been afforded to abandon it; but duty and inclination point to the propriety of supporting it to the last extremity." The British commander now rejoined with a severe cannonade, which was kept up almost without intermission.

The expected reinforcements sent by Washington at length arrived; and Brigadier-General Woodford, having marched five hundred miles in twenty-eight days, with seven hundred men of the Virginia line, was gladly welcomed as he entered Charleston. General Lincoln had now only one communication open with the country by which to receive reinforcements or supplies; this was by the Cooper river, on his left, and on the east of

* Simms.

the beleagured city. He strove to secure it. Governor Rutledge, with one half of the executive council, had gone out, leaving the other half and the lieutenant-governor to perform all the civic functions in his absence, and was now doing his best to stir up the militia to the defence of the country between the Santee and Cooper rivers, through which was the only communication to the besieged in Charleston.

Rutledge's success was meager in comparison with the fullness of his dictatorial powers, and he was only able to enroll a small number of militia, which he divided into two portions, stationing one between the Cooper and the Santee, and the other at the ferry on the latter river. Lincoln had despatched Brigadier-General Huger, with some militia, and Lieutenant-Colonel Washington's corps of cavalry, to Monk's Corner, thirty miles above Charleston, and near the head-waters of the Cooper river. A small force was also sent to throw up works on the Wando, a branch of the Cooper, nine miles above the town, and to Lanprier's Point, so as to guard the pass in that direction.

Sir Henry Clinton went on perseveringly with his parallels, and, while engaged upon the second, sent out Lieutenant-Colonel Webster, with fifteen hundred men, to strike at the American posts on the Cooper, and thus complete the investiture of Charleston. The fierce and energetic Tarleton with his dragoons, and the spirited Ferguson, with his riflemen, composed the van of Webster's corps, and to them and their ferocious followers was intrusted the enterprise of attacking by surprise the American post at Monk's Corner.

As Tarleton started out at night on his concealed expedition, he caught sight of a negro, skulking near his van; and, having seized him, he found upon his person a letter from one of Huger's officers, from which information was obtained about the American position. The negro, moreover, was readily bribed by a piece of gold to shift his service to the British, and he became their guide, leading them through some neglected by-paths to the post. The American guards were on the watch a mile in advance of their post, and Colonel Washington had his cavalry-horses all bridled and saddled; but Tarleton drove in and followed the videttes with such promptitude, that he entered the camp with them. **April 13.**

The assault was so rapid and impetuous, that the American cavalry was routed without resistance. General Huger, Colonel Washington, and most of his corps, saved themselves by pushing their horses across the country, with every foot of which they were familiar. Tarleton and his dragoons showed little mercy; and Major Bernie, of Pulaski's legion, who was mangled shockingly, died cursing the British for their barbarity in having refused quarter after he had surrendered. Four captains, one lieutenant, and two privates, of the Americans, were killed, and some seventeen more wounded or taken prisoners. Nearly two hundred horses, and a large quantity of ammunition, baggage, baggage-wagons, and military stores, likewise fell into the hands of the enemy.

Some British dragoons, brutalized by the plentiful supply of rum which had fallen to them as their share of booty, entered a gentleman's house in the neighborhood, and attempted to gratify their lusts upon the defenceless women of the family. The ladies, however, succeeded in making their escape, and were protected from further violence by the interposition of the English officers. The dragoons themselves were arrested and taken to Monk's Corner, where Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick Ferguson,* who was as gallant as he was brave, would have put them to instant death. Colonel Webster, however, was opposed to the exercise of such extreme measures, and sent the villains, under guard, to the British headquarters, where "I believe," says the English historian Stedman, "they were afterward tried and whipped."

Colonel Webster was now enabled to establish a post on the Wando, and thus secure the whole country between that river and the Cooper. General Lincoln learned with dismay of this position, so fatal to his only communication with the country, and determined to attack it; but a council of war being called, it was decided that a sufficient force could not be spared for the purpose. Thus this post, held by only six hundred infantry and two hundred and fifty horse, was left undisturbed.

Sir Henry Clinton had now received from New York a reinforcement of three thousand troops, under the command of Earl Cornwallis and Lord Rawdon, and was thus enabled to throw a large force on the east side of Cooper river, to complete the work of investing Charleston in that quarter which was begun by Colonel Webster. As soon as Cornwallis presented himself, the posts at Lanprier's Point and on Wando river were abandoned; and the British had almost free range of the country, although there was still some show of opposition on the part of a remnant of Huger's force.

April 18.

The American cavalry, after its surprise at Monk's Corner, had withdrawn to the north of the Santee, where Lieutenant-Colonel White took the command. This officer, discovering that Lord Cornwallis extended his foraging-parties to the southern banks of the river on which he was encamped, determined to intercept them. Accordingly, upon the first notice of the enemy's approach, White passed the Santee, struck at the foe, and captured most of the party. He now retired with his prisoners to Lenud's ferry, where he had ordered boats to be in readiness, and Colonel Buford, who was stationed on the opposite bank of the river, to be on the alert to cover the transportation of his men. Neither the colonel nor the boats, however, were to be found, and White incautiously lingered at the place.

Tarleton, in the meanwhile, who was scouring the country with his usual activity, having learned of White's late success and his present position, made all haste after him. On reaching Lenud's ferry, Tarleton with his dragoons made one of his habitually rapid and impetuous onslaughts, and succeeded in killing and cap-

* Ferguson was a spirited officer, and almost as formidable as Tarleton in partisan warfare, but freer from the charge of cruelty. He was a famous shot, and was as sure with his rifle as the best of the American marksmen.

turing between thirty and forty of the American cavalry. Colonels White, Washington, Jamieson, and the rest of the officers and men, took to flight, and escaped by swimming the river, or hiding themselves in the swamps.

Though the lines of Charleston were field-works only, the British commander made his advances with great caution. At the completion of his first parallel, the town was summoned to surrender; and its defiance was the signal for the batteries on both sides to open, which they did with great animation. **April 12.**

Sir Henry Clinton, having completed his second parallel, and entirely invested the town (having cut off the only communication of the besieged with the country), a spirited but ineffectual night-sortie of two hundred men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Henderson, was the last effort of the garrison, when a council of war was called by General Lincoln. At this time the flesh provisions of the city were not sufficient for a week's rations. There was now no hope of defending the town, and no chance of escape by retreat. The engineers admitted that the lines could not be maintained ten days longer, and might be carried by assault in ten minutes. There was no prospect of either supplies or reinforcements. It was therefore determined to make an offer of surrender, on the condition that the inhabitants should be secured the safety of their persons and property, and the garrison allowed to continue in arms. **April 26.**

"General Lincoln," says Simms, "was disposed to accept Clinton's offer, but he was opposed by the citizens, who were required by Clinton to be considered as prisoners on parole." The above offer, made in council, being sent out to the British commander with a flag, it was at once rejected, and the third parallel begun, answer being returned that hostilities should be renewed at eight o'clock in the evening. When that hour arrived, the garrison looked for the most vigorous assault, and prepared, with a melancholy defiance, to meet the assailants at their ruined bulwarks. But an hour elapsed without a gun being fired. Both armies seemed to dread the consequences of an assault, and to wish for a continuance of the truce. At nine in the evening, the batteries of the garrison were reopened, and, being answered by those of the British, the fight was resumed with more vigor and execution than had been displayed at any time from the beginning of the siege.* **May 6.**

The third parallel having been completed, Sir Henry and the British admiral now demanded a surrender for the third time. General Lincoln saw, as before, that there was no hope of resistance, and assented at once to give up his troops; but the inhabitants earnestly begged him to make an exception in their favor. This exception was made accordingly in his answer, but was declared inadmissible by the enemy. **May 9.**

The siege was now renewed. Two hundred heavy cannon and mortars were brought to bear. Ships and galleys, the forts on James's and John's islands, on Wappoo, and the army on the neck, uni-

* Simms.

ted in one voluminous discharge of iron upon the devoted garrison. Shells and carcasses were constantly thrown into the town, and at one time it was on fire in five different places.

May 11. The batteries of the third parallel were opened, and, under their fire, the works were pushed to the brink of the canal. This was drained by sapping the dam. A double sap was also carried under the *abattis*, and the enemy, in possession of the outer defences, were close to the main works of the besieged. The fire was constant and severe from the British batteries. The opposing parties were brought within speaking-distance of each other; and "the rifles of the Hessian yagers," says Simms, "were fired at so short a distance as never to be discharged without effect. The defenders could no longer show themselves above the lines with safety. A hat raised upon a cane was instantly riddled with bullets."

Sir Henry Clinton was now prepared to strike the decisive blow, and was about to give orders to begin the assault, when at midnight, General Lincoln, seeing that further resistance would be sheer madness, called a council of the civil authorities. The inhabitants of Charleston, fearful of the approaching horrors, should the city be taken by storm, with one accord begged Lincoln to waive the exception made in their favor, and accept the terms proffered by the enemy. At two o'clock

May 12. in the morning, a proposition was therefore made for a surrender. The firing then ceased. All the guns were silent at daybreak, and at noon the continental troops marched out and laid down their arms. The British commander did not presume upon the advantage at which he now had the town, but honorably agreed to the terms which had been before proffered and were rejected. Charleston was thus surrendered, on the 12th of May, six weeks after Clinton had sat down before it and begun the siege.

"Lincoln had maintained his post with honor," adds Simms, "if not with success; had shown himself steadfast and firm, if not brilliant. For nearly three months, with less than four thousand ill-fed, ill-clad, and undisciplined militiamen, he had maintained himself in walls the lines of which required thrice that number to man them, and had thus long baffled fully twelve thousand of the best troops in the British service, headed by their best generals."

The enemy had lost seventy killed, and had one hundred and ninety-nine wounded. The whole loss of the Americans was one hundred and two killed and one hundred and fifty-seven wounded. Lincoln's force which surrendered amounted to not more than twenty-five hundred; but the British estimated their prisoners at five thousand in all, as they probably included all the citizens capable of bearing arms. Nearly four hundred pieces of ordnance were given up. The loss of ammunition, stores, and shipping, was likewise heavy, and was greatly deplored throughout the whole country. By the terms of the capitulation, the troops of the garrison were permitted to march out to a place designated, where they were to deposite their arms. The drums were not to beat a British march, and the colors were not to be uncased.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

Operations of Sir Henry Clinton.—Proclamations.—Expeditions.—Progress of Earl Cornwallis.—Tarleton in Pursuit.—Speed and Bottom.—Colonel Buford surprised.—No Quarter.—A Bloody Massacre.—The British at Camden.—Sir Henry Clinton departs for New York.—Lord Cornwallis in Command in Carolina.—His Lordship as an Administrator.—The Tories suffer.—Prostrate Patriotism.—Thomas Sumter.—His Life and Character.—Francis Marion.—His Life and Character.—Pickens.—Guerilla Warfare.—Hard Riders and Good Marksmen.—Success of Sumter.—The Patriots encouraged.—The March of De Kalb.—General Gates appointed to the Command at the South.—Northern Laurels and Southern Willows.

1780. After the fall of Charleston, Sir Henry Clinton, in order to confirm his conquest, issued proclamations, proffering pardon to those who should return to their allegiance to the British crown, and sent out troops to subject those who were still in open resistance. Retaining a small force to hold the town, Clinton despatched the main body of his army, under Lord Cornwallis, toward the frontiers of South Carolina. One division, under Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, moved up the Savannah, to Augusta; another, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Balfour, marched along the southern banks of the Wateree, to Ninety-Six; and Earl Cornwallis himself pushed on with the third toward Camden, where Colonel Buford, who was on his way to reinforce General Lincoln, had retired on hearing of the surrender of Charleston.

Augusta and Ninety-Six yielded, on the approach of the British, without a blow. Colonel Buford abandoned Camden, and marched precipitately into North Carolina. Lord Cornwallis, as he crossed the Santee, having learned of Buford's flight, moved with a portion of his troops to take possession of Camden, and sent his trusty Tarleton in pursuit of the fugitives. This famous colonel of dragoons was at once in his saddle, at the head of his cavalry. His corps had been strengthened by the addition of a hundred mounted infantry and a three-pounder; but Tarleton's impatience would not allow him to wait for these tardy riders: so he spurred on in advance with his hundred and seventy dragoons. He got so rapidly over the ground, that in fifty-four hours he had made a hundred and five miles, although his Carolina horses were neither remarkable for mettle nor high condition. The weather was hot, and some of the animals gave out; but Tarleton always pressed on ahead, followed by those of sufficient speed and bottom to keep up with him.

When within twenty miles of Buford, who was hastening to form a junction with a force in North Carolina, Tarleton sent one of his best-mounted captains forward, with a summons to Buford to surrender, while he himself and his troopers galloped close at his heels.

The captain overtook Buford on the banks of the Wexhaw river, and handed

him Tarleton's summons to surrender, on the same terms as had been granted to the garrison at Charleston, accompanied with this threat, however: "If you are rash enough to reject them, the blood be upon your head!" Without halting his troops, Buford spoke for a moment with the British captain, and then gave him this brief and emphatic answer:—

"SIR: I reject your proposal, and shall defend myself to the last extremity.

"ABM. BUFORD.

"LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TARLETON,
"*Commander of British Legion.*"

The rapid Tarleton was close at hand, and, upon receiving Buford's reply, was ready for an onslaught. The latter behaved with neither decision nor prudence. His rear-guard of a sergeant and four dragoons having fallen, Buford was thus first apprized of the close approach of the enemy. He had barely time to draw up his men in an open wood, and send his artillery and baggage in advance, when Tarleton and his merciless dragoons, with drawn sabres, came down the road with an impetuous swoop. Little resistance was made; and the Americans, taken so suddenly and surrounded, soon sued for quarter, but no quarter was shown.

May 29.

Tarleton, who was foremost in the attack, at the head of thirty of his trustiest troopers, was dismounted by a chance shot. His dragoons, however, did not linger in their barbarous work, but forced their horses on, sabring their unresisting enemy right and left. It soon became a bloody massacre, in which no less than a hundred and thirteen of the Americans were slaughtered, while a hundred and fifty were, according to Tarleton's own account of the butchery, so badly mangled as to be incapable of removal from the field of action. That the British met with but feeble resistance, may be inferred from the fact that their loss amounted to only seven killed and twelve wounded.

Tarleton and his dragoons now rode to Camden, carrying with them fifty-three American prisoners, the few who had been spared in that merciless attack. Lord Cornwallis received his cruel officer with a warm welcome, and bestowed the highest praise upon him for his bloody enterprise. Friend and foe, however, have not hesitated to speak of the conduct of Tarleton as an outrage upon humanity. Even in England, the liberal press and all men of humane views denounced his ferocity; and his own conscience smote him, if not to repentance, at least to an attempt at justification. He declared that his men, on the one hand, became exasperated to revenge upon supposing, when he was dismounted, that he had been slain; and that, on the other, his dragoons had been provoked to rage by the firing of the Americans after they had surrendered and begged for quarter. To the errors of Buford may be ascribed the defeat of his party; but the effect of this wanton massacre was beneficial to the southern country, in rousing a proper spirit of resentment in the breasts of its defenders. The Americans thenceforth were taught to expect no indulgence from their foes. The name and barbarity of the English cavalry-leader were now synonymous;

and even his mercy was deemed so pitiless, that "*Tarleton's quarter*" became a proverbial expression for cruelty: and a spirit of revenge, in all subsequent conflicts, gave a keener edge to the military resentments of the people in the southern states.

Sir Henry Clinton, after his military triumphs, finally believing that he had secured the state of South Carolina in firm allegiance to the throne, embarked at Charleston for New York, with a portion of his troops, leaving Earl Cornwallis in command of four thousand regulars, to carry the war into North Carolina and Virginia. His lordship, for a time unopposed by any active military hostility, had an opportunity of exercising his talents as a civil administrator. Having left Lord Rawdon in command of the division which Sir Henry had led up the Santee to Camden, he himself proceeded to Charleston, where he was engaged in administering the affairs of the state under its renewed royal government.

June 5.

As Cornwallis proposed to make an incursion into North Carolina as soon as the hot season was over, he was preparing his way by an active correspondence with the royalist inhabitants. He urged upon them to remain patient until he was prepared to enter their province with his troops. But in the fullness of their loyalty they could not avoid making a premature manifestation, and thus brought down upon themselves a crushing blow from the patriots. Some eight hundred, however, of the loyal North-Carolinians, under Colonel Bryan, with a band of resolute republican militia at their heels, succeeded in making their escape, though in a sorry plight, to the British post at Cheraw hill.

Prostrate as South Carolina was, there were still some of her inhabitants who clung resolutely to their arms; and, although forced temporarily to leave their own state, they were impatiently waiting for a favorable opportunity to strike a blow against the invaders of their homes. Among these was THOMAS SUMTER, one of the most gallant of the southern patriots. Though past the meridian of life, such were the fighting qualities and resolute spirit of the man, that he was popularly known as "*The Gamecock of Carolina.*" In his youth he had fought against the Indians, and had served as a soldier in Braddock's unfortunate campaign. When the Revolutionary War broke out, Sumter was among the earliest in the field, and received the command of the South-Carolina riflemen, as their lieutenant-colonel. He was a man of inflexible firmness and daring courage. Large, strong, and active, his body was equal to all the trials of endurance to which his enterprising spirit constantly subjected it. "Determined to deserve success, he risked his own life and the lives of his associates without reserve. Enchanted with the splendor of victory, he would wade in torrents of blood to attain it."* He trusted, however, more to personal prowess than to military skill. He was far less inclined to plan than to execute, and often undertook and succeeded in enterprises which a more prudent officer would never have hazarded.

* Lee.

Sumter's home, on the Santee river, had been devastated by the enemy, his house burned to the ground, and his wife and children driven forth without shelter. He now sought refuge in North Carolina, where he soon gathered about him a band of his fellow-exiles, who chose him as their leader, and determined to vindicate the rights of their country and avenge their own wrongs.

FRANCIS MARION was another of those dauntless partisan leaders, to whose energetic courage the Carolinas were indebted for their final rescue from the thraldom of a triumphant enemy. The youngest son of a wealthy planter, of Huguenot extraction, his youth was encouraged with the prospect of a life of prosperity and ease, when his father becoming impoverished, he was suddenly made conscious that he was to rely upon his own efforts for support. The youth did not hesitate, but promptly sought employment as a sailor. On his first voyage to the West Indies, the vessel was wrecked, and young Marion took to the boat with the rest of the crew, where for seven or eight days they subsisted upon the raw flesh of a dog which, like themselves, had escaped from the wreck.

After landing, the youthful Marion abandoned the sea, and took to farming. In the expedition against the Cherokees, he was made a lieutenant under Moultrie, and subsequently served as a captain in a second Indian expedition. When the Revolutionary War began, he was chosen captain of a company, and assisted (having in the meantime been promoted to the rank of major) in the gallant and successful defence of Fort Moultrie, in June, 1776. In the late siege of Charleston, he commanded a regiment as lieutenant-colonel; but, having by accident broken his leg, he became incapable of military duty. Leaving the city before its surrender, he fortunately escaped falling with the rest of the garrison into the hands of the enemy. He now took refuge in North Carolina, and sought, like Sumter, an occasion to redeem his native land.

Marion was now forty-eight years of age. Small in stature, meager in frame, and of a sallow, hard visage, he had not a very martial appearance. He was, nevertheless, a man of great powers of endurance, which were strengthened by his severely abstemious habits. He drank nothing but water, and ate sparingly. "His dress was like his address — plain, regarding comfort and decency only."* He was a reserved, cautious man, and, though well informed, seldom disposed to conversation. Trusting to his own fertility of expedient, he rarely sought counsel from others, and his success as a strategist seemed to justify his self-reliance. He was a rigid disciplinarian, and he not only made his men good soldiers, but took care of them. Never avoiding danger, he never rashly sought it; and, acting for all around him as he did for himself, he risked the lives of his followers only when it was necessary. He was so upright, that, "during the difficult course of warfare through which he passed, calumny never charged him with violating the rights of person, property, or humanity."† His fellow-countrymen, knowing him to

* Lee. † Ib.

be "without fear and without reproach," styled him "*The Bayard of the South;*" but his British and tory enemies denominated him "*The Swamp-Fox.*"

ANDREW PICKENS, though born in Pennsylvania, and a younger man, was hardly less effective than Sumter and Marion in the partisan warfare of South Carolina. Governor Rutledge, with a shrewd judgment of character, had singled out these three, and appointed them brigadier-generals in the militia of the state.

Marion, Sumter, and Pickens, all made themselves formidable in the guerilla warfare in which they were engaged, and greatly contributed to the final triumph of the Americans in the South. Their troops were at first few in number, and made up of a miscellaneous assortment of ill-dressed and poorly-equipped whites and blacks. All were mounted, and most of them armed with rifles. A few only acted, however, as cavalry, and brandished old mill-saws converted into broadswords, or knives at the ends of poles, until they could supply themselves at the enemy's expense with sabres and lances.* When about making an attack, most of the men dismounted, leaving their horses in some hidden spot near by, in readiness to remount for either pursuit or flight. The men were all hard riders and good marksmen; they endured the longest and most toilsome marches without fatigue, seldom feeding more than once a day, and were prompt in action.†

Governor Rutledge had, fortunately, left Charleston before the disastrous close of the siege, the better to employ himself in other states for the benefit of his own. He personally sought the several authorities and people of North Carolina, Virginia, and finally Congress, and received liberal promises from all. With these he returned to South Carolina, full of hope, to give vigor and concentrative energy to all the efforts that might be employed against the invader.

In the meanwhile, General Rutherford had succeeded in raising fifteen hundred men, whom he brought together at Charlotte, in North Carolina, the well-known "*Hornet's Nest,*" as this whig region was called by the royalists. This force was sufficient to discourage the approach of Tarleton in that quarter; and Lord Rawdon, who had established a post at the Wexhaws, now deemed it prudent to abandon it.

But time was required to arouse the country; and in the meantime, under British auspices, the loyalists grew active and audacious. A large force of these, raised in North Carolina, had collected at Ramsour's, under a Colonel Moore. A detachment of General Rutherford's troops, under Colonel Locke, attacked and defeated them. Other parties of loyalists were growing in both the states; but they did not grow alone: their rising sufficed to give new spirit to the patriots. They, too, soon showed themselves here and there in North and South Carolina, in bodies more or less numerous, mostly small and badly armed at first, but full of eagerness, and perhaps vindictive passions. Such was the character of the small troop which had retreated before the British, from the low

June 22.

* Irving. † Lee.

or swamp regions, as the latter advanced into the back-country; and, strengthened by volunteers from North Carolina, it was now, under the brave Sumter, returning to its native state at the very moment when the cause of liberty seemed most hopeless to the inhabitants.

"The attitude of this forlorn few," says Simms, "was no less melancholy than gallant. The British were everywhere triumphant, the Americans desponding; the state without any domestic government, and utterly unable to furnish supplies to this little band, whether of arms, clothing, or provisions. Never did patriotism take the field with so few encouragements or so many difficulties. The iron tools of the neighboring farms, the ploughshare and the saw, were worked up into rude weapons of war by ordinary blacksmiths. The partisans supplied themselves in part with bullets by melting the pewter which was given them by private housekeepers. Sometimes they went into battle with less than three rounds to a man; and one half were obliged to keep at a distance until supplied by the fall of comrades or enemies with the arms which might enable them to engage in the conflict. When victorious, they relied upon the dead for the ammunition for their next campaign. The readiness with which these brave men resorted to the field, under such circumstances, was the sufficient guaranty for their ultimate success."

Sumter was the first of these partisan warriors to cross the border into South Carolina, and renew the war with the victorious British. With a hundred and thirty-three followers, this gallant leader attacked and routed a detachment of royal troops posted on the frontier. This was the first advantage gained over the enemy in South Carolina since their landing in the beginning of the year.

July 12.

The affair of the 12th of July took place at Williamson's plantation, in the upper part of the state. The enemy, consisting of a large detachment of British militia and tories, were under the command of Colonel Ferguson (not the one already described, in the British army) of the former, and Captain Houck of the latter. The royalists, not apprehending an enemy, were posted at disadvantage in a lane. both ends of which were entered at the same time by the Carolinians. Ferguson and Houck were both killed, and their men completely routed and dispersed. At the fortunate moment in which the attack was made, a number of prisoners were on their knees, vainly soliciting mercy for themselves and families at the hands of the British officers. Houck had become notorious for his cruel atrocities, in the very performance of which the retributive Providence decreed that he should be slain. On this occasion, Colonel Bratton and Captain M'Clure particularly distinguished themselves. These two gallant officers had already made their mark upon a large body of marauding British and tories, in an affair only a month previous, at Mobley's meetinghouse, in Fairfield district (within a few weeks after the surrender of Charleston), where they had attacked the enemy, and, after a severe handling, succeeded in dispersing them. One of the gallant young partisans, in the

affair with Houck and Ferguson, became well known long afterward as the distinguished General Adair.*

Sumter's success inspirited the inhabitants, who came forward with such alacrity to join his standard, that in a few days his force was increased to six hundred. Emboldened by this reinforcement,

July 30. an attack was made on the British at Rocky mount, where the patriots, however, were less successful; and Sumter, finding that, without artillery, he could make no impression on the enemy's works of logs and earth, retired.

Ever active himself, and fearful lest his militia might disband unless kept on the move by constant enterprise, the daring and spirited partisan leader attacked

August 6. a British regiment (the Prince of Wales's) and a large body of tories, posted at a place called Hanging Rock, eastward of the Catawba.

The assault was prompt and effective. The regiment of regulars was so completely cut to pieces, that there was left only the small remnant of nine out of two hundred and seventy-eight men; and the North-Carolina tories, under Colonel Bryan, who had been so impatient to show their loyalty, were, after suffering severely, totally routed and dispersed.

In July, Colonel Clarke, with a hundred and ninety men, proceeded to the neighborhood of Cedar springs, in the Spartanburg district. Here they were suddenly warned by two women that they would soon be attacked by a large force of British and tories, commanded by Colonel Dunlap. They prepared themselves accordingly, and were all in readiness when the enemy came on, an hour before daylight. It was almost too dark to distinguish friends from foes; but the British, expecting to surprise the Americans, were in some degree themselves the subject of surprise. They were met firmly, hand to hand, and a fierce conflict took place, in which they were defeated, and were pursued for nearly a mile. The enemy lost twenty-eight dragoons and about a score of loyalists. Most of the wounds given were with the broadsword. On the retreat, Dunlap was joined by Colonel Ferguson, and their united forces amounted to more than five hundred men. The Americans retired without precipitation or pursuit, and with the loss of only five killed and thirty wounded.

These gallant enterprises of Sumter and others had tended greatly to encourage the desponding Carolinians, and to abate the panic which had been occasioned by the fall of their chief town. All that was wanted by the scattered bands of patriots were good weapons, ample munitions, and an able military leader, capable of showing the way. Hence the continual call upon the main army of Washington for general officers. The patriots were now still further inspirited by learning that regular troops were marching from the North to their succor.

While the siege of Charleston was impending, some fourteen hundred continentals, consisting of the Delaware and Maryland lines, and some Virginia troops, had been ordered by Congress to reinforce General Lincoln in defence of the beleagured city. They were confided to

* Simms.

the command of Major-General Baron de Kalb. After some delay from embarrassment in the commissariat department, the

April 16. brave and experienced German set out from the camp at Morristown on his long southern march. The journey, by land, was tolerably expeditious for the first part of the route; but, lacking means of transportation, without cash or credit, and relying for facilities of march upon states so thinly settled as Virginia and North Carolina, the progress of these troops had been too slow for the succor of the besieged city. They were still on the march when the tidings were received of the fall of Charleston.

But the march was not arrested. De Kalb led his men with a proper care, and with due regard to their sufferings, which were great, through a wild and almost uninhabited region. He had pushed his progress to the South by the direct route from Petersburg, in Virginia, for Camden,

July 6. in South Carolina. When he had arrived at Cox's mills, on Deep river, in North Carolina, the baron was brought to a halt for want of provisions, and also by doubt as to his future course. No supplies could be obtained from the authorities of the state, and very little by forced contributions from the inhabitants.

De Kalb was obliged, nevertheless, to continue his march, in order to keep his troops from starving, as he hoped to reach a part of the country where there might be found a better prospect of subsistence. He accordingly moved along the Deep river, and encamped near Buffalo ford, whence he sent out his foraging-parties. With all his activity, however, he could hardly obtain a sufficient supply of grain for the immediate subsistence of his army, and the only meat that could be procured was the lean beef of the wild cattle which roamed in the pine-woods and the cane-brakes. Major-General Caswell, in command of the North-Carolina militia, was, moreover, in advance; and his hungry troopers were skinning all the "fat of the land," and leaving nothing but a meager residue behind them.

The baron strove to induce Caswell to join him, but he and his militia preferred the independence of campaigning on their own account. De Kalb remonstrated, but in vain, and appealed to the state legislature and to Congress. While thus perplexed, and doubtful of the future, General Gates presented himself in camp.

Although Congress relied with confidence upon the patriotism and devotion of Baron de Kalb, it was deemed best to despatch a general commander to organize a southern army who was better known through the country, and the *prestige* of whose name would induce the patriots of the South to rally to his standard. Early in the spring, Washington, seeing the necessity of more vigorous operations in the Carolinas, had intended to recommend General Greene as the fittest officer to lead the destined reinforcements to the aid of Lincoln, and to take the general command of all the southern forces; but after hearing of the fall of Charleston and the capture of Lincoln, Congress, without consulting the commander-in-chief in this important matter, had appointed General Gates to that momentous service. The

latter was then enjoying a brief repose upon his estate in Virginia, where he and his old friend, General Charles Lee, frequently discussed public affairs, and undoubtedly in a spirit and temper most unfriendly to Washington.

On his arrival, General Gates, of course, superseded De Kalb. The baron gladly yielded up his irksome authority, but modestly consented to remain in the subordinate command of the Maryland division. Gates himself may have assumed his new position with no very sanguine hopes, when he recalled the parting words of his friend Lee, who, on bidding him farewell in Virginia, said, "*Beware that your northern laurels do not change to southern willows!*"

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

General Gates on the Move.—Plenty of Rum and Rations.—The Troops inspirited.—Precipitation.—A Suffering Army.—The Promised Land.—Hope deferred.—Green Corn and Lean Beef.—Crossing of the Pedee River.—Marion and his Troopers.—Disappointment.—Junction with the Militia.—Lord Rawdon at Camden.—British Reinforcements.—Earl Cornwallis to the Rescue.—His Promptitude.—Order of Battle.—Battle of Camden.—Panic of the Militia.—Flight.—Effects of Diet on Courage.—Good Conduct of the Regulars.—Victory of the British.—Death of Baron de Kalb.—Gates goes with the Torrent.—No Rally.—Tarleton and Sumter.—A Sudden Burst.—Pursuit.—The Losses.—A Sad Train.—A Mortifying Picture.—Gates humbled.

1780. THE ceremonies of his reception being over—the little park of artillery having fired a continental salute, and an interchange of courtesies having passed between the polite De Kalb and his successor—General Gates promptly ordered the troops to be in readiness to move at a moment's warning. This created great surprise and much grumbling in the army, as, from its long-suffering in consequence of meager supplies, it was in an ill condition for a march. The soldiers, however, were encouraged by their new general's assurances that an abundance of "rum and rations" was on the route, and would soon overtake them.

July 27. The troops, inspirited by such a prospect, hesitated no longer, and accordingly began to move. General Gates, eager to signalize his command by a promptitude of action that might contrast favorably with the Fabian policy of other commanders whose slowness he was wont so freely to censure, determined to push right on, form a junction with General Caswell, and strike at the enemy. He therefore took the route over Deep river, by Buffalo ford, leading to the advanced post of the British at Lynch's creek, on the road to Camden, at which latter place, about one hundred and ten miles northwest from Charleston, Lord Rawdon was posted with his main army.

Colonel Otho Holland Williams, adjutant-general, ventured to expostulate with Gates upon "the seeming precipitate and

inconsiderate step he was taking." The country through which he was about to march, Williams declared, was naturally barren, abounding in sandy plains, intersected by swamps, and but thinly inhabited; while the scant supplies of provisions and forage produced on the banks of its few streams had already been swept away by the devastations of the enemy and the hordes of tory freebooters. The colonel advised with earnestness a northwest route, leading across the Pedee, to the town of Salisbury, lying in the midst of a fertile country, and inhabited by warm friends of the patriot cause.

Gates, however, was not to be diverted from his resolution, and persevered in the route which he had begun. His men were already reduced to the "scraps" in their knapsacks, as their only food; and, as they continued their march, they found that there was but little promise of plenty. The country proved even worse than it had been represented. With its wide stretches of sandy plain and deep morasses, there was but little cultivation; and those rare spots where the sparse settlers had built here and there a log-house, and raised a meager patch of corn, were found devastated and abandoned. The soldiers suffered greatly from the want of supplies, but bore up manfully with the prospect in advance of reaching the fertile banks of the Pedee.

Even here, however, in the fatter land, the sufferings of the army did not cease. The fields, it is true, were rich with promising crops; but the Indian corn was not yet ripe, and, as the harvest of the previous year was exhausted, the soldiers in their hunger were forced to pluck the green ears. These, boiled with the lean beef, and eaten with green peaches as a substitute for bread, constituted their only diet, which, though it satisfied the appetite, did not fail to produce severe dysenteries. The officers were enabled to thicken their soup with the hair-powder left in their toilet-bags, and thus congratulated themselves upon a more wholesome repast.

The little army, however, continued to move on, and, crossing the Pedee river, General Gates was met on the opposite (western) side by Lieu- **August 3.** tenant-Colonel Porterfield and his small corps of Virginians, who, ever since the fall of Charleston, had remained in South Carolina, where they had continued roaming about the country, picking up what food they could get by foraging. Colonel Marion, too, had joined the march with his few followers, "distinguished by small black leather caps and the wretchedness of their attire. Their number did not exceed twenty men and boys, some white, some black, and all mounted, but most of them miserably equipped: their appearance was, in fact, so burlesque, that it was with much difficulty the diversion of the regular soldiery was restrained by the officers; and the general himself was glad of an opportunity of detaching Colonel Marion, at his own instance, toward the interior of South Carolina, with orders to watch the motions of the enemy and furnish intelligence."* It was not long, however, before the sneering regulars would have gladly welcomed back Marion and

* Williams's Narrative.

his men, to aid in saving them from impending destruction on the fatal field of Camden.

As the troops continued their march, disappointment met them at every step. On reaching May's mill, they had expected large supplies; but, not finding them, the men began to murmur, and threaten mutiny. The officers, however, by showing their own empty canteens and mess-cases, satisfied the soldiers that all suffered alike, and quieted them for the time by promising that, if the expected supplies did not arrive, detachments should be allowed to go out from each corps, and to pick up what provisions they could get.

Fortunately, a small quantity of Indian corn was soon brought into camp. The mill was now set to work, and, as soon as a mess of meal was ground, it was delivered to a squad of men, and so on until all were served, the general and field officers taking their share, and not the most abundant, among the last.

Aug. 10. In his impatience, Gates now rode on and reached General Caswell's camp of militia, about fifteen miles eastward of the British advanced post on Lynch's creek. Next day the army followed and formed the junction with Caswell's troops. All were cheered by the event, and the combined forces marched

Aug. 13. with invigorated spirits to Clermont, about twelve miles from Camden, at which place Lord Rawdon, on the near approach of Gates, had concentrated all his troops.

The British commander was not disposed to disturb the American camp until he should receive reinforcements from Lord Cornwallis at Charleston, and in the meantime he kept his troops employed in strengthening his defences.

On the day after his arrival at Clermont, Gates was reinforced by the junction of Brigadier-General Stevens, with seven hundred Virginia militia. His entire force now amounted to three thousand and fifty-two men fit for duty, of whom a third only were regular troops.

Earl Cornwallis, made aware that the post at Camden was threatened, hastened there in person, followed by a **Aug. 14.** small body of troops. He now assumed the command of the whole force himself, which numbered about twenty-one hundred men. These were, however, with the exception of a few hundred loyalist militia, choice British regulars. His lordship, with his usual promptitude, had been only a single day in camp, **Aug. 15.** when he was prepared to sally out against his enemy; and at ten o'clock at night he began his march to Clermont.

By a curious coincidence, General Gates had fixed upon nearly the same moment to lead out his force from Rugely's mills toward Camden. Gates had received a request from Sumter for a reinforcement of regular troops to aid him in an attempt to cut off a considerable convoy of British wagons, which, laden with clothing, ammunition, and other stores, and guarded by an escort, was on its way by M'Cord's ferry from Charleston to the camp of the enemy. The general had accordingly ordered a detachment of four hundred men, including one hundred infantry and two brass fieldpieces, under Lieutenant-Colonel Woolford, to join Sumter. In order

to facilitate this enterprise by a diversion, ignorant of the arrival of Cornwallis by forced marches, and confident that Lord Rawdon would retire on his advance, and fall back upon Charleston, General Gates had taken up his march with the intention of posting himself near Camden.

Colonel Armand and his cavalry-legion led the van, flanked by Lieutenant-Colonel Porterfield's corps of Virginia regulars in Indian file on his right, and by Major Armstrong's light-infantry of the North-Carolina militia in the same order on his left. The main body followed, with the Maryland and Delaware regulars forming the front division, in command of Baron de Kalb; the militia of North Carolina, under General Caswell, next in order; and the militia of Virginia, under Brigadier Stevens, bringing up the rear.

General Gates was in ignorance of several facts which he might have known, and which it was of infinite importance to his objects that he should have known. Not only was he uninformed of the rapid march of Earl Cornwallis to the relief of Rawdon, and thus underrated the British strength, but he had given himself little time to learn anything. He committed a variety of blunders. He undervalued cavalry, one of the most important portions of every army, and one especially so in a level and sparsely-settled country like that through which he had to pass. He hurried his men, when fatigued, without necessity, and commenced a night-movement with untried militia, in the face of an enemy. In this march he exhibited none of that vigilance upon which the success of all military enterprises must mainly depend. Lord Cornwallis, on the contrary, appears to have been accurately informed of every particular in relation to the Americans which it was important for him to know. It is even said that an emissary of the British commander succeeded in passing himself upon Gates as a fugitive from Camden, and, having won his confidence, made his escape to his British employer. In a fatal state of security, the result of his own self-delusion, the American general hurried his troops blindly forward to their doom.*

The two armies thus moved on in the darkness of the night, without being conscious of each other's approach, the deep sands muffling the sound of every footstep, until they met, about two o'clock in the morning, at Sanders's creek, seven miles north of Camden, and nearly midway between that place and Clermont. A smart interchange of small-arms between the advanced guards first revealed the contact of the hostile armies; and a heavier fire immediately ensued. **Aug. 16.**

Colonel Armand's vanguard of cavalry —"a miserable apology for a legion," remarks Simms, "made up of the worthless outcasts of foreign service"—wheeled at the first discharge from the enemy, and in their retreat threw the Maryland brigade in their rear into confusion. Porterfield, however, on the right, with his Virginia infantry, held his ground; but he himself was soon carried off the field, with his leg terribly shattered by a cannon-ball. As if by tacit consent, the two armies recoiled, and, bewildered as it were

* Simms.

by the sudden encounter in the darkness, now ceased from all further hostility, and prepared to await the daylight for the conclusion of the strife.

Some prisoners having been taken by the Americans, one of them was conducted to the general, who extorted from him intelligence of the position and strength of the enemy. When he thus declared that Lord Cornwallis was commanding in person nearly three thousand troops (as he reported) within five or six hundred yards of the American lines, Gates was aghast; as he now discovered, for the first time, the arrival of his lordship, and the considerable strength of his force.

All the general officers were at once assembled in council, in rear of the line, when Gates, communicating to them the unwelcome intelligence, asked, "Gentlemen, what is to be done?" For awhile no one said a word; until General Stevens, of Virginia, breaking the silence, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, is it not too late *now* to do anything but fight?"—"Then we must fight," rejoined Gates. "Gentlemen, please to take your posts." Both commanders now anxiously waited for the light of day, and employed the remainder of the night in arranging the order of battle for their troops in the morning.

The American army was ordered to form with the second Maryland brigade, including the Delawares, under Gist, on the right; the North-Carolina militia, under Caswell, in the centre; and that of Virginia, under Stevens, on the left. The first Maryland brigade, under the brave General Smallwood, was to be held in reserve, about two hundred yards in rear of the first line. The artillery was placed in the centre of the first line, and the light-infantry of the North-Carolina militia, under Major Armstrong, was ordered to cover a small interval between the left wing and the swampy grounds in that quarter. Each flank of the whole line was protected by a marsh. Baron de Kalb, the second in command, took post on the right, with the Delaware and second Maryland brigades; while General Gates, directing the whole in person, placed himself on the road between the main body and the reserve.

The British right, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Webster, consisted of a small corps of light-infantry, and the twenty-third and thirty-third regiments; and their left, under Lord Rawdon, was formed by the volunteers of Ireland, the infantry of the legion, a portion of Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton's Royal North-Carolina regiment, and four fieldpieces, two of them six and two three pounders, directed by Lieutenant M'Leod of the artillery. The seventy-first regiment, with a six-pounder, composed the reserve, one battalion being placed in the rear of the right division and the other of the left; while the cavalry was stationed in the rear of the whole. The ground upon which the British halted was favorable, as each flank rested on an impervious swamp.

At break of day, before the opposing lines were completely formed, the British were observed to be advancing, and, in the uncertain light, appeared to be displaying their columns by the right. The adjutant-general, Colonel

Aug. 16.

Williams, ordering the artillery in front to open its fire, immediately galloped to the commanding general, in the rear of the second line, to explain to him the cause of the fire. Gates seemed disposed to await events, and gave no orders for immediate action. Colonel Williams, however, having observed that if the enemy, while in the act of displaying, were briskly attacked by General Stevens's brigade, which was already in line of battle, the effect might be fortunate, and first impressions were important, Gates replied: "Sir, that's right; let it be done."

Williams now hastened to General Stevens, who, having received his orders, advanced at once with his brigade of Virginia militia, apparently in fine spirits. It was too late, however, to attack the enemy while they were in the act of displaying. They were already in line.

In order to provoke the fire of the British at some distance, and render it less terrifying to the militia, Williams led forward, within fifty yards of the enemy, a small party of volunteers. These posted themselves behind the trees, and began their fire, but without effecting the purpose expected.

The British infantry now came rushing on, when Stevens, encouraging his men, called out to them, "My brave fellows, you have bayonets as well as they; we'll charge them!" The militia, however, appalled by the impetuosity with which the enemy advanced, firing and huzzaing, became panic-stricken, *and, throwing down their loaded arms*, fled in terror from the field! The North-Carolinians soon followed the base example of the Virginians, although Colonel Dixon's regiment held its ground long enough to fire two or three rounds of cartridge. The greater portion of the militia, however—which formed nearly two thirds of the whole army—*fled without firing a shot*, with Tarleton and his dragoons in fierce pursuit. "It can not appear excessively strange," says an apologist, "that such raw militia could not stand before bayonets, when it is considered that for some time they had subsisted on fruit scarcely ripe, without any regular rations of flesh, flour, or spirituous liquors."* Another declares that they were weakened by the effects of "a hasty meal of quick-baked bread and fresh beef, with a dessert of molasses mixed with mush or dumplings."†

The regulars, however, being now left to bear the whole brunt of the battle, did it manfully. The Delaware and Maryland brigades, though repeatedly broken, formed again and again, and renewed the attack with such spirit, that the result seemed for awhile in suspense. "The artillery was lost; the cavalry were swallowed up in the woods; and the regular infantry, reduced to a mere point in the field, and numbering but nine hundred men, were now compelled to bear the undivided pressure of two thousand veterans. But they resisted this pressure nobly, and, their bayonets locking with those of the foe, bore them back upon the field, in many places yielding them prisoners from the very heart of the British line. This triumph was momentary only; these gallant men were unsupported."‡ The enemy, having collected their corps,

* Gordon. † Williams. ‡ Simms.

and directing their whole force against these two brigades, a tremendous fire of musketry was kept up for some time on both sides. Cornwallis, however, finding that there was no cavalry to oppose him (for Armand and his horse had never returned since their flight during the night), pushed forward his dragoons, under the ubiquitous Tarleton, who, having returned from pursuit of the fugitive militia, and charging at the same moment as the infantry, put an end to the contest, and completed his victory.*

Never did men behave better than the continentals; but they were now obliged to fly. The only chance that remained to avoid a surrender on the field, and escape from the sabres of the dragoons, in whom the British were very strong, was to break away for the morass in their rear, into which they could not be pursued by cavalry. This was done, and by this measure alone did any portion of this devoted corps find safety. "Although the royal army fought with great bravery," says Simms, "it must have been beaten but for the flight of the militia. The terrible conflict which followed with the continentals proves what must have been the event had the former behaved like men."

Baron de Kalb, while fighting on foot at the head of the second Maryland brigade, fell, mortally wounded, into the hands of the enemy. Colonel du Buysson, his aid-de-camp, preserved him from instant death by throwing himself upon him, and crying out, "Save, O save the baron de Kalb!" and thus receiving the thrusts of the bayonet intended for the prostrate general. De Kalb, having received eleven wounds, died a few days after, and was buried by the British at Camden. With his latest breath he dictated a letter expressive of the warmest affection for the officers and men of his division; of the satisfaction which he felt at the testimony given by the British army to the bravery of his troops; of his being charmed with the firm opposition which they made to a superior force, when abandoned by the militia; and of the infinite pleasure which he received from the gallant behavior of the division he commanded.*

General Gates "was borne off the field by a torrent of dismayed militia."† General Caswell followed close in his wake. When the two commanders reached Clermont, they attempted to rally the fugitive militia, in order to cover the retreat of the regulars; but the farther the troops fled, the more they scattered: and the generals, giving up all as lost, and abandoned by all but their aids-de-camp and some twenty or thirty followers, retired to

* Williams.

* "The baron de Kalb was a native of Alsace (a German province ceded to France), and a knight of the royal military order of merit. He was educated for war in the French army, and, having been there connected with the quarter-master-general's department, his experience was of much service in America. He had been in the colonies toward the close of the French and Indian War, as a secret agent of the French government, when he travelled in disguise. He came over with Lafayette in 1777, when Congress commissioned him a major-general, he having held the office of brigadier in the French service. De Kalb died at Camden three days after the battle. He was buried there, and the citizens of Camden have erected a neat marble monument to his memory, the corner-stone of which was laid in 1825, by Lafayette, when he visited the grave of his old friend and companion-in-arms. On the 14th of October, 1780, Congress also resolved to erect a monument to his memory in Annapolis." — LOSSING.

† Gordon.

Charlotte, in North Carolina, sixty miles distant from the field of battle, and thence to Hillsborough.

On Gates's route, an officer overtook him with the intelligence that Sumter had succeeded in his enterprise against Carey's fort on the Wateree, having taken the enemy's post, and intercepted the escort of stores, which were all captured, together with forty baggage-wagons and a hundred prisoners. This occurred on the evening previous to the battle of Camden. The success, however, was now of no advantage to the defeated commander, and merely served to add to the bitterness of his own misfortune. All he could do was to send orders to Sumter to retire in the best manner he could.

Aug. 15

On hearing of the defeat of General Gates, Sumter began his retreat up the south side of the Wateree. His movements were greatly impeded by his captured baggage-wagons, filled with booty of the very kind that the Americans were most in need of. He was encumbered, also, by three hundred prisoners.

Before Sumter could effect his escape, Cornwallis had sent Tarleton with his legion in pursuit of him, accompanied by a detachment of infanty. This prompt officer pushed on with his usual rapidity; and finding, before he had proceeded far, that more than half of his horses had given out from sheer exhaustion, he galloped ahead with the remainder, consisting of only one hundred and sixty.

Aug. 17.

Sumter, believing himself secure in his position at the mouth of Fishing creek, where he had halted, became less cautious than he should have been. Satisfied with the precaution of posting two videttes in advance on the road, he allowed his tired men to relax at pleasure. They accordingly stacked their arms, and began to indulge themselves, some in bathing, some in strolling, and others in sleep. Two shots were heard, but were unheeded, as they were only supposed to be fired by some of the militia out in search of cattle. They were, however, shots from the videttes, who had thus endeavored to alarm the camp, and put Sumter and his men on their guard; for they had caught sight of Tarleton and his dragoons, who were rapidly approaching.

The British now burst suddenly upon them. Sumter strove to rally his men in defence; but although here and there some few struggled awhile with the enemy behind the wagons and baggage, there was soon a general rout. Nearly four hundred were struck down, and either killed or wounded. Sumter himself and about three hundred of his men succeeded in making their escape through the woods and river, leaving all their baggage, the stores, and the prisoners, which they had lately taken, in the hands of Tarleton.

Aug. 18.

The loss by Gates's defeat at Camden was heavy. Two hundred and ninety American wounded prisoners were carried by the enemy into the town. Of these, two hundred and sixty were connentals; eighty-two were North-Carolina militia; and of the Virginia militia, so effectual had been their flight, there were only two. The Americans lost the whole

of their artillery, and most of their baggage. Each corps was broken in action and dispersed, and all the officers separated from their respective commands. The fugitives were pursued for more than twenty miles by Tarleton and his legion; and as they fled they left everything on their route, so that the way was strewn with arms, baggage, and upward of two hundred wagons. The entire American loss was about one thousand in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The British loss was also severe, amounting, according to their own official report, to three hundred and twenty-five; though one of their historians states it at four hundred and thirty-four.

General Gates succeeded in rallying about a hundred and fifty of the continentals at Charlotte, but the militia dispersed rapidly to their homes in Carolina and Virginia. Gates now hastened to Hillsborough, where he hoped, with the aid of the general assembly of North Carolina, to devise some plan for renewing military operations.

The scattered continentals gathered slowly at Charlotte, and marched thence to Salisbury. A sad train moved along the road. "It consisted," says Williams, "of the wretched remnants of the late southern army, a great number of distressed whig families, and the whole tribe of Catawba Indians (about three hundred in number, some fifty or sixty of whom were warriors, but indifferently armed). Among the rest were six soldiers who had left the hospitals with other convalescents; they had all suffered in Buford's unfortunate affair, and had but two sound arms among them: *indeed, four of them had not one arm among them*, and two only an arm apiece. Each of them had one linen garment. Some of the wounded were in wagons, some in litters, and some on horseback, and their sufferings were indescribable. The distresses of the women and children who fled from Charlotte and its neighborhood; the nakedness of the Indians, and the number of their infants and aged persons; and the disorder of the whole line of march, conspired to render it a scene too picturesque and complicated for description. A just representation would exhibit an image of compound wretchedness; care, anxiety, pain, poverty, hurry, confusion, humiliation, and dejection, would be characteristic traits in the mortifying picture."

As a small offset to the overwhelming defeat at Camden, almost at the very moment when General Gates found himself a fugitive from the field of battle, Williams, a bold partisan of South Carolina, assisted by Bratton, Shelby, M'Dowal, Inman, and others, achieved one of his happiest successes at Musgrove's mill (Gordon's), with an inferior force of a hundred and fifty men, against a detachment of British and loyalists who numbered three hundred, one half of whom were regulars, under the command of Colonel Innis, seconded by Major Fraser. Williams formed a very pretty little ambuscade for his enemy along the river-thickets, and by adroit management succeeded in drawing the British colonel into it. Innis was surrounded by a circular fire, at the moment he supposed himself to be riding down a band of fugitives. Aug. 18.

The sharp-shooters of Williams and his colleagues then poured in their fire, and rushed upon the foe. Taken by surprise, confounded by assailants on every hand, Innis and Fraser fled with their regulars, breaking through the fiery circle, but at great loss of life. His militia were left to their fate; and such of them as did not bite the dust, were made prisoners. They lost nearly ninety men slain, and one hundred prisoners. Williams, from this and other adventures, became the hero of the popular ballad; fragments of rustic verse yet remain, which show how strongly he had impressed himself on the confidence of the people.*

But with the defeat and dispersion of Gates's army, the British ascendency in the South was completely re-established; and, at the close of the summer of 1780, there were no republicans in arms in South Carolina, except Marion and his little band of followers, who took refuge in the morasses and swamps bordering on the Santee. General Lee's ominous words were now fulfilled, and Gates's "northern laurels" had verily changed to "southern willows." Within the brief space of three months the two armies of Lincoln and Gates had been annihilated, and one of the most formidable of the partisan corps —that of Sumter—was scattered to the winds!

The pride of Gates had received an irretrievable blow, and, in letters addressed to the commander-in-chief from Hillsborough, in North Carolina, "he involuntarily paid the highest compliments to the noble man whom he had frequently insulted, and at times affected to despise." Conscious that official disgrace awaited him for the disastrous result of the southern campaign, he appealed to the generosity of Washington in language which showed the real confidence he felt in his chief's justice and magnanimity. "If I can yet render good service to the United States," he wrote, "it will be necessary it should be seen that I have the support of Congress and of your excellency; otherwise, some men may think they please my superiors by blaming me, and thus recommend themselves to favor. But you, sir, will be too generous to lend an ear to such men, if such there be, and will show your greatness of soul *rather by protecting than slighting the unfortunate.* If, on the contrary, I am not supported, and countenance is given to every one who will speak disrespectful of me, it will be better for Congress to remove me at once from a command where I shall be unable to render them any good service. This, sir, I submit to your candor and honor, and shall cheerfully await the decision of my superiors." In his reply, Washington confessed the surprise which he felt at the result of the campaign, but spoke highly of the bravery of the continental troops. "The accounts," he said, "which the enemy give of the action, show that their victory was dearly bought. Under present circumstances, the system which you are pursuing seems to be extremely proper."

* Simms.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

Knyphausen in New Jersey.—Movements of British Troops.—Mortal Wound of General Sterling.—Dayton and the Militia.—Rising of the Country.—Elizabethtown spared.—Ravage of Connecticut Farms.—The Fighting Parson.—Murder of Mrs. Caldwell and Child.—A Ruined Home.—Knyphausen marches to Springfield.—He is checked.—Movement of Washington.—Retreat of Knyphausen.—Arrival of Sir Henry Clinton.—A Stratagem.—General Greene deceived.—Marches and Countermarches.—The Struggle on the Rahway.—Strong Post of Greene.—Springfield burnt.—"Watts into them, Boys!"—Retreat of the British to Staten Island.

1780. INTELLIGENCE of the success of Sir Henry Clinton at Charleston having reached New York, General Knyphausen became emulous, and strove to signalize himself before the arrival of his superior in command. He accordingly determined to make a descent into New Jersey.

June 5. With this view, five thousand men were thrown over in two divisions during the night from Staten island to Elizabethtown Point. Brigadier-General Sterling led the first division, and succeeded in making good his landing; but he had not marched far on the road, when his approach was dimly perceived in the darkness by an American advance-guard. Colonel Dayton, who commanded some Jersey militia at Elizabethtown, having heard of the projected incursion of the British, had stationed twelve men on the shore to be on the lookout. They heard the tramp of the troops, and obscurely discerned the moving mass, when they challenged the invaders, and, receiving no answer, fired and retreated. General Sterling, riding in advance of his column, received this random shot in the knee; the wound finally proved mortal.

A short delay ensued, while the wounded general was borne back, and Knyphausen came to take his place. Dayton, in the meantime, mustered his militia, and aroused the country. Alarm-guns were fired, and signal-fires lighted; and every patriot who could bear arms shouldered his musket or brandished his pitchfork. The enemy, however, came on. A clattering squadron of Simcoe's dragoons, with their drawn sabres and glistening accoutrements, led the van, followed by the solid ranks of the British and Hessian infantry. The undisciplined militia and the miscellaneous throng gathered from the neighborhood did not venture to oppose so formidable a foe, but, leaving the village of Elizabethtown to the invaders, pushed into the country, where they hoped to be able to harass them more effectually, and thwart their further progress.

Knyphausen, satisfied with the desolation he had made on a previous occasion, spared Elizabethtown from further cruelty, and pressed on for the village of Connecticut Farms (now Union), about five miles distant. Harassed on the road by the fire of the country-people from under cover of the woods and stone-walls,

the British troops finally reached the village, where they met with a spirited resistance from General Maxwell, who with his brigade had joined the retreating militia under Colonel Dayton. Knyphausen, however, reinforced by his rear division, commanded by Brigadier-General Matthews, was enabled to drive away its defenders, and take possession of the place.

Infuriated by the opposition they had met, the British and Hessian soldiery now wreaked their rage upon the village of Connecticut Farms. They began to plunder and destroy, first gutting the houses and then burning them. Among those living in the place was Mrs. Caldwell, the wife of the Reverend James Caldwell, a Presbyterian clergyman. After his church had been burnt in Elizabethtown, he had removed to Connecticut Farms, where the parsonage was occupied by his family and himself, when not under marching orders, for he served as a chaplain in the army. As the enemy advanced, Caldwell retreated with his regiment, and left his wife and her children in the village.

Alarmed by the firing in the street, Mrs. Caldwell had retired to a back room, and was sitting on the bed, holding the hand of her child of three years of age in her own, while her infant of eight months was in the arms of a nurse close by, when a musket was levelled at the window and discharged. Two balls struck Mrs. Caldwell in the breast, and she instantly fell dead. Her body was allowed to be removed, and then the house was burned to the ground.

In the confusion and riot of the sacking of the village, it was difficult to discover who was the perpetrator, and whether his act was one of premeditated cruelty, or the result of reckless barbarity. Believed by the New-Jersey people, however, to be the deliberate work of a British soldier, the deed greatly exasperated them, and goaded the country to a fiercer resistance. Caldwell, anxious for the safety of his family, and ignorant of their fate, returned the next day, under the protection of a flag, to Connecticut Farms, where he found his wife dead and his home in ruins. Always a zealous patriot, he had never ceased, both in the meetinghouse, where he was noted as "a rousing gospel preacher,"* and in the field, where he was no less famed as a vigorous "fighting parson," to stir up his countrymen manfully to resist their cruel enemies. With private wrongs now added to stimulate his just indignation, Caldwell's voice and arm were raised with more energy than ever in behalf of the patriot cause.†

Knyphausen, having left Connecticut Farms in desolation, marched to Springfield. On approaching the bridge over the Rahway, at the entrance of the town, he was brought to a halt by the retreating troops under General Maxwell and Colonel Dayton, and by the discovery that Washington, with the main body of his troops, was posted on the Short hills, in the rear of Springfield, where he had arrived to check the progress of the enemy in their march toward Morristown.

* Irving.

† By a singular fatality, a little more than a year after the melancholy death of his wife, Mr. Caldwell himself was shot by an American sentinel near Elizabethport, because he refused to obey his orders!

The Hessian general, finding himself thus opposed, and disappointed in his expectation of the people joining him (as he had been led to believe from the rumors in New York, that New Jersey was discontented in consequence of the frequent impressments and forced levies of supplies made to relieve the necessities of the continental army), was compelled to retreat. He found some difficulty in crossing to his encampment on Staten island, and being indisposed to return with so poor an account of his somewhat pretentious expedition, he therefore lingered at Elizabethtown.

June 17. In the meantime, Sir Henry Clinton arrived in the harbor of New York from his triumphant southern expedition; and though, when he heard of General Knyphausen's movement, he could not entirely approve of it, he immediately determined, as the British troops were still in New Jersey, and as Washington had left his encampment at Morristown, to attempt bringing him to action, and if possible to destroy his stores. Sir Henry first landed his troops at Staten island, as if to reinforce Knyphausen, and then re-embarked them almost immediately on transports, with the apparent intention of sailing up the Hudson on an expedition against West Point. His object was, to divert the attention of the American commander from Knyphausen, that he might have an opportunity of making another and it was hoped a more successful effort in New Jersey.

Clinton's stratagem was partially successful. Washington, thinking it possible that the Hudson might be the object of the British general, moved with a large body of his troops in that direction, taking the road to Pompton; though he took care to leave a considerable force, consisting of the brigades of Maxwell and Stark, Lee's dragoons, and the New-Jersey militia, under General Greene, posted on the Short hills, in order to oppose any movement which the enemy might make toward Morristown, while he himself moved warily, that he might be conveniently placed, to push forward or return, as circumstances might require. His march had been intentionally so slow, that he had got only eleven miles beyond Morristown, when he heard of the second advance of Knyphausen.

General Greene, thoroughly impressed with the idea that the main object of the enemy was the North river, and Knyphausen's movement therefore only a feint, had with the greatest persistence urged the march of the army toward the Highlands of the Hudson, and was hardly convinced of his error until the last moment, when he despatched this note by express to the commander-in-chief:—

"*June 23d, 6 o'clock.*

"The enemy are out on their march toward this place in full force, having received a considerable reinforcement last night."

Washington immediately sent off a detachment to the aid of Greene, and fell back with the rest of his troops some five or six miles, in order to be near at hand, to give him further support should he require it

The enemy, having been strengthened

by Sir Henry Clinton and his troops, began their march from Elizabethtown at five o'clock in the morning, in two columns: one took the main road, leading directly to Springfield; and the other the Vauxhall road, which makes a circuit to the north, and joins the first at the pass through the Short hills, about a mile to the west of the town. The Rahway river, one branch of which flows on the east and the other on the west of Springfield, is crossed by bridges on both roads, but the stream is here and there fordable.

June 23.

General Greene, finding the British approaching with the formidable force of five thousand infantry, an imposing body of cavalry, and fifteen or twenty pieces of artillery, made the best possible disposition of his meager supply of troops, in order to defend the village, to guard his own flanks, and to secure a retreat.

Colonel Angell, with two hundred men and a fieldpiece, was posted at the bridge over the Rahway, at the entrance of the town on the east; and Colonel Shreve, with his regiment, was stationed at the bridge over the branch of the river which flows to the west and back of Springfield, in order to cover the retreat of Colonel Angell's advanced party if it should be driven back. Major Harry Lee, with his dragoons and a picked guard, was posted at the bridge on the Vauxhall road, with Colonel Ogden to support him. The remainder of the brigades of Generals Maxwell and Stark was drawn up on the high ground in the rear of the town, flanked by the militia.

The first encounter, with the right column of the enemy, was on the Vauxhall road, where Major Lee with great obstinacy disputed possession of the bridge; which, however, he was finally obliged to yield, as the British forded the river and gained some high ground which commanded his position.

Colonel Angell, on the main road, made an equally manful struggle with his handful of men against the British left division, and only gave up the bridge after a contest of more than forty minutes, when he retired in good order through the town to the second bridge, where Colonel Shreve covered his retreat, and kept the enemy at bay until called off by the commanding general.

Greene, fearful lest the British, though successfully opposed at the bridge, might ford the river and surround his small advanced parties, ordered them to fall back, and concentrated his whole force on the heights in the rear of the town, where the two roads meet and lead to the pass through the Short hills. Here, strongly posted, the American commander awaited the junction of the two columns of the enemy and their combined attack. He, however, waited in vain. Sir Henry Clinton and General Knyphausen, having united their force, reconnoitred Greene's position, and for awhile threatened to assail it, but finally concluded upon retreating without striking a blow.

On retreating through Springfield, the British burnt every building except four houses; and, giving up all further attempt to advance upon Morristown and destroy the American stores and magazines there, which had been the chief object of the

expedition, they continued their retreat to Elizabethtown. As they went, they were closely followed by the militia, and were greatly harassed. Parson Caldwell made himself conspicuous in the pursuit. "The image of his murdered wife," says Irving, "was before his eyes. Finding the men in want of wadding, he galloped to the Presbyterian church and brought thence a quantity of Watts's psalm and hymn books, which he distributed for the purpose among the soldiers. '*Now*,' cried he, '*put Watts into them, boys!*'"

Lee was also active with his dragoons, and picked up a number of stragglers and a large quantity of stores and baggage. The enemy's loss was considerably more than that of the Americans, who had but twenty killed and sixty wounded in the various encounters.

The British finally crossed over to Staten island, and, destroying their bridge of boats, apparently gave **June 25.** up all further designs upon the much-vexed territory of New Jersey, which had hitherto suffered so much by the war.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

Return of Lafayette.—His Warm Welcome.—Tears of Joy.—Good Tidings.—Dear Americans.—The Marquis welcomed by Congress.—Count de Rochambeau.—His Life and Character.—French Aid.—Gallant Nobles of France.—Reception at Newport.—"Our General" in Rhode Island.—Plan of Combined Attack.—Sir Henry Clinton on the Alert.—Movements and Counter-Movements.—Lafayette's Troops.—The French Fleet blockaded.—General Arnold makes his Appearance.—His Disappointment.—He is appointed to the Command of West Point.—A Significant Request.

1780. The marquis de Lafayette's return to America was one of the most encouraging events of the year. The young Frenchman had greatly endeared himself to Washington by his faithful friendship, and won popular admiration by his generous enthusiasm in behalf of the cause of American independence. His arrival was welcomed with every expression of delight. Tears of joy rose in the eyes of Washington, on reading Lafayette's letter announcing his **April 27.** arrival at Boston; and when the youthful marquis reached headquarters, the stately commander-in-chief "folded him in his arms in a truly paternal embrace."*

Lafayette was doubly welcome, for he was the messenger of glad tidings. He brought word that his most Christian majesty Louis XVI. was sending to his good allies the American states a French fleet, under the chevalier de Ternay, and a body of troops, commanded by Count de Rochambeau. The marquis might well feel proud as the bearer of this important intelligence, which he was permitted as yet only to communicate to Washington and to Congress. The result which he

* Irving.

announced was greatly due to his own efforts in his secret mission to the court of Versailles. So zealous was he in behalf of the American cause, and so persuasive were his appeals, that old Count de Maurepas, the French prime minister, remarked one day in council, "It is fortunate for the king that Lafayette does not take it into his head *to strip Versailles of its furniture, to send to his dear Americans, as his majesty would be unable to refuse it!*"*

In addition to the request for troops and vessels-of-war for the American service, the marquis had also asked for large supplies of clothing, arms, and ammunition, for the patriot army. But he did not ask more of others than he was willing to do himself. He purchased on his own account, and brought with him to America, a large quantity of military equipage, which he presented to the officers of light-infantry which he commanded during the next campaigns.

With skill and foresight, Lafayette had likewise planned the terms of the military alliance before he left France, so as to leave nothing in point of courtesy or etiquette to be settled thereafter between the two commanders-in-chief; these terms were embodied in the instructions of the French minister to Count Rochambeau, and were intended to promote perfect harmony between the officers and troops of the two nations. The French were to be, in all cases, under the general command of Washington; and when the two armies should be united, they were to be considered as auxiliary to the Americans, and to yield precedence by taking the left. The American officers were to command French officers of equal rank; and in all military acts and capitulations the American generals were to be named first, and to sign first. So judiciously were these instructions drawn, that perfect harmony subsisted between the two armies from the moment of the arrival of the French till their departure, two years afterward.* As a token of friendship and alliance, Washington recommended his officers to wear a cockade of white and black intermixed, the American cockade being black, and that of the French white, the latter being the color of the reigning house of Bourbon.

From headquarters, in New Jersey, Lafayette hastened to Philadelphia, where he was welcomed by Congress with a complimentary resolution, in which his return to America was acknowledged as a proof of his disinterested zeal, and the offer of his services accepted with pleasure.

The French fleet, which sailed from France on the 1st of May, was seen off the capes of Virginia on the 4th of July, and at length safely entered the harbor of Newport, in Rhode Island. It consisted of seven ships-of-the line, several frigates, and a number of transports (including two bomb-vessels), which had on board six thousand troops. The land-force was commanded by Count de Rochambeau and the fleet by Chevalier de Ternay.† **July 12.**

Rochambeau was a veteran officer, who had served with honor against the Prus-

* Sparks.

* Lossing.

† Ternay died at Newport while in command of the fleet.

sians and English serving under Frederick the Great, in the Seven Years' War. His name was JEAN BAPTISTE DONATIEN DE VIMEUR, though he is more generally known by his title of *Comte de Rochambeau.* He was born at Vendome, in 1725, and entered the army at the age of sixteen. In 1746, he became aid-de-camp to Louis Philippe, duke of Orleans (the father of Philippe *Egalité*, who was beheaded in the Revolution, and grandfather of King Louis Philippe). Afterward obtaining the command of the regiment of La Marche, he distinguished himself at the battle of Lafeldt, where he was wounded. He won fresh laurels at Creveldt; at the battle of Minden, where the French received a terrible defeat; and also at Corbach and Clostercamp. For these services he was made lieutenant-general.*

As soon as it became known that troops were to be sent to the United States, the young French nobility zealously sought to serve under Washington, who had been appointed by Louis XVI. lieutenant-general of France, and vice-admiral of its fleet, in order that, as before remarked, the French officers might be made subordinate to the American commander-in-chief, without wounding their national sensibility. As more offered themselves for appointments than the service required, many eager solicitors were disappointed. Those who came were among the noblest and most gallant youth of France.

There was the handsome, witty, and brave, but profligate, duke de Lauzun, at the head of his legion; there was the marquis de Chastellux,* a relative of Lafayette, a soldier, courtier, and a man of letters; and there was the son of the count de Rochambeau, in command of the regiment of Auvergne, which his father had often led to victory. They had "brought out with them," said the count himself, "the heroic and chivalrous courage of the ancient French nobility."

The first impression, on the arrival of the French at Newport, does not seem to have been encouraging. "I landed with my staff," wrote the general, "without troops; nobody appeared in the streets; those at the windows looked sad and depressed." In a short time, however, there was an agreeable change. "I spoke to the principal persons of the place," continues the count, "and told them, as I wrote to General Washington, that this was merely the advanced guard of a greater force, and that the king was determined to support them with his whole power. In twenty-four hours their spirits rose, and last night all the streets, houses, and steeples, were illuminated, in the midst of fireworks and the greatest rejoicings." **July 13.**

* After the return of Count de Rochambeau from America, he was raised to the rank of marshal by Louis XVI., and, after the French Revolution, he was appointed to the command of the army of the north; but he was superseded by more active officers, and, being calumniated by the popular journalists, he addressed to the National Assembly at Paris a vindication of his conduct. A decree of approbation was consequently passed in May, 1792, and he retired to his estate, near Vendome, with a determination to interfere no more with public affairs. He was subsequently arrested, and narrowly escaped suffering death, under the tyranny of Robespierre. In 1803, he was presented to Napoleon, then first consul, who granted him a pension, and the cross of grand officer of the Legion of Honor. He died in 1807, at the advanced age of eighty-one years.

* Francis John Chastellux, a field-marshal, was the author of "Travels in North America," &c.

General Heath had been ordered by Washington to proceed to Rhode Island, in order that he might be present to give advice and assistance, as well as to do the honors suitable to the occasion. As soon as the French fleet appeared off the coast, "our general"* immediately prepared to cross over from Providence to Newport; but the day being calm, the packet did not reach the town until twelve o'clock at night. General Rochambeau had gone on shore in the evening. Early the next morning, General Heath likewise went ashore, and waited on the count; from which moment the warmest friendship commenced between "our general, the count, and all the French officers."

Lafayette also hastened to greet his compatriots, and confer with Rochambeau upon the plans of a campaign which had been concerted with Washington. The arrival of the French was announced to the troops in general orders, and the commander-in-chief expressed the hope that the only contention between the two armies would be, to excel each other in good offices and in the display of every military virtue. He was, however, in a state of great solicitude, when he reflected upon the utter weakness of the American army at this time, from the want of supplies of every kind, and the miserably deficient state of the quartermaster's and commissary's departments. The army, in the plan of the campaign of 1780, had been fixed by Congress at thirty-five thousand two hundred and eleven men; instead of which, the actual force in the field and under arms, at the end of June, amounted to only about five thousand five hundred men! Indeed, the allied forces of the Americans and French were still inferior to those of the British commander at New York.

July 20.

The plan drawn up by Washington, and now submitted by Lafayette to the French general and admiral, was, to attack New York with the combined forces. Washington was to march upon the city by land, in conjunction with Rochambeau, who was to debark on Long island with his troops; while De Ternay was to attack the British squadron, or blockade it in the harbor. The plan, however, was defeated for the present by the arrival of Admiral Graves at New York with six ships-of-the-line, which gave the British the naval superiority. It was now resolved to postpone the expedition until the arrival of the second division of the French force, which had been left at Brest, awaiting transports; or of the squadron of the count de Guichen, which was daily expected from the West Indies.

In the meantime, Sir Henry Clinton, having obtained information of the proposed project of the allies, determined to thwart it by attacking the French at Newport. He therefore embarked eight thousand men and sailed up Long-island sound with his transports; while Admiral Arbuthnot put to sea with his squadron, in order to co-operate.

Washington now proposed to take advantage of the absence of Sir Henry Clinton, and either to strike a blow at New York, or to make such a demonstration as would cause the British commander to

* General Heath, who, as the reader will recollect, always speaks of himself as "our general."

return to its defence, and abandon his attack upon Newport. The army, which was on the west, was accordingly thrown across to the east side of the North river. The troops were ordered to disencumber themselves of all their heavy baggage, which, with the women and children, was sent to West Point. Provisions for two days were cooked in advance, the horses of the baggage-wagons were kept constantly in harness, and every man was ordered to be in readiness to march at a moment's notice.

The young Lafayette was among the most eager. He was now in command of a light-infantry corps, consisting of two brigades, selected from the different regiments of the army. He had supplied his officers and men, as we have seen, with extra equipments, at his own expense; and with conscious pride he displayed his troops in review before Washington and his general officers, by all of whom they were pronounced to be, in accoutrement and bearing, equal to any soldiers in the world. Their uniform was neat, each man wearing a leathern helmet, with a crest of horse-hair. Both officers and privates carried swords, which Lafayette had himself brought from France and presented to them. The marquis was also anxious to prove that his corps was no less effective in the field than showy on parade. He was, however, disappointed in his martial aspirations.

On discovering Washington's movement across the Hudson, and his preparations for a march upon New York, Sir Henry Clinton gave up his part of the proposed attack on Rhode island, and returned with his land-forces to his headquarters; while Admiral Arbuthnot proceeded to blockade the French fleet in the harbor of Newport, and to endeavor to cut off the expected reinforcements. Intelligence soon came that the second division of the French armament was blockaded at Brest by an English squadron, and that the count de Guichen had sailed from the West Indies for Europe. This compelled the allies to abandon all thought of an attack upon New York, and forced Rochambeau to continue inactive during the remainder of the year.

The American army now recrossed the Hudson, leaving a small detachment to raise some works and establish a post at Dobb's ferry, on the eastern side, in order to secure a communication for future operations against New York, if found to be practicable. Washington took post at Orangetown (or Old Tappan), opposite Dobb's ferry, where he remained until winter.

While the army was crossing the river at King's ferry—when the movement against New York was contemplated, and Washington was on horseback, directing the passage of the last division—General Arnold suddenly presented himself. He seemed anxious to know, and hurriedly asked, what place had been assigned to him. The general-in-chief answered that it was the left wing, which was the post of honor, and which was his right by rank. Arnold made no response, but his face was quickly clouded with an expression of dissatisfaction. Washington, deeply engaged in directing the movement of his troops, had no time

July 31.

for further parley, and dismissed Arnold, with a courteous request that he would ride to headquarters, where he would soon see and speak with him more at leisure in regard to the matter.

On Washington's return, he learned from Colonel Tilghman, his aid-de-camp, that Arnold had been speaking freely with him about his interview with the commander-in-chief, and had expressed his disappointment at the result, declaring that in consequence of his wound he was unfit for the field, and that the only post at which he could do good service was West Point. Washington seemed to be surprised, for this was so unlike the daring Arnold, to prefer the restriction of garrison-duty to the free action of the field! Still, he was aware that Arnold had before expressed a desire for the command at West Point, although he believed that this had been a mere passing caprice of that restless officer, and not the earnest wish of his heart.

General Arnold, however, was deeply in earnest, and had been so ever since he had solicited the command. Thus, he had urged in his behalf the interposition of his friends in Congress, and the exercise of the influence of General Schuyler and of Mr. Robert R. Livingston, the member from New York, who wrote to Washington, asking for the appointment of Arnold to the command at West Point, upon the ground that he was not only an officer of tried courage and ability, but stood high in the estimation of the people of New York, and was popular with the militia, whose services would be required. Livingston, however, made no allusion to the fact that he had been prompted by Arnold himself to make this application, and left it to be inferred by Washington that his only motive was the suitableness of the appointment.

Recalling to mind the previous solicitations which had been made, and now finding that Arnold himself was resolutely bent upon obtaining the appointment, Washington no longer hesitated, but gave him the command at West Point, whither he immediately proceeded. Arnold's headquarters were established at the former residence of Colonel Beverly Robinson, a loyalist in the service of Great Britain. The "Robinson house," as it was called, is situated (for it still exists) on the eastern and opposite bank of the Hudson to that of West Point, and between two and three miles below that post. **August 3.**

On taking leave of Washington and his officers, when about to assume his command, General Arnold suggested to Lafayette, who had spies in his pay at New York, that, as their intelligence might sometimes come more conveniently by the way of West Point, it would be as well to intrust him (Arnold) with their names, that intercourse with them might be thus facilitated. The young marquis unhesitatingly declined, on the principle that he was bound in honor to keep the names of the spies to himself. Nothing more, at the time, was thought of it; but subsequent events revived its remembrance, and gave great significance to Arnold's request.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

General Arnold as Governor of Philadelphia.—His Restlessness.—Abortive Schemes.—Suspicious Conduct.—Charges.—Resignation.—Splendor and Expense.—The Penn House.—Banquets.—Coach-and-Four.—The Marriage.—A Reigning Toast.—The Beautiful Margaret Shippen.—A Needy Prodigal.—Verdict of the Court-Martial.—Gentle Words of Washington.—A Sore Conscience.—Desperation.—A French Rebuke.—Good Advice.—Contemplated Treason.—Arnold's Unpopularity.—His Correspondence with Major André.—"Gustavus."—Life of Major André.—A Youthful Adjutant.

1780. General Arnold, it will be recollected, was appointed military governor of Philadelphia in May, 1778, immediately after the evacuation of that city by the British troops under Sir Henry Clinton. Here he soon incurred the dislike of the inhabitants by his arbitrary conduct, and their suspicion by his equivocal transactions. His restlessness of disposition, or his desire to escape from the observation of those who regarded him with no friendly eye, prompted him to seek another field for his active energies, and a month had hardly passed when he solicited an appointment in the navy.

Abandoning this design, either from its impracticability or from his own caprice, Arnold resolved to take the command of a privateer. This scheme was in its turn also given up while preparations were making for its accomplishment. His next project was, to obtain a grant of land in the western part of New York, for the establishment of a settlement for the officers and soldiers who had served under him, and for such other persons as might be disposed to join them. This plan, too, was nursed for awhile, and finally abandoned by its capricious parent. Among the various other projects with which his restless mind teemed, he at one time entertained the idea of forming a vast confederacy of the Indian tribes, of which he might then become its great and powerful chief.

General Arnold's conduct, in his capacity as military commandant of Philadelphia, at length became so suspicious, and doubts of his integrity were so freely expressed, that the council of Pennsylvania was forced to take cognizance of them. An investigation ensued, which resulted in the presentation of certain charges, some of which imputed criminality, and all implied abuse of power. These were submitted to Congress, and referred to a committee of inquiry, which reported favorably to Arnold. The authorities of Pennsylvania, however, still clung to their charges, and insisted that Arnold should be tried by the military tribunal to which, as an army-officer, he was amenable. Congress assented, and it was resolved that the charges should be referred to a court-martial for its decision. The accused general complained that he was unfairly treated, and sacrificed by Congress to a desire on its part to conciliate the state of Penn-

sylvania. In the meanwhile, kept in suspense by repeated postponements of his trial, he fretted angrily under the impending accusations. Under pretence of the wants of the army, he had forbidden the shopkeepers of Philadelphia "to sell or buy; he then put their goods at the disposal of his agents, and caused them afterward to be resold at a profit. At one moment, he prostituted his authority to enrich his accomplices; at the next, he squabbled with them about the division of the prey."*

Arnold now resigned his command, but remained in Philadelphia, where since his first arrival he had lived in a style of unexampled splendor and expense. He took possession of the "Penn house," one of the most imposing in the city, gave magnificent banquets, and drove a coach-and-four, with liveried coachman and lackeys. When Monsieur Gerard, the French embassador, first arrived in Philadelphia, Arnold gave him a grand dinner, and entertained him and all his suite in his house for several days.

His marriage with Miss Margaret Shippen, the daughter of Mr. Edward Shippen (afterward chief-justice of Pennsylvania, though at that time supposed to be favorably inclined toward the tories), added still more to Arnold's love of expensive display and ostentation. He was forty years of age, and a widower. Miss Shippen was a beauty of eighteen, and fond of gayety and public admiration. She had been a reigning toast of the town while the British occupied Philadelphia, and was one of the fair ladies whose supremacy in "wit, beauty, and every accomplishment," the knights of the "Blended Rose" in the famous *Mischianza* asserted by "deeds of arms" against all rivals.* Her attractions had made such an impression upon the British officers, that, after leaving Philadelphia, no name was more frequently heard in the toast and sentiment which, as was the custom in those days, flavored the after-dinner Madeira, than that of the beautiful Margaret Shippen. With André, the captivating aid-de-camp of the English commander-in-chief, her remembrance was kept fresh by a sentimental correspondence, which was continued even after her marriage.†

The associations of his wife's family were with the more pretentious and tory people of Philadelphia, and Arnold was thus brought in constant contact with those whose habits were neither calculated to lessen his prodigality, nor their principles to increase his patriotism.

* American Register, vol. ii., p. 23, 1817.

* See page 91, of this volume.

† "It was from one of the disaffected or tory families that Arnold selected his wife. He loved her with passionate fondness, and she deserved his attachment, by her virtues and solidity of understanding. In addition to these advantages, she possessed an extraordinary share of beauty, distinguishable even in a country where Nature has been prodigal of her favors to the sex. A considerable time before this marriage, when Philadelphia was still in the hands of the enemy, the relatives of the lady had given an eager welcome to the British commanders. His marriage, therefore, caused some surprise; but he was pledged to the republic by so many services rendered and benefits received, that the alliance gave umbrage to no one."—*American Register*, 1817.

"It is generally believed," adds Mr. Lossing, "that Arnold's wife was instrumental in weakening his attachment to the American cause." When he received from Washington the command at West Point, "the news of this unexpected success reached Mrs Arnold in the midst of a large assembly at an evening party in Philadelphia, and so affected her that she partly swooned; yet no one suspected the real cause of her emotion, and, when she recovered, they all congratulated her upon the resolution and good success of her husband!"

Arnold, living in a style of profuse splendor, which he had not the means to support, was soon driven to the usual resources of the needy prodigal. He incurred debts as long as his credit enabled him; but when this means failed, he resorted to other expedients. He speculated in privateer-risks and various trading-projects. When Count d'Estaing with his fleet approached New York, and it was supposed that the British would be forced to evacuate the city, Arnold formed a partnership with two other persons, to purchase (on the expected decline of the market) goods to the amount of thirty thousand pounds sterling within the lines of the enemy. These projects of anticipated profit failing, Arnold, whose pride would not permit him to diminish his expenditures, was prepared to resort to any means to supply his reckless prodigality.

In the meantime, the court-martial, appointed more than a year previous, convened at Morristown, whither Arnold repaired. Having investigated the charges against him, that tribunal, on the 20th of January, pronounced him guilty of two of them,* though with mitigating circumstances, and sentenced him to be reprimanded by Washington. Never was the sword of justice more delicately tempered, and a smoother wound given to an irritable conscience, than when wielded by the hand of the commander-in-chief on this occasion. When Arnold appeared before him, Washington addressed him gravely but kindly, saying: "Our profession is the chastest of all. Even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the lustre of our finest achievements. The least inadvertence may rob us of the public favor, so hard to be acquired. I reprimand you for having forgotten that, in proportion as you had rendered yourself formidable to your enemies, you should have been guarded and temperate in your deportment toward your fellow-citizens. Exhibit anew those noble qualities which have placed you on the list of our most distinguished commanders. I will furnish you, as far as it may be in my power, with opportunities of regaining the esteem of your country."

1779.

Arnold's conscience, however, like an ulcerated sore when exposed to the pure air of heaven, was only the more inflamed by these gentle words of the pure and upright Washington. He was maddened to rage, and spared no one, from commander-in-chief to subaltern, all of whom he charged with envy of his own brilliant military fame. He had already, under an assumed name, opened a correspondence with the enemy, but hesitated to take the last and basest step of overt treason until he had exhausted every other resource for the supply of his greedy prodigality. Nearly four years before Arnold's defection, Colonel Brown, denouncing him in a handbill, used these memorable words: "*Money is this man's God, and to get enough of it he would sacrifice his country!*"

* The two charges which were sustained in part, but not so far as to imply criminality, were these: 1. That Arnold, when at Valley Forge, before the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, had given a written protection to the commander of a vessel to proceed to sea and enter any port within the United States. The mitigating circumstance was, that the vessel was the property of persons who had taken the oath of allegiance to the state of Pennsylvania. 2. That Arnold had used the public wagons of Pennsylvania for private purposes. The mitigating circumstance in this instance was, that their use was paid for at private expense.

Shortly after his trial, Arnold renewed a petition to Congress for a settlement of his accounts, in which he made claims for an exorbitant balance in his favor. He was pertinacious, but his demands were evidently so unjust, that neither his enemies, disgusted with his effrontery, nor his friends, wearied with his importunity, were disposed to listen further to his appeals.

Yet Arnold was sinned against. Many officers were envious of his deserved reputation as a soldier. He had been made to feel the shafts of their envy in many ways. The very men who had conspired against Washington, in 1777 and 1778, were most prominent in opposition to Arnold; and the same faction in Congress withheld deserved honors from him. With contracted vision he saw, in the conduct of these individuals, the ingratitude of his country; and the resentment which he felt toward them he extended to the cause, and all engaged in it. This feeling, and the hope of large pecuniary reward, by which he might relieve himself of heavy and increasing embarrassments, seemed to have extinguished every spark of patriotism, and beckoned him to the bad pre-eminence of a mercenary traitor.*

Arnold, in his desperation, now resorted to the expedient of appealing for a loan of money to the French envoy, Monsieur de la Luzerne (the successor of M. Gerard), with whom he was on terms of social intimacy in Philadelphia. The general spoke of his disinterested services, his sacrifices, his wounds; he complained of the ingratitude of his country, the injustice of Congress, and the persecuting malice of his enemies. He declared that his fortune had been ruined by the war, and that, unless he could borrow sufficient money to pay his debts, he would be compelled to go into retirement, and quit a profession which rewarded him only with poverty. He finally intimated to M. de Luzerne that it would be for the interest of his king to secure the attachment of an American officer so high in rank, and that it might be done for the amount of the loan asked!*

The French minister, a man of great honor and just sentiments, although an admirer of Arnold's talents, could not approve of such a method of raising money, and in his reply administered a mild but firm rebuke. "You desire of me a service," he said, "which it would be easy for me to render, but which would degrade us both. When the envoy of a foreign power gives, or, if you will, lends money, it is ordinarily to corrupt those who receive it, and to make them the creatures of the sovereign whom he serves; or rather he corrupts without persuading; he buys, and does not secure. But the firm league entered into between the king and the United States is the work of justice and of the wisest policy. It has for its bases a reciprocal interest and good will. In the mission with which I am charged, my true glory consist in fulfilling it without intrigue or cabal, without resorting to any secret practices, and by the force alone of the conditions of the alliance."

To this somewhat formal manifesto of

* Lossing.

* Sparks.

political principle, Monsieur de Luzerne freely added some moral advice. Arnold, however, "wanted money, not advice;" and, not getting it, from either America or France, he was determined upon obtaining it from Great Britain. He now made the last desperate move, and, having lost himself, staked his country upon the issue. He renewed his correspondence with the enemy, which had been opened with intentional vagueness, that he might continue or terminate it, as circumstances should prompt.

The command of West Point, which Arnold secured, as we have seen, gave him the means he sought for consummating his treason. His departure from Philadelphia was not regretted, as his arbitrary temper, his pretentious bearing, and his corrupt conduct, had made him so much detested and so unpopular, that he hardly dared to show himself in the streets. On one occasion he was assaulted by the populace; and, having complained to Congress, he demanded a guard of continental troops for his protection, saying, "This request, I presume, will not be denied to a man who has so often fought and bled in the defence of his country." Congress, however, did not order the guard, but referred him for protection to the governor of Pennsylvania.

Arnold found, in the correspondence of his wife with Major André, a convenient means of opening a communication with the enemy. His advances to Sir Henry Clinton were accordingly made through this channel. He wrote his letters in a disguised hand, and under the assumed name of "*Gustavus;*" while his correspondent, Major André, took that of "*John Anderson.*" To avoid detection, the true meaning of the letters was disguised under the cover of a commercial correspondence, in which mercantile phrases apparently expressed trading-purposes. Arnold warily avoided committing his own name to paper; but Sir Henry Clinton, from the beginning, discovered that his correspondent was an American officer of influence, and was soon convinced that "*Gustavus*" was no less a personage than Major-General BENEDICT ARNOLD.

Adjutant-General Major JOHN ANDRE, the British agent who bore so important a part in this dark transaction, was born in London, in 1751, whither his parents, who were Swiss, had removed from Geneva. Originally intended for a merchant, he was placed in early youth in a London countinghouse, and before he had reached his eighteenth year fell in love with Miss Honora Sneyd. She returned his affection; but her cautious father, seeing but little prospect of young André's advancement in his career, refused his consent to their marriage. The lover now sought a relief for his disappointment in the excitement of a military life; while his "dear Honora" consoled herself by becoming the second wife of "that man of many wives," Richard Lovell Edgeworth,* a young wid-

* RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH, of Edgeworthtown, Ireland, was born at Bath, in England, in 1744. Possessing a large fortune, he devoted much of his time to agricultural improvements, as well as to the amelioration of the existing modes of education, by writing, in conjunction with his highly-gifted daughter, many useful works. He also wrote his own "Memoirs;" and, among his various mechanical inventions, was a telegraph. Mr. Edgeworth was married three times. His first wife was the mother of Miss Maria Edgeworth; his second spouse was Miss Sneyd, Andre's "dear Honora;" and his third was Elizabeth Sneyd, whom

ower of only twenty-six, and the father of the celebrated Miss Edgeworth.* André continued to cherish a sentimental affection for his lost beauty; and his correspondence with Anna Seward,† of Litchfield, and of Johnsonian celebrity, who was a bosom friend of Miss Sneyd, was filled with tender allusions to "Honora," as were his occasional verses, in which a ready faculty at turning a rhyme led him to indulge.

Receiving a commission of lieutenant in the British army, his first service was in Canada, where he was taken prisoner, on the fall of St. Johns, in 1775, and "stripped of everything," as he wrote to a friend, "except the picture of Honora, which I concealed in my mouth."

Being exchanged in the course of the war, André rejoined the army, and by merit alone (for he had no powerful patronage at home to advance his interests) he rapidly rose in rank, became a captain, and was appointed by Major-General Sir Charles Grey (father of Lord Grey, the distinguished statesman) his aid-de-camp. André was a man of versatile talent; he was by turns soldier, poet, musician, and painter, and his qualifications were set off with the advantage of a handsome person and amiable manners. After General Grey returned to Europe, Sir Henry Clinton received André as his aid-de-camp, and was so impressed with his abilities, that, upon the resignation of Lord Rawdon, he appointed him adjutant-general. After some reluctance on the part of the British prime minister, who objected to André's youth, he was finally promoted to the rank of major, and confirmed in his office as adjutant, at the early age of twenty-nine.

he married "just seven months and twenty-five days after the death of Honora." He died in 1817, at the age of seventy-two years.

* MARIA EDGEWORTH, the celebrated Irish novelist, whose works have had great influence in promoting the cause of education and of social morality, was born in Oxfordshire, England, in 1766. She commenced her career as an authoress about 1800, and in her early literary efforts she was greatly assisted by the advice of her father. The famous "Essay on Irish Bulls," the joint production of herself and her father, was published in 1801. Her "Castle Rackrent" abounds in admirable sketches of Irish life and manners. Her "Belinda," a novel of real life and ordinary characters, is also descriptive of some of the striking traits of the Irish character. In 1804, she published her "Popular Tales;" and two years afterward, "Leonora," a novel in two volumes. In 1809, she issued "Tales of Fashionable Life," of a more powerful and varied cast than any of her previous productions. Three other volumes of "Fashionable Tales" appeared in 1812, and fully sustained the high reputation which she had now attained. In 1814, her novel of "Patronage" was published. For many years, indeed, literary composition formed the chief business of her life. Originality and fertility of invention, and a power of depicting Irish manners unequalled among modern authors, are her chief characteristics as a novelist. She died in 1849, in the eighty-fourth year of her age.

† ANNA SEWARD, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Seward, himself a poet, and the author of an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, was born at Eyam, in Derbyshire, England, in 1747. She evinced a poetical taste in early life. In 1782, she published her poetical romance of "Louisa;" and she subsequently printed a collection of sonnets, and a "Life of Dr. Darwin," in which she asserted her claim to the first fifty lines of that author's "Botanic Garden." She died in 1809.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

Treasonable Correspondence renewed.—General Arnold at West Point.—Major André chosen.—Failure.—A Bare Escape.—Washington out of the Way.—An Artful Ruse.—Washington en Route to Hartford.—A Startling Remark.—Communication with the British Sloop Vulture.—"John Anderson."—A Change of Mind.—A Flag of Truce fired upon.—A Remonstrance and a Ruse.—Joshua Hett Smith.—The White House.—A Postponement.—Difficulties.—Reluctant Boatmen.—Boarding the Vulture.—Interview between Arnold and André.—Impatience.—Unfinished Business.—A Startling Reflection.

1780. Sir Henry Clinton, although he studiously kept up his communications, through Major André, with his undeclared correspondent, whom he had no doubt was General Arnold, was not impatient to complete his bargain until the traitor had something more valuable to offer than himself. It was not, therefore, until Arnold was in command of West Point, that Clinton cared to bring to a final issue the base negotiation which had now been going on for nearly eighteen months.

West Point, with its important position, its armament, garrison, and stores, was an object worth purchasing; and the British commander was at last prepared to make his bargain with the military Judas, who was eager to clutch the "pieces of silver." Arnold, in his letters, had expressed an earnest desire to have a personal interview with some one "of his own mensuration," as he said, evidently with the purpose of securing the payment of his price. Sir Henry had thought of some one else; but General Arnold having insisted on Major André being sent, that young officer consented to go. The great difficulty now was, to effect an interview without exciting suspicion. Arnold's fertility of craft was equal to the occasion.

The first attempt, nevertheless, failed. André, accompanied by Colonel Beverly Robinson, now as a confederate, had come to Dobbs's ferry, in order to meet Arnold, as he had appointed; but the traitor himself, after coming down the river in his barge, and passing the night at Smith's house, near King's ferry, was, upon attempting next morning to reach the rendezvous (being unprovided with a flag), fired upon by the British gun-boats. His barge was so closely pursued, that Arnold barely escaped losing his life or being captured; and, after another unsuccessful effort to obtain an interview, he returned to the Robinson house, and André and his companion to New York. To explain his passage down the Hudson, which became generally known, Arnold took care to write to Washington, stating that his object had been to establish signals and give directions about the guard-boats.

As Washington was about proceeding to Hartford, to hold a conference with Count de Rochambeau and the French officers in regard to a proposed campaign, and would cross King's ferry on his route,

Arnold was careful to put off any interview until the commander-in-chief was out of the way. Sir Henry Clinton, however, disappointed at the failure of the several previous attempts, sent the sloop-of-war Vulture, with Colonel Robinson on board, to anchor up the river near Teller's Point, and thus be at hand to facilitate a meeting. Robinson immediately wrote a letter, artfully addressed to General Putnam, as if thinking that he was in command at the Highlands, and asked for a personal conference on private business. This letter was enclosed in another addressed to Arnold, in which the same favor was solicited from him in case Putnam should be absent. This artful *ruse* of the two addresses, and the careful wording of the letters, removed any chance of suspicion in case they should fall into the hands of others than Arnold.

Sept. 18. These letters were delivered on the very day that Washington had set out on his journey to Hartford, and Arnold had read and held them in his pocket at the time he was conveying the commander-in-chief in his barge across the river to Verplanck's Point. The Vulture was lying in full view; and while Washington was looking at the vessel, and speaking in a low tone of voice, Arnold was observed to manifest some uneasiness, although its cause was not suspected. As Count de Guichen's squadron was expected daily from the West Indies, it naturally became the topic of conversation. Lafayette, merely alluding to the free communication between New York and West Point, and frequent opportunities of intelligence, startled Arnold with the remark, "General, since you have a correspondence with the enemy, you must ascertain as soon as possible what has become of Guichen." The traitor, evidently for a moment thrown off his guard, abruptly demanded what he meant, but soon recovered his self-control and dropped the subject.*

While Arnold was accompanying the general-in-chief to Peekskill, he showed him the letters written by Colonel Robinson; and, not suspecting their real purpose, Washington recommended Arnold not to hold the proposed conference, as Robinson's object, which was supposed to have reference to his property, was one that belonged properly to the civil and not to the military jurisdiction.

Little did the commander-in-chief suspect that the brave officer now escorting him, who had served his country with so much zeal and gallantry, and who at that interview handed him a written opinion concerning the propriety of an attack on New York, based upon statements which he had received from his chief, of the condition and prospects of the American army, was about to betray that army and his country, and to make use of that very statement as one of the instruments of his treason. The very paper containing this statement, which Washington had sent to Arnold (as to others of his general officers), was one of those afterward taken from André's boot!†

Arnold now had an opportunity, of which he gladly availed himself, of an open communication with the Vulture. A personal conference with Colonel Rob-

* Sparks. † Lossing.

inson, however, after Washington's decided objection, was no longer thought of; but there was no difficulty in communicating with him by letter. Arnold accordingly sent openly to the Vulture, by an officer in a flag-boat, a sealed packet which contained three letters, in the outer one of which he stated, in general terms, that he had consulted with the commander-in-chief, who disapproved of Robinson's proposition. The second explicitly stated that on the night of the 20th of September he would send a person to Dobbs's ferry, or on board the Vulture (which was requested to be kept where she then was), who would be furnished with a boat and a flag of truce, and whose secrecy and honor might be depended upon. In a postscript he thus artfully gave the appearance of public business as his object, and information of the time when Washington intended to return: "I expect General Washington to lodge here on Saturday night next, and I will lay before him any matter you may wish to communicate."* There was also enclosed a third letter, which was a copy of one previously sent to "*John Anderson*," appointing a place and time of meeting Major André at Dobbs's ferry.

On the morning after Sir Henry Clinton received these letters, which were immediately despatched to him, André set off, and went to Dobbs's ferry, receiving as his last instructions from the British commander, not to go into the American line, not to disguise himself, *and not on any account to receive papers*. It was in fact supposed that Arnold himself, although speaking of a third party, intended to go on board the Vulture, and there settle the terms of his bargain in person.

Sept. 20.

André, arriving at a late hour at Dobbs's ferry, where it was originally his intention to have requested the commander to drop down with his vessel, changed his mind, and took a boat, in which he sailed up the river and boarded the Vulture at seven o'clock in the evening. Here he remained all night, anxiously expecting every moment the arrival of Arnold; but, as the latter did not come, he began to fear that the whole project would fail. Thinking that Arnold, possibly unaware of his having got on board the Vulture, might be expecting him at Dobbs's ferry, André took an occasion which accidentally offered of giving him information of his whereabouts. A flag of truce having been shown at Teller's Point, apparently inviting a communication with the ship for some purpose or other, a flag-boat was sent off; but as it approached the land, it was fired upon. The captain now sent a second boat with a flag, to remonstrate; and André (in order that Arnold might infer that he was on board the Vulture) penned the letter of remonstrance, though it was dictated and signed by Captain Sutherland.

Colonel Livingston, in command of the American post at Verplanck's Point, received the letter, and handed it to General Arnold, who had arrived there just as the Vulture's boat was returning. The latter recognised André's handwriting at once, and, making the inference intended by the writer, prepared

Sept. 21.

* Sparks.

to send to the Vulture on the coming night.

Arnold had succeeded in securing the services of a Mr. Joshua Hett Smith, a gentleman of reputable standing, and one who, by various patriotic acts, had given proof of his attachment to the republican cause. His residence, the "White house," as it was called, was situated on the west side of the Hudson, in Haverstraw bay, about two miles below Stony Point, and was conveniently placed for Arnold's proposed interview with André.

Smith had consented to board the Vulture in the night, and bring on shore the person whom he would find there, and moreover to allow his house (for which purpose he had removed his family to Fishkill) to be used as the place of rendezvous. Provided by Arnold with an order upon Major Kierse, the quartermaster at Stony Point, for a boat, the usual pass for a flag of truce, and letters for the Vulture, Smith was to have executed his commission on the night of the 20th of September. Various difficulties, however, were in the way. The boat could not be readily obtained; and a tenant of Smith, one Samuel Colquhoun, who had been urged to go with him, refused on account of his dread of the guard-boats. The affair was accordingly postponed.

Sept. 21. The next morning, Arnold proceeded down the Hudson to Verplanck's Point, where, as we have seen, he had read the remonstrance of Captain Sutherland of the Vulture, and recognised the handwriting of André. He now determined to secure the accomplishment of his purpose by his own personal efforts. Crossing over to Stony Point, and finding no boat there, he sent an officer in his barge to obtain one at "Continental village." Leaving orders with Major Kierse to have it brought down to Haverstraw creek, Arnold in the meanwhile proceeded to Smith's house.

The American guard-boats had been ordered not to interfere with Smith, as he was employed by the general to obtain important intelligence, and the watch-word "Congress" was agreed upon to secure the recognition of his boat. The only difficulty now was to obtain the services of a boatman. Samuel Colquhoun still refused to go, as did likewise his brother. Smith's appeals were all in vain; and even Arnold could not succeed in overcoming their scruples until he threatened, if they persisted in their obstinacy, and refused to give their assistance *when required for the good of the country, to arrest them as disaffected persons!* They now no longer resisted, and were further encouraged in their obedience to Arnold's peremptory orders by the promise of fifty pounds of flour to each.*

"It was half-past eleven o'clock in the night," says Sparks, of whose careful collation of the incidents we have freely availed ourselves, "when Smith and his two boatmen arrived at the landing, near the mouth of Haverstraw creek, to which place Major Kierse had sent the boat. They muffled the oars by General Arnold's directions. The night was tranquil and serene, the stars shone brightly, the water was unruffled except by the gentle current, which was hardly percep-

* It was never given.

tible in that wide part of the river, and the boat glided along silently, without being discovered or meeting with any hinderance, till they were hailed by a hoarse seaman's voice from the Vulture, inquiring who they were, and whither bound. Smith answered that they were from King's ferry, and on their way to Dobbs's ferry.

"The boat was immediately ordered alongside; and a torrent of uncourtly epithets, peculiar to the sailor's vocabulary, was poured out upon them for presuming to approach one of his majesty's ships under the cover of darkness."

Smith in the meantime clambered up the sloop's side, and a boy came up from below, where the noise had been heard, with orders that he should be shown into the cabin. Smith, upon entering, immediately recognised Colonel Beverly Robinson, whom he had known before, and gave him Arnold's letter.

Smith was under the impression that Robinson was the person whom he was to bring ashore; and accordingly, when Major André, under the name of *Mr. John Anderson*, was presented, Colonel Robinson gave as his reason for not going himself that he was in ill health, but stated that his friend would answer the same purpose. André, it would seem, had insisted upon going, in accordance with the request of Arnold, although Robinson strenuously objected to his trusting himself to a man who was so unprincipled as to betray his country. So eager, however, was André to accomplish his purpose, that he seemed to be entirely unconscious of all danger attending its accomplishment.

André was so completely wrapped in a blue overcoat, that his uniform could not be seen; and Smith always declared that he had no idea at that time that he was any one else than "Mr. John Anderson," a plain citizen, who was acting in behalf of Robinson. Smith and André now descended into the boat alongside, where the boatmen had remained, and were rowed in silence to the shore. Here they landed, about midnight, at the base of a mountain called Long Clove, six miles below Stony Point.

Arnold had come down on horseback from Smith's house, accompanied by a servant, and stood hidden in a thicket near the landing, awaiting the arrival of the boat. As soon as Smith had stepped ashore, he groped his way up the bank in search of Arnold, and, having discovered him, came back to guide André to the place, where, being requested to do so, he left them.

The boatmen, wearied and unsuspicious, soon fell asleep; but Smith, anxiously inquisitive, and disappointed that he was not allowed to be present at the interview, passed the tedious midnight hour in wakeful impatience. His powers of endurance finally gave out; so he made his way through the bushes to the busy plotters, and, reminding them that the night was nearly past, declared that the boat could not be kept much longer. Arnold, finding that his work was not yet done, told Smith that he need remain no longer. The latter accordingly aroused the boatmen, and proceeded up the river with the boat; while Arnold, accompanied by André — who mounted the servant's

horse — rode to Smith's house, three or four miles distant. It was not until, in the course of their ride through Haverstraw village, on being challenged in the dark by a sentinel, that André was conscious of his being within the American lines. For a moment, the peril of his position startled him; but, nerving himself, he rode on by the side of his desperate associate.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

A Sudden Cannonade.—Alarm of the Conspirators.—Anxious Watching.—Small Gun.—Momentous Effect.—Negotiations continued between Arnold and André.—Settlement of the Price of Treason.—Completion of the Bargain.—All ready.—Departure of André.—No Boat.—Journey by Land.—His Adventures.—The Challenge.—An Inquisitive Captain.—Fear of the Cow-Boys.—Two in a Bed.—Return of Cheerfulness.—A Good Housewife.—Change of Route.—A Sudden Surprise.—Fallen among Enemies.—The Search.—"My God, a Spy!"—The Captors.—"Not Ten Thousand Guineas!"—Despair of André.—Blunder of Jameson.—Arnold on his Guard.

1780. It was just at daybreak when Arnold and André pulled up their horses at Smith's house; and they had hardly dismounted, when a severe cannonade broke upon the stillness of the early morning. Engaged in a dark and dangerous business, the two conspirators were intensely alive to the least alarm; and, on discovering that the firing was against the sloop-of-war Vulture, their anxieties became fearfully excited. André, from the window of the house, which commanded a view of the river, watched each new development of the scene with breathless interest. He continued to look on in silence, and with an evident expression of anxiety, which did not leave him until he saw that the ship, by moving farther down the river, was beyond the reach of cannon-shot.

Colonel Livingston, the commander at Verplanck's Point, had discovered on the previous day that the Vulture was so close to Teller's Point that she might be reached by cannon-shot from the shore, and had accordingly sent down a four-pounder to the river-bank for that purpose. He had asked General Arnold for heavier guns, but was put off by some frivolous excuse, and was obliged to do his best with what he had. Colonel Lamb had sent Livingston some ammunition for the occasion, but could not forbear saying, as he grudgingly supplied it, "Firing at a ship with a four-pounder is, in my opinion, a waste of powder." Livingston's small gun, however, had a momentous effect; and the Vulture, as we have seen, was forced to weigh her anchor and move down the river.

The firing having ceased, André recovered his usual gay spirits; and, after partaking of breakfast, he and Arnold were again left alone by Smith, in order to complete their project of treason. It is supposed that Arnold first insisted upon set-

tling the price; when it was agreed that he should receive ten thousand pounds in money, and the rank of brigadier-general in the British army. André was now supplied with accurate plans of West Point, and exact reports of its strength in guns and men. Through the sound judgment and forethought of Washington, and the skill of French engineers, this post had been very strongly fortified, and presented a most formidable barrier to British incursions northward from New York. A strong garrison was placed in each of the forts, under the command of General Robert Howe. Immense stores and munitions of war had also been collected there. In the vaults of one of the forts, besides the ammunition for its own defence, the stock of powder for the whole army was lodged.

After the trial and conviction of Arnold for his misdeeds at Philadelphia, his pride would not allow him to enter the British army as a deserter, and he therefore resolved to rejoin that of Washington; pretend a forgetfulness of what he deemed the injustice of Congress; obtain, if possible, the command of the most important post held by the Americans, and then betray it, with its arms, and, garrisons, and stores, into the hands of the enemy. In this manner, he would gratify his thirst for revenge, and obtain a large personal reward for his treason. His success in securing the desired appointment we have already related; and now, in the absence of the ever-vigilant chief upon his conference with Count de Rochambeau at Hartford, the arch-traitor proposed to carry his perfidious scheme into immediate execution. He promised so to dispose the garrison as to weaken the post as much as possible by the dispersion of the troops, and gave André a paper in which the proposed disposition was accurately described. Washington had intended to leave West Point for Hartford on the 17th of September, but he was detained, and did not set out until the 20th. As he was expected to return from the latter place and be at Arnold's headquarters on the 25th, André also conceived the bold project of capturing the American chief and his suite on that day.

Before noon, the whole business was arranged between the conspirators. The time was now appointed for the delivery of the fortress; and as **Sept. 25.** Sir Henry Clinton had his troops already embarked, under the feint of despatching them to the Chesapeake, he only awaited the return of André, to sail up the Hudson, and by the easy capture of West Point to consummate the deed which had been planned by the artful Arnold.

The great point now was, for André to return to New York. He insisted that he should be put on board the Vulture, to which Arnold agreed; but the latter evidently entertained some doubt of its feasibility, for, on quitting Smith's house (about ten o'clock in the morning), he wrote three passports, two of which were intended for a land-route. The passports were given to Smith, drawn as follows:

1. "Joshua Smith has permission to pass with a boat and three hands, and a flag, to Dobbs's ferry, on public business, and to return immediately."

2. "Joshua Smith has permission to

pass the guards to the White Plains and to return, he being on public business by my direction."

3. "Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the guards to the White Plains, or below if he chooses; he being on public business by my direction."

Before taking leave of his confederate, Arnold strove to persuade Smith to put André on board the Vulture. His efforts were, however, in vain; and, although he suggested a land-route as the most safe and convenient, he left André with the impression that he was to be placed on board the sloop. "Arnold quitted me," said the major, "having himself made me put the papers I bore between my stockings and feet. Whilst he did it, he expressed a wish, in case of any accident befalling me, that they should be destroyed; which I said would of course be the case, as when I went into the boat I should have them tied about with a string and a stone. Before we parted, some mention had been made of my crossing the river and going another route; but I objected much against it, and thought it was settled that in the way I came I was to return."

André, however, could not persuade Smith to take him to the ship, the latter subsequently alleging, as his reason for the refusal, that he had a fit of the ague, and his health would not allow of his exposure in a boat. But it was, no doubt, his fear of the danger to his life, in case the Vulture (which had resumed her former berth in the river) should be fired upon from Teller's Point, that deterred him from making the attempt to board her. André had now no alternative but to proceed by land. Smith promised to accompany him until they should get beyond the American posts.

At a little before sunset the two set out, attended by a negro-servant. André had taken off his military coat, and put on a citizen's, one belonging to Smith, over which, as before, he wore his dark-blue overcoat, with a wide cape, buttoned close to the neck. The young British emissary was in no cheerful mood, as the fact of his being in disguise within the enemy's lines gave rise to reflections that were by no means consolatory to the feelings of a brave and frank soldier. While his companion stopped to pass a word of greeting with a neighbor on the road, or to join some acquaintances at the tavern over a bowl of punch, André would walk his horse ahead, and, when overtaken by Smith, would barely open his lips to talk.

On crossing King's ferry, and passing at dusk through the works at Verplanck's Point, Smith called at Colonel Livingston's tent, and was invited to supper, but André and the servant rode on. Smith, however, declined the invitation which he received, and soon overtook his companion.

They proceeded on their route without interruption, until they were challenged, between eight and nine o'clock, by the sentinel of a patrol-guard, near Crowpond, about eight miles from Verplanck's Point. They were ordered to stop, when Smith dismounted, and, giving the bridle of his horse to his negro-servant, walked forward and asked who commanded the patrol. At this moment

Captain Boyd presented himself, declaring that he was the commander.

The captain was particularly inquisitive, but Smith answered all his questions readily, and, saying that he had a pass from General Arnold requested permission to proceed at once. Boyd, however, was not satisfied until he had conducted the travellers to a house near by, where (as it was dark) he could procure a light to examine them and their passport more minutely. Arnold's sign-manual satisfied the captain that all was right, but he still seemed very curious to know something about the mysterious business they were upon. Smith, in behalf of himself and his fellow-traveller, *Mr. Anderson*, responded to the questions as best he could, and told his inquisitor generally that their object was to obtain intelligence, and that the general had sent them to White Plains to meet a person for that purpose.

Boyd now seemed only anxious for their safety, and earnestly warned them against the danger of travelling any farther that night, as the *Cow-boys* were out, and had advanced far up the country.* Smith's courage was not proof against the chance of a collision with these merciless marauders, and he at once fell in with Boyd's proposition to postpone the continuance of their journey until the next morning. André, however, was not so easily persuaded, and would have gone on at all events had he not found it impossible to move his companion, who was unalterably fixed in his resolve not to run the risk of a night's rencontre with the *Cow-boys*. The travellers accordingly, at the recommendation of Captain Boyd, retraced their route a short distance, until they reached the cottage of one Andreas Miller, where they were hospitably received, but so humbly entertained, that André and Smith were obliged to content themselves with the same bed.

After passing a wakeful night within the very embraces of his enemy, the British major was up betimes in the morning, in great eagerness to start. At the first dawn of light, he roused the negro, and ordered the horses to be got ready. After thanking their host, who refused all compensation, they were soon in their saddles, and riding at good speed along the road to Pine's bridge.

When André had got fairly beyond the beat of the patrol, he for the first time on the journey showed his natural cheerfulness, and began to chat in the liveliest manner, much to the surprise of Smith, to whom he had hitherto appeared a remarkably gloomy and taciturn companion.

Having arrived within two and a half miles of Pine's bridge, on the Croton river, they stopped to breakfast at a Dutch farmhouse by the roadside. The good housewife had lately suffered from an inroad of the *Cow-boys*, who had plundered her larder and depopulated her pastures, but was able to serve her guests with some hasty-pudding and milk. After refreshing themselves, Smith divided with André the small sum of money he had in continental bills, and took leave. The former

* The Cow-boys were desperate freebooters who infested the "Neutral Ground" of Westchester county, and were engaged in plundering cattle, which they drove into New York. The *Cow-boys* were tories; while the *Skinners*, whose occupation was the same, and their character no better, generally lived within the American lines, and professed themselves friendly to the patriot cause.

rode rapidly back on his way to Fishkill, where his family had been removed, and stopped to dine as he passed with General Arnold, at the Robinson house, to whom he reported the results of his journey.

Having crossed Pine's bridge, André called to mind a remark of Captain Boyd, who, in order to put the travellers on their guard against danger, had said that the *Cow-boys* (in the interest of "the lower" party, or British) had been far up on the Tarrytown road. He therefore resolved to take this instead of the White-Plains route, believing that, if more dangerous to an American, it would probably prove safer to an Englishman. Accordingly, taking the Tarrytown road, André pursued it without interruption until he reached

Sept. 23. a part where it crosses a brook within half a mile of the village, and about a dozen miles north of Kingsbridge.

Here the young officer was riding along in a cheerful mood, and indulging the most pleasant anticipations of complete success in his scheme, when three armed men suddenly sprang out of the bushes by the roadside; and the foremost man, putting his firelock to the breast of André, and ordering him to stand, asked which way he was going. "Gentlemen," said André, "I hope you belong to our party."—"What party?" asked the man. "*The lower party,*" was the immediate answer; for André, observing that his interrogator had on a British refugee uniform, believed that he was among his friends. The men then declared that they also belonged to the lower party; when André said, "I am a British officer, out of the county on particular business, and I hope you will not detain me a moment;" and, to show that he was of the importance which he professed to be, he took out his watch, which, being gold, was in those days considered an evidence of superior position.*

André was now ordered to dismount, when he discovered that he had fallen, not among friends, as he had supposed, but among his enemies. "My God, I must do anything to get along!" exclaimed the captive, with a forced laugh, as he sought to explain away what he had previously said, and thereupon pulled out General Arnold's pass: "Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the guards to the White Plains, or below, if he chooses; he being on public business by my direction."

André was, however, compelled to dismount; and, as he found that his captors were disposed to cling to him, he said: "Gentlemen, you had best let me go, or you will bring yourselves into trouble; for your stopping me will detain the general's business"—and explained that he was going to Dobbs's ferry, to meet a person there, and get intelligence for General Arnold. He was told that he must not be offended, as nothing would be taken from him; and that, as many bad people were going along the road, it was necessary to examine him.

They then took him into the bushes, and ordered him to pull off his clothes, which he did without hesitation, but no papers were found. "*His boots must come off too!*" said one; but André, changing color, objected, saying that they came off

* Irving.

with difficulty, and begged that he might be spared the trouble and delay. They, however, persisted. One boot was pulled off, and nothing found — then the other; when, some papers being felt in the bottom of his stocking, he was ordered to pull off that, and three papers were found in it. "My God, he is a spy!" was the exclamation of one of the party, as he cast his eyes hurriedly over the papers.

This one was JOHN PAULDING, and his companions were DAVID WILLIAMS and ISAAC VAN WART, three countrymen of Westchester county. They belonged to a party of seven persons, who had agreed to set out on that morning, in order to intercept any suspicious travellers, or droves of cattle, with the view of benefitting by a law of the state of New York, and of a military custom, which entitled American captors to the possession of all property seized in that way. Four of the seven had stationed themselves on a hill, which commanded a long view of the road; while the other three had taken their position under the shelter of some bushes by the roadside, where two were playing a game of cards, and the third was standing guard, on the lookout for travellers, when the British emissary passed by.

Sept. 23.

When he found, by the exclamation of Paulding, that his true character was discovered, André was ready to purchase his escape at any price. Williams asked him what he would give to be let go. "Any sum of money," was his answer. Would he give his horse, saddle, bridle, watch, and one hundred guineas? "Yes, all!" Would he give more? "Yes, any quantity of dry-goods, or any sum of money, and bring it or send it to any spot which you may select."—"*No! if you would give us ten thousand guineas, you should not stir one step!*" resolutely interposed Paulding.

André now gave up all hope, and, begging that he might be asked no more questions, mounted his horse, and allowed himself to be led away a prisoner by his captors, one of whom walked in front, with his hand occasionally on the bridle, and the others on either side. About noon they stopped at a farmhouse, where the family were at dinner. The good housewife, struck with the sorrowful air of the "poor gentleman," pressed him kindly to take something to eat. As he refused, saying that he had no appetite, she, "glancing at his gold-laced crimson coat," apologized for her humble fare. "Oh, madam," said André, in reply, with a shake of the head, "it is all very good; but, indeed, I can not eat."*

The nearest military post belonging to the Americans being at North Castle, the prisoner was taken there, and, together with the papers found upon his person, delivered into the hands of the commandant, Colonel Jameson. The documents, which were in the handwriting of General Arnold, without any attempt at disguise, Jameson despatched to Washington; but André he sent under a guard, commanded by Lieutenant Allen, to Arnold himself, together with a letter, in which he stated that the prisoner was a certain *John Anderson*, who had been captured on his way to New York. "He had a passport," added Jameson, "signed in your name; and

* Irving.

a parcel of papers taken from under his stockings, which I think of a very dangerous tendency," and which the writer took care to inform Arnold had been despatched to Washington. The conduct of Jameson was most absurdly irrational, granting, as every one does, that he was innocent of having designedly put Arnold upon his guard against the effects of his treason, and thus enabled him to escape.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

The Astonished Tallmadge.—A Diabolical Treason.—The Prisoner brought back.—The "Innocent" Arnold.—Letter of Major André to Washington.—A Free Confession.—An Agreeable Prisoner.—The Return of Washington.—Waiting Breakfast.—Young Men in Love.—Coolness of Arnold.—An Abrupt Departure.—Mrs. Arnold senseless.—Escape of the Traitor.—An Act of Meanness.—Washington crosses the Hudson.—No Salute!—Meeting with Colonel Hamilton.—An Important Packet.—Astounding Developments.—Prompt Action.—Composure of Washington.—A Letter from Arnold.—Sympathy for Mrs. Arnold.—Her Tears and Ravings.—Her Sincerity doubted.—Mrs. Arnold at Philadelphia.—She joins her Husband.

1780. WHEN Major Tallmadge, who was Colonel Jameson's second in command, returned in the evening to the post at North Castle, whence he had been absent during the day on duty, and heard of the capture of "*John Anderson*," and of the disposition which had been made of him, he was greatly astounded at the conduct of his superior. Tallmadge had very little doubt, as soon as he heard the story, that a diabolical treason had been detected, and that General Arnold was the chief traitor. He frankly expressed his opinion to that effect to Jameson, and, urging him to take energetic measures accordingly, declared that he was ready to assume the responsibility of such action.

Sept. 23.

Jameson at first seemed to waver, but finally, refusing to entertain any suspicion of the guilt of his commanding general, would do nothing which might indicate it. He nevertheless reluctantly consented to send for the prisoner; not, however, to keep him out of the hands of Arnold, but to prevent his being retaken by the enemy, of which there was some danger, as a party of them were known to be in the country "above." Jameson accordingly despatched a messenger to overtake Allen in all haste, with a note, in which that officer was requested to bring back his prisoner, with the guard, *and send on a courier with the letter to Arnold's headquarters.*

As soon as Major André was brought back, Tallmadge was persuaded that he was an officer, from the manner in which, in striding back and forth in the room, he turned upon his heel, and from his general military bearing. Jameson, too, soon became of this opinion, but he still obstinately persisted in believing Arnold innocent. As North (or Lower) Salem, about nine miles above North Castle, was farther within the American lines, it was

determined, for security's sake, to send the prisoner to that place.

Major Tallmadge commanded the escort, and conveyed André to North Salem, where, soon after his arrival, finding that there was no prospect of his being sent to Arnold, and conscious that the papers found upon his person had been transmitted to Washington, by which all would soon be revealed, the captive wrote this letter:—

"SALEM, 24 *September*, 1780.

"SIR: What I have as yet said concerning myself was in the justifiable attempt to be extricated; I am too little accustomed to duplicity to have succeeded.

"I beg your excellency will be persuaded that no alteration in the temper of my mind, or apprehension for my safety, induces me to take the step of addressing you; but that it is to rescue myself from an imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous purposes or self-interest; a conduct incompatible with the principles that actuate me, as well as with my condition in life.

"It is to vindicate my fame that I speak, and not to solicit security.

"The person in your possession is Major JOHN ANDRE, adjutant-general to the British army.

"The influence of one commander in the army of his adversary is an advantage taken in war. A correspondence for this purpose I held; as confidential (in the present instance) with his excellency Sir Henry Clinton.

"To favor it, I agreed to meet, upon ground not within the posts of either army, a person, who was to give me intelligence; I came up in the Vulture man-of-war for this effect, and was fetched by a boat from the ship to the beach. Being there, I was told that the approach of day would prevent my return, and that I must be concealed until the next night. I was in my regimentals, and had fairly risked my person.

"Against my stipulation, my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand, I was conducted within one of your posts. Your excellency may conceive my sensation on this occasion, and will imagine how much more must I have been affected by a refusal to reconduct me back the next night as I had been brought. Thus become a prisoner, I had to concert my escape. I quitted my uniform, and was passed another way in the night, without the American posts, to neutral ground, and informed I was beyond all armed parties, and left to press for New York. I was taken at Tarrytown by some volunteers.

"Thus, as I have had the honor to relate, was I betrayed (being adjutant-general of the British army) into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise within your posts.

"Having avowed myself a British officer, I have nothing to reveal but what relates to myself, which is true, on the honor of an officer and a gentleman.

"The request I have to make to your excellency, and I am conscious I address myself well, is, that in any policy rigor may dictate, a decency of conduct toward me may mark, that, though unfortunate, I am branded with nothing dishonorable,

as no motive could be mine but the service of my king, and as I was involuntarily an impostor.

"Another request is, that I may be permitted to write an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton, and another to a friend for clothes and linen.

"I take the liberty to mention the condition of some gentlemen at Charleston, who, being either on parole or under protection, were engaged in a conspiracy against us. Though their situation is not similar, they are objects who may be set in exchange for me, or are persons whom the treatment I receive might affect.

"It is no less, sir, in a confidence of the generosity of your mind, than on account of your superior station, that I have chosen to importune you with this letter.

"I have the honor to be, with great respect, sir, your excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,

"JOHN ANDRE, *Adjutant-General.*

"His Excellency General WASHINGTON."

André immediately gave this letter to Major Tallmadge to read, and, having assumed his real character, he regained his usual cheerfulness of demeanor. Those about him found him not only social and communicative, but even exuberant of gayety. Having refreshed himself by a change of linen from the proffered toilet of one of the American officers, the captive felt and appeared like himself, and, with his usual fertility of resource, contributed by his conversational talents and other accomplishments to the enjoyment of those who surrounded him. Taking his pen, he began to exercise his skill at sketching, and drew a humorous picture of himself and his guard under march. To Mr. Benson, a subaltern officer, whose apartment he shared, he presented the drawing, saying, "This will give you an idea of the style in which I have had the honor to be conducted to my present abode."

Washington and his suite, it will be remembered, had gone to Hartford, to confer with Count de Rochambeau and the French admiral, and was accordingly absent during the time when the occurrences which we have narrated took place. Having been unable to effect anything of importance by his conference, the commander-in-chief had hastened back two days sooner than he was expected by Arnold, and, having changed his route on his return, reached Fishkill, only eighteen miles from Arnold's headquarters, on the very day when Sir Henry Clinton was to have sailed up the Hudson to take possession of West Point. Washington intended to have arrived at Arnold's quarters (at the Robinson house) the same night, and had actually set out; but, on riding two or three miles along the road, he was met by the French minister, M. de la Luzerne, who was on his way to visit Count de Rochambeau; and, as he expressed a great desire to converse with the American chief on matters of importance, he prevailed upon him to return to Fishkill, where he spent the night. **Sept. 24.**

Early on the following morning, having sent forward the baggage, with a message to General Arnold that they might be expected at breakfast, Washington and his suite followed immediately on horseback. On arriving at a **Sept. 25.**

place opposite to West Point, and in the immediate neighborhood of the Robinson house, Washington turned his horse down a road which led to the river. "General," called out Lafayette, "you are going in a wrong direction; you know Mrs. Arnold is waiting breakfast for us, and that road will take us out of our way."—"Ah!" replied Washington, laughingly, "I know you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold, and wish to get where she is as soon as possible. You may go and take your breakfast with her, and tell her not to wait for me. I must ride down and examine the redoubts on this side of the river, and will be there in a short time."

The officers, however, remained with Washington, with the exception of two aids-de-camp, who were directed to go on in advance, and explain the delay. On the arrival of the aids at the Robinson house, they found breakfast ready, and General Arnold with his family waiting. As Washington was not coming immediately, they all sat down to the table; but, before they had finished, a messenger was announced. He bore a letter for Arnold, which he instantly opened and read while at breakfast. The letter was from Colonel Jameson, at North Castle, written two

Sept. 23. days before, and contained the intelligence of the capture of "*John Anderson.*" This was startling news to Arnold. He suddenly turned pale, but with wonderful self-control so stifled his emotion as to excite no notice. Rising from the table, the traitor coolly apologized for his abrupt departure, by saying that he was suddenly sent for across the river, and begged that the aids-de-camp would mention the circumstance to Washington on his arrival.

As Arnold went out, he beckoned to his wife to follow him. He had no time to spare: so he abruptly told her, when they reached her apartment, that he must leave her, and perhaps for ever, as his life depended upon his escape at that moment. Mrs. Arnold no sooner heard her husband's words, than she fell senseless. Hastily kissing her and their infant child, Arnold hurried down the stairs, and sent to her assistance the messenger who had brought Jameson's letter, probably in order to keep her away from the presence of the other officers.*

The traitor, finding the horse of one of Washington's aids-de-camp ready at the door, sprang into the saddle, and rode with all speed down a steep by-way, since called "*Arnold's Path,*" to the landing-place of the river, where his barge was moored. He jumped in, and ordered his six oarsmen to pull with all their might into the middle of the stream, telling them that he was going to the British sloop-of-war Vulture with a flag, and was in a hurry to be back in time to meet General Washington on his arrival. In order to keep them well to their work, Arnold encouraged them with a promise of two gallons of rum. The men rowed with energy, and Arnold, holding up a white handkerchief for a flag of truce, was soon placed alongside of the Vulture, which lay off Teller's Point, a little below her anchorage where André left her. The traitor had no sooner presented himself to the captain, than he called in the coxswain

* Irving.

of his barge, and told him that he and the rest of the men were prisoners. The latter, however, declared that he and his companions were not prisoners, as they had come out under the protection of a flag. The captain, who did not seem to approve of Arnold's act, although he did not interfere with his orders, told the coxswain that he might go ashore on his parole, to obtain some clothing for himself and the others. They were all finally released on the arrival of the Vulture at New York, by Sir Henry Clinton, who held "in just contempt such a wanton act of meanness" on the part of Arnold.*

The traitor had but just gone when Washington rode up with his suite, and, learning the supposed cause of his absence, hurried through his breakfast, and determined to cross over at once to West Point. Here he expected to meet Arnold, as the latter had left word with the aids-de-camp that he had been suddenly summoned there. All Washington's officers accompanied him, with the exception of Colonel Hamilton, who remained behind at the Robinson house, where all were expected to return to dinner.

While crossing the river, Washington remarked, as he looked upon the impressive scenery of the Hudson, "Well, gentlemen, I am glad, on the whole, that General Arnold has gone before us, for we shall now have a salute, and the roaring of the cannon will have a fine effect among these mountains." As they approached the fort, however, not a gun was heard! "What!" exclaimed the commander-in-chief, "do they not intend to salute us?"

* Sparks.

Soon an officer was seen coming down the bank to the shore. It was Colonel Lamb, who, when he recognised the general, was greatly surprised, and apologized for the apparent neglect of the usual ceremonies, saying that the visit was entirely unexpected.

"How is this, sir! is not General Arnold here?" abruptly exclaimed Washington. "No, sir," answered the colonel; "he has not been here these two days, and I have not heard from him during that time."—"This is extraordinary," rejoined Washington, with an expression of surprise; "we were told that he had crossed the river, and that we should find him here. However, we must not lose our visit. Since we have come, we will look around, and see how things are with you."

The commander-in-chief and his officers having spent some time in inspecting the fortress and garrison, crossed the river again and returned to the landing-place about four o'clock in the afternoon, after an absence of several hours. As they went up the river-bank toward the Robinson house, Colonel Hamilton was seen to be coming down hurriedly to meet them. **Sept. 25.**

He at once singled out Washington, and, taking him aside, spoke to him in a low voice, but with an evident expression of earnestness. They now hastened together to the house, where the papers which Colonel Jameson had sent, and also Major André's letter, had arrived, the important revelations of which Hamilton had just communicated to the general-in-chief. The messenger whom Jameson had despatched with the papers found

upon the person of André had taken the "lower road" to Hartford, and had thus missed Washington, who, as may be recollected, returned by the upper one. The messenger, discovering the fact in the course of his journey, hastened by the shortest route to West Point, which led by Colonel Sheldon's post at North Salem, where he arrived just in time to be the bearer of André's letter, and delivered it together with the papers of General Arnold. When the messenger arrived at the Robinson house, and spoke of his packet being of the greatest importance, Hamilton broke the seal, and read the contents; and now, on the return of the commander-in-chief, he immediately submitted them to him.

Washington acted promptly. He sent off Hamilton, with directions to gallop in all haste to Verplanck's Point, and order the commander of that post to intercept Arnold, if possible, as there could be no doubt that he was going or had gone over to the enemy. In the meantime, Washington so completely retained his natural composure of manner, that he bore no appearance of agitation. The treason which he had discovered he kept as a secret from most of his officers, and only disclosed it at the moment to General Knox and Lafayette. "Whom can we trust now?" he mournfully exclaimed to the young marquis. This was the only indication that the patriot chief gave of the feeling with which he contemplated the crime of Arnold. The same calmness marked his demeanor throughout. On the announcement of dinner, he said, "Come, gentlemen, since Mrs. Arnold is unwell, and the general is absent, let us sit down without ceremony;" and during the whole time he was at table there was no observable change in his usual habits.

Colonel Hamilton's ride to Verplanck's Point was, of course, of no avail. Arnold, having left at ten o'clock, some six hours before Washington was cognizant of the cause of his absence, was safely on board the Vulture. In fact, while Hamilton was at the Point, a flag of truce arrived from the sloop, with a letter from Arnold to Washington, which was immediately sent forward to the chief. The object of this letter was, to entreat a kind consideration for his wife, who, Arnold wrote, was "as good and as innocent as an angel, and incapable of doing wrong." He exonerated Smith and his aids-de-camp from all complicity in his act, which, with a "heart conscious of its own rectitude," he would not condescend to palliate, nor ask any favor for himself, for he had too often experienced the ingratitude of his country to attempt it. The Vulture immediately sailed down the river **Sept. 25.** to New York, where on the same night the traitor held an interview with his new commander-in-chief, Sir Henry Clinton, and received the reward of his treachery; but the design against West Point, now that the Americans were on the watch, under the vigilant eye of their chief, was abandoned.

Washington needed no letter from her husband to engage his sympathies in behalf of Mrs. Arnold. Her position wrought upon every manly heart. But one year a mother, and not two a bride, the poor young creature had received a blow of

the most appalling nature.* "She for a considerable time," wrote Hamilton, "entirely lost herself. The general went up to see her, and she upbraided him with being in a plot to murder her child! One moment she raved, another she melted into tears. Sometimes she pressed her infant to her bosom, and lamented its fate, occasioned by the imprudence of its father, in a manner that would have pierced insensibility itself. All the sweetness of beauty, all the loveliness of innocence, all the tenderness of a wife, and all the fondness of a mother, showed themselves in her appearance and conduct. We have every reason to believe that she was entirely unacquainted with the plan, and that the first knowledge of it was when Arnold went to tell her he must banish himself from his country and from her for ever. She instantly fell into convulsions, and he left her in that situation."*

The tenderest care was bestowed upon the unfortunate lady by all in attendance at the Robinson house, and she was soon escorted in safety to Philadelphia, where, after residing some time with her relatives and friends, she joined her husband at New York.

* Lossing.

CHAPTER XC.

Washington on his Guard.—The Strengthening of Posts.—Arrests.—A Conversation with Major André.—His Probable Fate.—The Case of Captain Nathan Hale.—Civil Treatment.—Strong Guards.—A Court-Martial convened at Tappan.—Efforts to save André.—The Prisoner before the Court.—His Frank Confession.—His Magnanimity and Delicacy.—A Spy.—Sentence of Death.—Letter from André to Sir Henry Clinton.—Offer of Exchange of André for Arnold.—Its Refusal.—Unjust Suspicion against General St. Clair.—A Ruse.—The Suspicion cleared.—A Cunning Paper.

1780. WASHINGTON, although of opinion that, by the capture of André, the purpose of General Arnold's treason had been thwarted, carefully guarded against danger by prudently providing every security. General Greene, who had been left in command of the army at Old Tappan, in New Jersey, during the absence of the chief at Hartford, was ordered to march the left wing with all despatch to King's ferry. The defences of West Point were immediately manned, and put in the best possible condition for resistance; and the commander of every post on the Hudson was directed to be particularly watchful.

Washington despatched an officer to arrest Joshua Hett Smith (the guide of André previous to his capture), and at the same time sent orders to Colonel Jameson to forward his prisoner under a

* Mrs. Arnold had only arrived at West Point ten days before the discovery of her husband's treason, and there was no reason to suppose that she was at all cognizant of his purpose. Some have, however (but upon no better authority, we believe, than that of *Aaron Burr*), declared that she was throughout well informed of Arnold's proceedings, and that the tears and convulsive agonies were merely shams got up for the occasion.

strong guard immediately to the Robinson house. The summons reached North Salem in the middle of the night; and André, being aroused from his bed, was hurried off in the darkness, while torrents of rain were pouring down, to add to the dismalness of the time. Early the next morning, the captive arrived at the Robinson house, where Washington declined seeing him. The same evening he was taken across the river to West Point, where he remained for two days, and was thence conveyed to the American camp at Tappan.

Sept. 26.

Sept. 28.

"When we left West Point for Tappan," says Major Tallmadge, who commanded the guard, "early in the morning, as we passed down the Hudson river to King's ferry, I placed André by my side, on the after-seat of the barge. I soon began to make inquiries about the expected capture of our fortress, then in full view, and begged him to inform me whether he was to have taken a part in the military attack, if Arnold's plan had succeeded. He instantly replied in the affirmative, and pointed me to a table of land on the west shore, which he said was the spot where he should have landed, at the head of a select corps. He then traversed in idea the course up the mountain into the rear of Fort Putnam, which overlooks the whole parade of West Point. And this he did with much greater exactness than I could have done; and as Arnold had so disposed of the garrison, that little or no opposition could be made by our troops, Major André supposed he should have reached that commanding eminence without difficulty. In such case, that important key of our country would have been theirs [the enemy's], and the glory of so splendid an achievement would have been his.

"The animation with which he gave the account I recollect perfectly delighted me, for he seemed as if he was entering the fort sword in hand. To complete the climax, I next inquired what was to have been his reward, if he had succeeded. He replied that military glory was all he sought; and that the thanks of his general, and the approbation of his king, were a rich reward for such an undertaking. I think he further remarked that, if he had succeeded (and, with the aid of the opposing general, who could doubt success?), he was to have been promoted to the rank of brigadier-general.

"After we disembarked at King's ferry, near Haverstraw, we took up our line of march, with a fine body of horse, for Tappan. Before we reached the Clove, Major André became very inquisitive to know my opinion as to the result of his capture. In other words, he wished me to give him candidly my opinion as to the light in which he would be viewed by General Washington and a military tribunal, if one should be ordered. This was the most unpleasant question that had been propounded to me, and I endeavored to evade it, unwilling to give him a true answer. When I could no longer evade his importunity, or put off a full reply, I remarked to him as follows:—

"I had a much-loved classmate in Yale college, by the name of Nathan Hale, who entered the army in 1775. Immediately after the battle of Long island, General

Washington wanted information respecting the strength, position, and probable movements, of the enemy. Captain Hale tendered his services, went over to Brooklyn, and was taken just as he was passing the outposts of the enemy on his return. Said I with emphasis, 'Do you remember the sequel of this story?'—'Yes,' said André, 'he was hanged as a spy. But you surely do not consider his case and mine alike?' I replied, 'Yes, precisely similar, and similar will be your fate!' He endeavored to answer my remark, but it was manifest he was more troubled in spirit than I had ever seen him before.

"We stopped at the Clove to dine, and to let the horse-guard refresh. While there, André kept reviewing his shabby dress, and finally remarked to me that he was positively ashamed to go to the headquarters of the American army in such a plight. I called my servant, and directed him to bring my dragoon-cloak, which I presented to Major André. This he refused to take for some time; but I insisted on it, and he finally put it on, and rode in it to Tappan."

Washington sent orders that the captive should be carefully guarded, but at the same time he added, "I wish the room for Major André to be a decent one, and that he may be treated civilly." The prisoner was accordingly confined to a single room of the stone-house in which he was imprisoned (but a short distance from the headquarters of the commander-in-chief), and out of which he was not allowed to go on any pretext whatever; and, in addition to the usual guards, two officers, with drawn swords, remained constantly in the apartment, while the others were ordered to "keep walking the entry and around the sentries, to see that they are alert." André not only received the civility which Washington enjoined, but was treated by every one with a kindness of manner in accordance with the universal sympathy felt for the accomplished young officer who had been seduced to ruin by that arch-traitor Arnold.

The commander-in-chief, having taken every possible precaution at West Point and on the Hudson, returned to the camp at Tappan, and immediately convened a board of fourteen general officers in the Dutch church near at hand, to investigate the case of Major André. It consisted of Major-Generals Greene, Stirling, St. Clair, Lafayette, Howe, and Steuben; and of Brigadiers Parsons, James Clinton, Knox, Glover, Paterson, Hand, Huntington, and Stark. General Greene was president of the board; and Colonel John Lawrence, subsequently a distinguished legislator and jurist, acted as judge advocate-general.* **Sept. 29.**

In the meantime, great efforts were being made by the British commander, Sir Henry Clinton, and the other officers, by all of whom André was greatly beloved, to obtain his release. Sir Henry's first communication was merely a direct request that his majesty's adjutant-general might be permitted to return immediately to his orders. This was, however, accompanied by a letter from General Arnold, in which the whole responsibility of

* Colonel Lawrence was a member of Congress throughout President Washington's administration, and was then appointed a judge of the district court of New York. He was four years in the United States senate.

André's conduct was assumed by himself. He had sent a flag of truce to bring him on shore; he had given him the papers written by himself; he had directed him to assume a feigned name, and he had furnished him with a passport to go to New York by White Plains. These were acts which Arnold declared he himself had not only done, but, being in command, had a right to do: if wrong, therefore, the traitor insisted that the responsibility should rest with him and not with Major André.

The board assembled, and André was brought before it. He was treated with every indulgence, and was not required to answer any interrogatory which might embarrass his feelings. The prisoner, in a few words, gave a narrative of the incidents which had occurred from the time of his coming on shore to his capture; but, while he frankly confessed everything relating to himself, he took care not to implicate others. His delicacy in this particular was such, that when General Greene spoke of Smith's house as the place of meeting with Arnold, André quickly interposed, "I said a house, sir, but I did not say whose house." —"True," replied Greene, "nor have we any right to demand this of you, after the condition we have allowed."

Sept. 29.

When André was asked whether, when he came on shore, he considered himself under the protection of a flag of truce, he frankly declared that "it was impossible for him to suppose he came on shore under the sanction of a flag; and added that, if he came on shore under that sanction, he might certainly have returned under it."

Without any examination of witnesses, and from the prisoner's own confession alone, the board reported that in its opinion Major André ought to be considered a spy, and to suffer death accordingly. When the decision was announced to the captive, he received it with manly fortitude, and remarked to Colonel Hamilton, whose sympathies, with those of all the younger officers, were warmly enlisted in behalf of the condemned man: "I foresee my fate, and, though I pretend not to play the hero, or to be indifferent about life, yet I am reconciled to whatever may happen; conscious that misfortune, not guilt, has brought it upon me."

With a delicacy characteristic of André, he seemed more sensible of the grief that his condemnation might cause to others than of the fatal consequences to himself. To Sir Henry Clinton he wrote the following letter:—

"TAPPAN, 29 *September*, 1780.

"SIR: Your excellency is doubtless already apprized of the manner in which I was taken, and possibly of the serious light in which my conduct is considered, and the rigorous determination that is impending.

"Under these circumstances, I have obtained General Washington's permission to send you this letter; the object of which is to remove from your breast any suspicion that I could imagine I was bound by your excellency's orders to expose myself to what has happened. The events of coming within an enemy's posts, and of changing my dress, which led me to my present situation, were contrary to my own intentions, as they were to your

orders; and the circuitous route which I took to return was imposed (perhaps unavoidably) without alternative upon me.

"I am perfectly tranquil in mind, and prepared for any fate to which an honest zeal for my king's service may have devoted me.

"In addressing myself to your excellency on this occasion, the force of all my obligations to you, and of the attachment and gratitude I bear you, recurs to me. With all the warmth of my heart, I give you thanks for your excellency's profuse kindness to me; and I send you the most earnest wishes for your welfare which a faithful, affectionate, and respectful attendant, can frame.

"I have a mother and two sisters, to whom the value of my commission would be an object, as the loss of Grenada has much affected their income. It is needless to be more explicit on this subject; I am persuaded of your excellency's goodness.

"I receive the greatest attention from his excellency General Washington, and from every person under whose charge I happen to be placed.

"I have the honor to be, with the most respectful attachment, your excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,

"JOHN ANDRE,

"*Adjutant-General.*"

Washington sent with this letter one from himself to Sir Henry Clinton, in which he announced the decision of the board, and repeated the circumstances which in his opinion justified it. There was now but one hope for Major André. Could the enemy be persuaded to deliver up *Arnold*, then André would be set free. Washington himself could hardly venture to hope that a proposition to that effect could be entertained, and he therefore made no formal advances for the purpose. Captain Aaron Ogden, however, was sent with an escort to carry despatches to the British post at Paulus Hook (now Jersey City) for Sir Henry Clinton at New York, and at the same time was authorized to declare that André would be given in exchange for Arnold. But the English commander would not listen to the suggestion for a moment.

As Captain Ogden was mustering his escort to return to the American camp, he found that the sergeant was missing. Seeking for him in vain, he came back with the conclusion that he had lost the man by desertion to the British. The sergeant, however, was playing a part unsuspected by his captain, but in accordance with the direction of Washington, who had prevailed upon him to enter the enemy's lines, under the pretence of being a deserter. The object of the commander-in-chief was, to obtain information in regard to the truth of a paper implicating General St. Clair in Arnold's treason, and which had been intercepted. The sergeant acted his part successfully, and came back with the satisfactory intelligence that there was no foundation whatever for the imputed treason; and it was inferred that the paper was a contrivance of the enemy, to cause distrust and dissension in the American army. "The treason of Arnold," says Lossing, "so unexpected and so appalling, aroused for a moment the most unjust and ungenerous

suspicions against many of the most faithful republicans in and out of the army. The old slanders against the unfortunate St. Clair, propagated after his retreat from Ticonderoga in 1777, were awakened from their slumbers; and these, assuming a new shape, were put into active circulation through anonymous letters and papers, and other cowardly means. In them he was charged with direct complicity with the traitor. The mind of Washington was disturbed, yet his sense of justice would not allow him to condemn any man, even by his own impressions, without ample proof of guilt. His tenderness also would not allow him to accuse without a solid ground for belief of guilt; and he employed the trusty Major Henry Lee (who was stationed upon the lines with his dragoons) to investigate the matter secretly. The result was, a full conviction of St. Clair's innocence.

"Colonel Richard Varick and Major Franks, the aids of Arnold, were also included in those unjust suspicions: indeed, almost every hour a malicious whisper against the fidelity of the best men reached the ear of the commander-in-chief. But his uneasiness soon gave way to confidence and serenity; and the treason of Arnold served to make the true friends of the cause of freedom more vigilant."

CHAPTER XCI.

No Hope for Major André.—Commissioners and Letters.—Threats of Arnold.—Unsuccessful Attempt to abduct the Traitor from the British Camp.—Sergeant Champe.—The Halter or a Ball.—Affecting Letter of André to Washington.—Stern Sense of Duty.—The Hanging of André.—Description by an Eye-Witness.—His Fortitude.—Sight of the Gallows.—Last Words.—A Momentary Pang.—The Burial.—The Remains removed to England.—A Monument in Westminster Abbey.—Royal Honors.—Sympathy of Americans.—Monument at Tarrytown.—Rewards of the Captors of André.—Their Conduct.—Incorruptible Patriots.—Their Graves.—Rewards of Arnold.—Contempt for Him by the English.—His Duel.—Vicissitudes in the Life of Mrs. Arnold.

1780. THERE was now no hope for Major André. Washington had approved the sentence of the court-martial which tried and condemned him, and had signed his death-warrant. The time appointed for his execution was the first of October, at five o'clock in the afternoon.

Sir Henry Clinton, however, still strove to save the unfortunate youth; and the execution was delayed one day, in consequence of a letter from the British commander, asking for a conference between commissioners on the subject, to be held at Dobbs's ferry. That conference was held, at which the British commissioners endeavored to prove that André was not a spy, and therefore did not merit the penalty; but nothing was presented by the friends of the prisoner to warrant a change in the decision of the court-martial.

General Arnold now wrote another let-

ter to Washington, in which, as before, he not only assumed the responsibility of André's conduct, and claimed immunity for him, but threatened retaliation in case he should be executed. "If, after this just and candid representation of Major André's case," said Arnold, at the close of his letter, "the board of general officers adhere to their former opinion, I shall suppose it dictated by passion and resentment; and if that gentleman should suffer the severity of their sentence, I shall think myself bound by every tie of duty and honor to retaliate on such unhappy persons of your army as may fall within my power, that the respect due to flags, and to the law of nations, may be better understood and observed.

"If this warning should be disregarded, and he suffer, I call Heaven and earth to witness that your excellency will be justly answerable for the torrents of blood that may be spilt in consequence."

In the meanwhile, as the honor of the British commander would not allow him to deliver up Arnold in exchange for the captive André, a scheme was finally laid to abduct the traitor, convey him to the American camp, and execute him. Spies in New York informed the American commander-in-chief of Arnold's quarters, his habits, his hours of privacy, and the important fact that he walked late every night alone in a garden that led down to the shore of the Hudson. Washington sent for Major Henry Lee, a man in whom he could confide implicitly, and asked his aid in efforts to secure the traitor. Lee selected Sergeant Champe, of his legion, for the enterprise, who deserted by permission, went to New York, enlisted in Arnold's corps, and matured a plan for his abduction on some occasion when he should be walking in the garden. Whaleboats were to come from the Jersey shore at a certain hour, when the traitor was to be seized, gagged and bound, and carried away. On the very day when the scheme was to be executed, Arnold and his corps, including Sergeant Champe, sailed on a predatory expedition into Virginia, and the plan failed. Some months afterward, Champe deserted and rejoined his legion, then in North Carolina.*

André, made aware of his fate, showed neither surprise nor fear. He calmly awaited his death, although he said that there was still "a choice in the mode," which would make a material difference in his feelings. He desired that he might be shot, instead of being hung, as is usual in the case of spies. To obtain this favor, he wrote to Washington:—

"TAPPAN, 1 *October*, 1780.

"SIR: Buoyed above the terror of death, by the consciousness of a life devoted to honorable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected.

"Sympathy toward a soldier will surely induce your excellency and a military tribunal to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honor.

"Let me hope, sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem toward me, if aught in my misfortunes marks

* Lossing.

me as the victim of policy and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast, by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet.

"I have the honor to be your excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,

"JOHN ANDRE."

This letter could not fail to impress Washington, as it has done all who ever read it, by its dignified pathos; but its request was denied, from a stern sense of duty.

The hour of Major André's execution was fixed at twelve o'clock. An eye-witness thus described it: **Oct. 2.**

"The principal guard-officer, who was constantly in the room with the prisoner, relates that when the hour of his execution was announced to him in the morning, he received it without emotion; and, while all present were affected with silent gloom, he retained a firm countenance, with calmness and composure of mind. Observing his servant enter the room in tears, he exclaimed, 'Leave me till you can show yourself more manly!' His breakfast being sent to him from the table of General Washington, which had been done every day of his confinement, he partook of it as usual; and, having shaved and dressed himself, he placed his hat on the table, and cheerfully said to the guard-officers, 'I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait on you.'

"The fatal hour having arrived, a large detachment of troops was paraded, and an immense concourse of people assembled; almost all our general and field-officers, excepting his excellency* and his staff, were present on horseback; melancholy and gloom pervaded all ranks, and the scene was affectingly awful. I was so near during the solemn march to the fatal spot as to observe every movement, and participate in every emotion which the melancholy scene was calculated to produce.

"Major André walked from the stone-house in which he had been confined, between two of our subaltern officers, arm-in-arm. The eyes of the immense multitude were fixed on him, who, rising superior to the fears of death, appeared as if conscious of the dignified deportment which he displayed. He betrayed no want of fortitude, but retained a complacent smile on his countenance, and politely bowed to several gentlemen whom he knew, which was respectfully returned. It was his earnest desire to be shot, as being the mode of death most conformable to the feelings of a military man, and he had indulged the hope that his request would be granted. At the moment, therefore, when suddenly he came in view of the gallows, he involuntarily started backward, and made a pause. 'Why this emotion, sir?' inquired an officer by his side. Instantly recovering his composure, he said, 'I am reconciled to my death, but I detest the mode.'

"While waiting, and standing near the gallows, I observed some degree of trepidation; placing his foot on a stone, and rolling it over, and choking in his throat, as if attempting to swallow. So soon,

* Washington is believed never to have seen André, or at least to have held any direct personal intercourse with him.

however, as he perceived that things were in readiness, he stepped quickly into the wagon, and at this moment he appeared to shrink; but instantly elevating his head with firmness he said, 'It will be but a momentary pang;' and, taking from his pocket two white handkerchiefs, the provost-marshal with one loosely pinioned his arms, and with the other the victim, after taking off his hat and stock, bandaged his own eyes with perfect firmness, which melted the hearts and moistened the cheeks, not only of his servant, but of the throng of spectators. The rope being appended to the gallows, he slipped the noose over his head and adjusted it to his neck, without the assistance of the awkward executioner. Colonel Scammel now informed him that he had an opportunity to speak, if he desired it. He raised the handkerchief from his eyes, and said, 'I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man.' The wagon being now removed from under him, he was suspended, and instantly expired; it proved, indeed, but a momentary pang."*

Thus perished the brave, amiable, and accomplished John André, at the early age of twenty-nine years. The regimentals in which he was executed were given to his servant. His body was interred at Tappan, near the place of execution, and there it remained until 1821, when, under the auspices of the duke of York (the next younger brother of George IV., and commander-in-chief of the British army), the remains were removed to England, and deposited in Westminster abbey.

* Thacher.

King George III., in order to wipe away the stain of his mode of death from the family, bestowed the order of knighthood upon a younger brother, and ordered a magnificent monument to be erected to the memory of André in Westminster abbey, on which was inscribed a glowing epitaph.

Sir Henry Clinton also paid the following tribute to his adjutant in his general orders to the army on the occasion of his death: "The unfortunate fate of this officer calls upon the commander-in-chief to declare that he ever considered Major André a gentleman of the highest integrity and honor, and incapable of any base action or unworthy conduct."

Even among the Americans there was a sad feeling of regret at the necessity which existed for the condemnation of André. "While every one acquainted with the facts," observes Lossing, "regarded the sentence as just, there was a universal feeling of sympathy for the unfortunate young officer. In all the trying scenes to which he was exposed, his deportment was noble and winning. Death appeared to have no terrors for him, but he was deeply grieved at the *manner* in which he was doomed to suffer. He disclaimed all intentions to become a spy, declaring that he was left within the American lines by accident; and upon this plea some have predicated a severe judgment concerning the part taken in the matter by Washington and his general officers. But the judgment of military men, and those who have weighed all the circumstances dispassionately, is, that the sentence was just, and its execution expe-

dient. Could the members of the court-martial, with due regard to the good of their country, have made a decision in consonance with their feelings, he would not have suffered death. In the army, and among the people, there was a strong desire to substitute Arnold for André; and sympathy for the victim of a villain's wiles has ever been a predominant feeling in the breasts of Americans when considering the treason of Arnold. That sympathy found expression a few years ago, when a monument to the memory of the unfortunate young officer was erected upon the spot, at Tarrytown, where he was arrested by the three republicans."

The men who had captured André—Paulding, Van Wart, and Williams—were highly applauded for their noble spirit.

Oct. 7. "Their conduct," said Washington, in a letter to the president of Congress, "merits our warmest esteem, and I beg leave to add that I think the public will do well to make them a handsome gratuity. They have prevented, in all probability, our suffering one of the severest strokes that could have been meditated against us." Congress acted upon this suggestion, and generously rewarded each of the captors with a pension for life of two hundred dollars, and honored each with a silver medal, on one side of which was inscribed *Fidelity*, and on the other *Vincit Amor Patriæ*—"The Love of Country conquers."

Major André had stated that, when these men first discovered him, they were playing a game of cards; and that, after they had captured him, their sole object seemed to be money. They ripped up the housings of his saddle and the cape of his coat, to seek for it; but, finding none, one of the three exclaimed, "He may have it in his boots!" André believed that, if he could have given them a small sum of money at first, he might have escaped. Granting, however, as is probable, that the first object of the captors was money, there can be no question that, when they discovered, by means of the papers, the true character of their prisoner, they resisted all appeals to their own interests, and were constant to those of their country. Their integrity was certainly proof against bribery, and they deserve to be recorded in history as incorruptible patriots. The remains of Paulding sleep beneath a handsome white marble monument, in the burial-ground of St. Peter's church, near Peekskill; those of Van Wart are under a similar monument in the Greenburg churchyard, near the banks of the beautiful Neparan, in Westchester county; and those of Williams lie in the churchyard at Livingstonville, in Schoharie county.

Soon after the traitor's arrival in New York, with the hope of alluring the discontented to his standard, he published "an address to the inhabitants of America," in which he endeavored to justify his conduct. This was followed in about a fortnight by a proclamation, addressed "to the officers and soldiers of the continental army, who have the real interest of their country at heart, and who are determined *to be no longer the tools of Congress and of France.*" But these proclamations did not in the least produce the effects designed.

Arnold reaped the reward of his treason — the elevated rank of brigadier-general in the British army, and the handsome sum of ten thousand pounds sterling — though it has been affirmed that he obtained only a portion of the money stipulated for. In gaining these, however, he lost everything else. He was looked upon with contempt by those very persons who had sought to profit by his treachery; and was taunted with being the author of an abortive treason, in the conception and partial execution of which he stood alone, and as the only American officer who forsook the cause of freedom, turned his sword against his country, and so left to his children "a name of hateful celebrity." It is true he was employed subsequently in the war, in consequence of his military talents, and his acquaintance with the country; and into the service of his royal purchaser the traitor now entered with a ferocious spirit of revenge, mercilessly ravaging the coast and seaport towns of Virginia, and desolating with fire and sword the property of his injured countrymen of Connecticut almost within sight of his childhood's home: but he never acquired the confidence of his superiors, the friendship of his equals, nor the respect of his inferiors. Indeed, he was both hated and despised by his new companions-in-arms. The British officers shunned his society; and the common soldiers on guard, while acknowledging his official rank with a salute, would whisper to each other as he passed, "*There goes the traitor Arnold!*"

Thus wrote Colonel Laurens, in a letter to Washington, concerning the death of André: "Arnold must undergo a punishment comparatively more severe, in the permanent, increasing torment of a mental hell." Washington, however, viewed his case in a different light, and regarded Arnold as callous. "He wants feeling," replied the chief. "He seems to have been so hackneyed in villany, and so lost to all sense of honor and shame, that, while his faculties will enable him to continue his sordid pursuits, there will be no time for remorse."

On arriving in England, after the close of the war, Arnold was recognised officially as it were, by those in authority only, while the rest of the world regarded him with contempt. The British people, though they might "love the treason, despised the traitor." On one occasion, as Arnold was standing near the throne, while a petition for a bill was being presented in the usual form to the king, he was observed by Lord Lauderdale, who, when he returned to the house of peers, declared that, "however gracious might be the language he had heard from the throne, his indignation could not but be highly excited at beholding his majesty supported by a traitor." On another occasion, the earl of Surrey, as he arose to speak, caught a glimpse of Arnold in the gallery, when he at once sat down, and, with his finger pointed at him, exclaimed, "I will not speak while that man is in the house!"

It may well be conceived that Arnold, with his revengeful spirit and reckless physical courage, could ill brook such contemptuous treatment, and that nothing but their privilege as peers saved

them from being held amenable to the code of the duelist. One nobleman, however, who had insulted Arnold, permitted a friend to accept his challenge to fight. The next morning, at the hour appointed for the meeting, in a secluded quarter of London, Arnold appeared promptly on the ground, and his opponent somewhat late. The parties having taken their respective positions, and the word to fire about to be given, Arnold prematurely discharged his pistol, but without hitting his antagonist; upon which the latter, raising his weapon aloft, fired it in the air, and then with a glance of scorn, coolly turned upon his heel, and left the spot.

Arnold resided principally in England after the conclusion of the war; though he was for a while in Nova Scotia, where he found a welcome among the refugee American loyalists. He was afterward in the West Indies, where he was taken prisoner by the French; but, making his escape, he returned to England, and ended his life in comparative obscurity, in Gloucester place, London, June 14, 1801.

A spirit of avarice seems to have been the ruling trait in the character of Arnold. When Washington learned the defection of his general, he was almost overwhelmed by the discovery; but calling to mind Arnold's habits of extravagance and his peculations, he said, "I thought that a man who had shed his blood in the cause of his country could be trusted, but I am convinced now that *those who are wanting in private probity are unworthy of public confidence.*"

The unfortunate wife of the traitor became an exile from her country, and shared in a degree the coldness of public feeling abroad toward her husband. When she returned to Philadelphia, at the time of his treason, she resolved to separate from him for ever; but the executive council of Pennsylvania, suspecting her of complicity in his communications with André (it being known that she had corresponded with that officer before her marriage), would not consent, and ordered her to leave the state within fourteen days, and not return again during the war. Joining her husband in New York, she went with him to Nova Scotia, and thence to England.

CHAPTER XCII.

Lord Cornwallis in Camp at Camden.—A Savage Proclamation.—Cruelty to Prisoners.—Awe not Subjection.—Marion in the Swamps.—Spirit of the Patriots.—Victory of Britton's Neck.—Tarleton "on a Fox-Hunt."—The British beaten at Broad River.—Sumter at Black Stocks.—Victory.—Sumter wounded.—Ferguson on his March.—The "Mountain-Men."—An Appeal to the Loyalists.—Ferguson posted on King's Mountain.—The March of the Mountain-Men.—Campbell, of Virginia.—His Life and Character.—The Farmers astir.—A Grim Audience.—King's Mountain.—Description.—Order of Attack.—The Struggle.—The Fourth Charge.—Desperate Fight.—The Last Charge.—Fall of Ferguson.—Victory of the Patriots.—Death of Edmonston.—The Results.

1780. Lord Cornwallis, triumphant as he had been at Camden over General Gates, on the 16th of August, did not immediately pursue his conquests. The extreme heat of the weather, and the want of supplies, kept him in his camp at Camden. His lordship, however, was active in preparations for the coming campaign. He sent his emissaries into North Carolina, to encourage the loyalists there to take up arms and assemble, with the promise of soon marching to their support.

In the meantime, every measure of rigor was adopted which might be supposed effective in crushing out the remnants of "rebellion" in the Carolinas. A savage proclamation was issued by the earl, according to which all those who, after having once submitted, had again taken up arms against the king, were to be imprisoned, and their property taken from them or destroyed; and every militiaman who had once served with the British, and afterward joined the Americans, was threatened with immediate hanging! These cruel threats, however, instead of effecting his lordship's object of extinguishing the "rebellion," gave the strength of desperation to resistance.

No measure of Lord Cornwallis was more odious and more exasperating than his treatment of the prisoners taken on the fall of Charleston. Finding letters from some of these in the baggage which had fallen into his hands after the defeat of Gates, the earl charged them with having broken their parole, and made this accusation a cover for the greatest severity. Regardless of his previous promises, he caused many of the leading republicans of South Carolina, including Christopher Gadsden, the lieutenant-governor of the state, Doctor David Ramsay, the historian of the war, most of the civil and militia officers, and a large number of the principal inhabitants of Charleston, about sixty in all, to be dragged from their beds early in the morning Aug. 27. by armed parties; and, after being mustered at the public exchange, they were hurried on board a guard-ship and transported to St. Augustine, in Florida, where they were subjected equally to bondage and every form of indignity, and kept as so many hostages for the good behavior

of the citizens. After Major André's execution, these hostages were frequently threatened with the halter, in retaliation for the fate of that officer. The determination of the British commander appeared to be to annihilate the spirit of independence by trampling upon the persons of its best asserters. On their arrival at St. Augustine, the prisoners were offered paroles to enjoy liberty within the precincts of the town. The sturdy patriot Gadsden refused acquiescence, for he disdained making further terms with a power that did not regard the sanctity of a solemn treaty. He was determined not to be deceived a second time. "Had the British commanders," said the lieutenant-governor, "regarded the terms of capitulation at Charleston, I might now, although a prisoner, enjoy the smiles and consolations of my family under my own roof; but even without a shadow of accusation preferred against me, for any act inconsistent with my plighted faith, I am torn from them, and here, in a distant land, invited to enter into new engagements. I will give no parole!"—"Think better of it," answered Governor Tonyn, who was in command; "a second refusal of it will fix your destiny: a dungeon will be your future habitation."—"Prepare it then," rejoined the inflexible patriot. "I will give no parole, so help me God!" And the petty tyrant *did* "prepare it;" and for forty-two weeks that incorruptible old republican of nearly threescore years never saw the cheerful light of day, but lay immured in the dungeon of the castle of St. Augustine.*

Of the prisoners taken at the battle of Camden, and at Sumter's defeat by Tarleton two days afterward, several were selected, bound with cords, and carried to Camden, where they were hung without trial as rebels, under the express order of Lord Cornwallis. In almost every section of the state, the progress of the British was marked with blood and with other deeds of equal atrocity. Many of the militia were executed on various and worthless pretexts, and most unfrequently without even the form of trial; and private citizens were closely confined on board of prison-ships, where they perished of foul diseases and without attendance. **Aug. 18.**

The spirit of the patriots was overawed but not subdued by these harsh proceedings. Opposition was not extinguished. The policy of the British commander was short-sighted. True manhood is never more resolute than when it feels itself wronged; and the Carolinians were never more determined for their liberties than in the moment of their greatest denial and disaster.* Marion and Sumter, with their partisan bands, were watching from their fastnesses every opportunity of striking a blow for the recovery of their country and their homes.

After the defeat of General Gates, Marion had left South Carolina for a short time, but soon returned to the swamps and defiles below and along the Santee river, and under every disadvantage continued to struggle against an overwhelming enemy. For weeks he could muster but seventy men, and at one time this

* Lossing.

* Simms.

number was reduced to only twenty-five. With the saws of the neighboring mills turned into sabres for his horsemen, and frequently without ammunition, Marion kept the hosts of the enemy at bay.

Hearing that a body of prisoners taken at the defeat of Gates, about one hundred and fifty in number, was under march for Charleston, guarded by a strong escort, Marion determined upon the rescue of the captives. Placing his mounted men in ambush, in one of the swamps that skirt the wood from Nelson's ferry to Monk's Corner, he darted upon the escort and succeeded in capturing the whole party. Having put the arms of the British into the hands of the rescued Americans, he hurried across the Santee, and did not pause until his prisoners were safely disposed of within the limits of North Carolina. He was far upon his way beyond the arm of danger before the parties detached by Cornwallis, to drive him from his covert, had reached the scene of his enterprise. **Aug. 16.**

Every scheme was adopted by the enemy to ferret out Marion, and prevent the inhabitants of the surrounding country from joining him. A ruthless corps of British soldiery, under Major Wemyss, was detached to devastate that region. Scores of houses were burnt on the banks of the Pedee and Black rivers, but the patriotism of the inhabitants was only stimulated to greater efforts by these wanton cruelties; and, burning with revenge, they sought a home in the camp of Marion and his men. Here, with no shelter but the recesses of the swamps, they suffered every hardship, but felt themselves amply compensated for all when they could sally out under their brave leader and avenge their manifold wrongs upon their cruel enemy.

Marion took care that his spirited followers should not want opportunities for action. Always on the alert, he pounced upon a body of tories, under Major Gainey, at Britton's Neck, and gained a complete victory, without losing himself a single man. Again, in an hour after, he fell upon Captain Barfield and some loyalists, a few miles distant, and put them to total rout. Colonel Tarleton was ordered by Cornwallis to hunt up and strive to entrap the "*Swamp-Fox;*" but the indefatigable British dragoon, though always in full cry after him, could not succeed, for Marion skilfully turned and turned in his swamp-cover, and thus eluded every effort of his pursuer. Tarleton strove to bring him to action, and Marion was thus tempted to come out, but, finding his enemy overwhelmingly strong, he retired again to his secure retreats.

Cornwallis, having obtained his supplies, was prepared to begin a campaign. He accordingly, early in September, detached Colonel Ferguson, the brave and efficient leader of the seventy-first regiment, in advance, and proposed to follow him immediately from Charlotte, in North Carolina, whither he had penetrated after the defeat of General Gates at Camden. Ferguson was directed to visit the northwestern settlements of the Carolinas, up to the Virginia frontier, in order to encourage the loyalists of that quarter to vigorous action. He had under his command a strong but disorderly force, consisting of tories and British, nearly fifteen

hundred in all; and his route through the country was distinguished by every sort of atrocity and violence. On his march, he heard of the unsuccessful attack of Colonel Clarke, with about five hundred Americans, upon the British garrison at Augusta; and, as the latter was now returning from Georgia, Ferguson resolved to cut him off. This turned the British commander from his route, and he therefore marched to Gilbert-town, a village on the frontier, toward the mountains. Here, although far removed from the support of the main body of the army under Earl Cornwallis, he felt secure, as he believed in that remote district there was not a force which was strong enough to dare to "look him in the face." Ferguson, however, did not know the country and the spirit of its people.

Westward of the Alleghanies lived "the mountain-men," a race of hardy settlers, who fed their flocks in the valleys and on the mountain-sides. In the constant pursuit of game, and in frequent rencontres with the Creek and Cherokee Indians, in that wild country, they had become inured to danger, and skilful in the use of firearms. They were, moreover, ardent patriots. The lively representations of those who had suffered at the hands of the British marauders, now awakened the mountaineers to a sense of their own danger. Hitherto, they had only heard of war at a distance; and, in the peaceable possession of that independence for which their countrymen along the seaboard had been contending, they had in a measure been indifferent to the issue. But the approach of Colonel Ferguson aroused them from their apathy, and they determined to embody themselves for their own defence. Such were the formidable opponents who gathered their several bands from remote tracts—from the waters of the Cumberland, in Virginia, or from the Saluda and Savannah, in Carolina—and rendezvoused in the valley of the Watauga, to oppose the British commander and his troops. They came—nearly three thousand in number—most of them on horseback, but many afoot, some dressed in the fringed hunting-shirt and buckskin leggings, others in homespun, and bearing on their shoulders the long, small-bore rifle of that day.*

Colonel Ferguson, surprised by such a formidable gathering, made an earnest appeal to the loyalists of the country to join his standard: "If you choose," said he, "to be trodden upon for ever and ever by a set of mongrel curs, say so at once, and let women look out for real men to protect them! If you desire to live, and bear the name of men, grasp your arms in a moment, and run to camp!"

Finding but few of the inhabitants disposed to come to his aid, Ferguson began to retire toward the main body of the British army, and sent word to Cornwallis, announcing his movement, and explaining its cause in the sudden appearance of a formidable and unexpected opposition. His messengers, however, were were intercepted. In the meantime, he crossed the Broad river, at the Cherokee ford, in Yorkville district, with eleven hundred and twenty- **Oct. 1.**

* Address of the Honorable John S. Preston, Yorkville, South Carolina, 1855.

five men, and took post on King's mountain, about two miles below the line that divides North and South Carolina, where he was so confident of the strength of his position, that he wrote in one of his despatches, "All the rebels out of hell can not drive me from it!"

The "mountain-men" were now following in hot pursuit. Being unencumbered with baggage, their movements were rapid and prompt. "Each man set out with his blanket, knapsack, and gun, in quest of Colonel Ferguson, in the same manner he was used to pursue the wild beasts of the forest. At night the earth afforded them a bed, and the heavens a covering; the running stream quenched their thirst, while a few cattle driven in their rear, together with the supplies acquired by their guns, secured them provision."

On reaching Gilbert-town, which had been evacuated by Ferguson, and fearful lest he might escape and form a junction with Cornwallis, about nine hundred of the strongest mountaineers, mounted on the swiftest horses, were chosen to lead the chase.

Without waiting for daylight, these bold riders sped on. "The night after leaving Gilbert-town, on a short halt, in council, the officers selected a chief to act until they could receive orders from Gates. Their little army was composed, then, of men nearly in equal numbers from Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. Each band was led, rather than commanded, by its own officer. Sevier, Shelby, Campbell, Cleveland, Williams, and M'Dowell, were the colonels, and had all seen hard service, either in the Indian wars or in this struggle. After full deliberation, they unanimously elected Campbell, of Virginia, to command in the approaching fray.* He was a man in the vigor of life — not quite forty years of age — of pure Scotch descent, thoroughly educated in the classics and all the science of the day, and had been a soldier from his earliest manhood. He had married the sister of the famous Patrick Henry, and was an intimate friend of Mr. Jefferson, and had joined in all the early movements of resistance. Having a large family connection in western Virginia, and an extensive property, and that region being still subject to imminent perils from the Indians of Tennessee and Kentucky, he declined commissions tendered him in the continental army and the Virginia lines, and accepted the honorable, laborious, and dangerous post of county lieutenant. In this he succeeded Evan Shelby, the father of his associate in this expedition. He immediately gave the care of his family and property to a kinsman, and devoted himself to the cause of freedom.

"His manner was grave and dignified, his person strong and graceful, his courage of the most daring and reckless character, his patriotism of the sternest mould, enthusiastic and uncompromising, with a fierce and relentless hatred of those who refused to join the patriot cause, and withal a skilful, judicious, and practised officer. He brought to the expedition four hun-

* It is said that Colonel Williams, of South Carolina, had Governor Rutledge's commission in his pocket, as a brigadier, at this very time, but that he magnanimously suppressed the fact, fearing perhaps that its assertion might cause jealousies and distrust. — SIMMS.

dred and fifty men (many of them his kinsmen, friends, and neighbors), of wealth and position equal to his own; and most of them of that true Scotch-Irish breed whose fathers had fought for kirk and covenant, and among whose descendants were the Clays, Calhouns, Scotts, and Taylors, of our day."*

After a hurried council, at which each man sat holding his own horse, and squatting on the ground, amid the pastures of Cowpens, Colonel Campbell ordered his resolute followers to mount. Off they went in the darkness of the night, with their rifles under their arms, to protect them from the pelting rain. About daylight they crossed the ford at Broad river, twelve miles from King's mountain. Here they halted and killed two beeves, from which they made a hurried repast, and, again springing to their saddles, did not

Oct. 7. check a rein until they arrived (at noon) within three miles of the enemy. Halting for a moment, the order was given, and passed rapidly along from man to man, "Tie up overcoats, pick touch-holes, prime fresh, and be ready to fight!"

The neighboring farmers, aroused from their work by the clattering of hoofs, and the noisy turmoil of the troopers gathering among their fields, dropped the handles of their ploughs, and, unloosing their horses, came "riding bare-back, with dangling trace-chains," to join their gallant countrymen. Acquainted with every foot of the land, and with the exact position of the enemy, these fresh recruits offered their services as guides, and now undertook to lead on the resolute band to the mountain where the enemy had so defiantly posted themselves. Their commander, Colonel Ferguson, was one of the ablest of the British light-infantry officers. He was specially renowned as a leader of riflemen, and had himself made considerable improvements in the rifle and its use. His force, as we have seen, was a mixed one, and composed of British regulars and loyalists. "The latter," says Simms, "it was known, would fight—they fought with halters round their necks. They, too, were expert riflemen."

The order of attack was now hurriedly made by the Americans. Sevier was to form the right, Cleveland and Williams together the left, and Campbell the centre, with Shelby on his left. They had scarcely mounted, when a captured messenger was brought in. A paper was found upon his person, which proved to be a despatch from Ferguson to Cornwallis. "Read it aloud!" was the cry of many voices, which rose from those who understood and affected no military formalities. It was read aloud; and, as they listened to its defiant words—"I hold a position on '*the King's mountain*,' and all the rebels out of hell can not drive me from it!"—a grim smile for a moment varied the resolute expression of their faces, but not a loud word was uttered, as they nervously clutched their rifles. With a bound they were off again, and in twenty minutes were in sight of the enemy's camp.

Here the pursuers drew up along the bank of a little brook, and, dismounting, tied their horses to the saplings and the branches of the trees. Leaving a small

* Preston.

guard behind them, the Americans now arranged themselves in the order agreed upon, and pushed on to the attack. The three divisions were about equal in number, and it was decided that all should scale the mountain at the same moment from the various points of starting, and strive to join each other at the British encampment perched on the crest of the ridge.

King's mountain, one of the spurs of the Alleghanies, rises precipitously above the neighboring hills, from which it is divided by a deep valley and broken ravines. A narrow ridge of irregular rock forms its summit, from which rugged sides of outcropping slate and thick wood fall steeply to the base. Colonel Ferguson had perched his camp upon the top, and thence looked down with defiant contempt upon the undisciplined band which was now about to make the attempt to drive him from his strong position.

The three divisions having taken their respective positions, Campbell gave the signal for the ascent, and all began simultaneously to climb the mountain. Cleveland, as he led his men to the attack on the left, addressed them in these homely but telling words: "My brave fellows, we have beat the tories already, and we can beat them again. They are all cowards. If they had the spirit of men, they would join with their fellow-citizens in supporting the independence of their country. When engaged with them, you are not to wait for the word of command from me. I will show you by my example how to fight. I can undertake no more. Every man must consider himself as an officer, and act from his own judgment. Fire as fast as you can, and stand your ground as long as you can. When you can do no better, get behind trees, or retreat; but I beg of you not to run quite off. If we are repulsed, let us make a point to return and renew the fight. Perhaps we may have better luck in the second attempt than the first. If any of you are afraid, such have leave to retire, *and they are requested immediately to take themselves off!*" This was a good speech, which his men could understand, and its effect was such as every commander must desire.

The action now commenced. As Colonels Campbell and Shelby, at the head of their men, began to lead up the centre, the British fired a volley, but with little effect, as their shots were badly aimed. The right, under Sevier, now emerging suddenly into view from a wooded hollow, drew upon it the whole attention of the enemy, and a severe conflict ensued. Ferguson, however, finding his men no match for the American riflemen, ordered a charge of bayonets. This was made with the usual impetuosity by the British regulars, and Sevier was forced nearly to the base of the mountain.

Williams and Cleveland, with the left, coming up at this moment, began a murderous fire upon the right flank of the enemy, by which they diverted them from the pursuit of Sevier, and drew upon themselves all their fury. The charging columns, being recalled, were wheeled rapidly to the right, and, making a dash at Williams's and Cleveland's men, drove them down the declivity before them, as they had previously driven Sevier. See-

ing their comrades in extremity, Campbell and Shelby pushed on nimbly in front, and poured upon the British such a volley, that they were forced to desist from further pursuit, and retire to the summit of the ridge, which they did, however, in perfect order.

Ferguson now gathered his whole force, and bore down with an impetuous charge directly upon the American centre. Before this irresistible onset, Campbell and Shelby gave way. In the meanwhile, however, Cleveland and Sevier, having rallied their men, came to the rescue with a terrible fire on either flank of the enemy, and brought them suddenly to a stop. The British soldiers, with poised bayonets, hesitated for a moment, and then retreated up the hill. The centre of the Americans now rallied, wheeled, and rushed after them with shouts and huzzas, thinking that the battle was won.

The bold Ferguson, however, was not yet disposed to yield the day. Rapidly throwing his men into three columns, one facing each division of his foe, he made a fourth charge with the bayonet. But it was too late. The "mountain-men" now brought to bear with effect the peculiar warfare in which they had acquired skill in their frequent conflicts with the wild beasts and the Indian savages on the frontiers. From behind the rocks and trees, under the cover of which they loaded their never-missing rifles, they sprang forward and fired with such effect upon the British, that they drove them back within their lines upon the ridge.

As the three divisions of the mountaineers approached the summit in pursuit, they closed together and completely surrounded their enemy. The British, thus at bay, fought desperately. The regulars, with firm hand, still clung to their muskets, and strove to keep off their pursuers by a vigorous use of their bayonets; while the tory volunteers, with their long hunting-knives fastened in the muzzles of their guns, showed in their despair no less fierceness of resistance.

At every discharge of their rifles, however, the Americans closed in, narrowing more and more the fatal circle in which they held their doomed enemy. "The British cavalry was ordered to mount. It was the very thing for the American rifle, as it raised the mark clear above the bushes; and, as each man threw his leg over the horse, he fell dead on the other side. Ferguson, with a gallantry which seemed to rise with his desperate condition, rode from rank to rank and from post to post, cheering, driving, and encouraging his men, until he found his army pressed, actually huddled together, on the ridge, and falling as fast as the Americans could load and shoot." Ferguson's valor was unavailing, and the success of his bayonets gave him barren ground, which he could only for a moment retain. Still he refused to surrender. His shrill silver whistle was heard over all the cries of the conflict, as he sped from side to side.

"He determined on one more desperate charge, and, taking his position at the head of his cavalry, in a voice that rose loud above the din of the battle, he summoned his men to 'crush the d——d rebels into the earth!'"*

* Preston.

The Americans heard the order, and silently prepared for the conflict. Each man was ordered to load, and not fire a shot until the foe was within sixty paces. The command was faithfully obeyed. The enemy bore down from the summit of the ridge in one mass, with the brave Ferguson at their head. Impetuously and threateningly, however, as they came, they were soon stayed by the close fire and sure aim of the Americans. Ferguson fell at the first discharge, and his affrighted horse went scampering down the hill. His second in command, Captain De Peyster, when he found that his brave commander was no more, and saw the fatal havoc made among the troops, gave up all hope of further successful resistance, hoisted the white flag of surrender, and begged for quarter.

Oct. 7. The battle began about three o'clock in the afternoon, and lasted an hour. Two hundred and forty of the enemy were killed and two hundred wounded; some seven or eight hundred were taken prisoners. Out of the whole British force but two hundred escaped. Of the Americans, only twenty-eight were killed and sixty wounded. In the Virginia division, out of the thirteen, no less than twelve were officers! Fifteen hundred stand of arms were captured.

"In this battle," says Preston, "the officers not only went before, but every one, commander, colonels, captains, all carried and used the rifle in addition to the sword. It thus becomes known that the gallant Williams, seeing Ferguson cheering his men with his voice and famous silver whistle, drew up his rifle to shoot him; but, perceiving that Ferguson was armed only with sword and pistols, he threw away his gun, exclaiming, 'I will have a single hand-tussle with him, or die!' He dashed at the Briton, but, before he reached him, received two balls, and was borne from the field by his two sons, lads of fourteen and sixteen.* Williams survived until the next day, and learned that the victory was complete. He raised his eyes to heaven, and said, 'I thank God for my country's deliverance;' and placing a hand on the head of each of his children, he said, 'God bless you, my brave boys! tell your mother and our friends I die content.' Within a few months, those two noble youths were inhumanly butchered by the tories at Hay's station.

"The pure and brave Captain Edmondston fell in front of his company, near his colonel. The stern Campbell was seen to brush away a tear as that brave, good friend was borne back. Edmondston lay under a tree, with one hand clutching his side to keep in life until the battle was over. He heard the shout of victory, as his commander and friend grasped his other hand. He could not speak then; he kissed Campbell's hand, smiled, loosed the hold which stanched in life, and the Christian and patriot went to his reward. Four Edmondstons fell in this fight, and, with them, Craigs and Beatties, Bowens and Willoughbys, Blackburns and Crawfords, Campbells and Cummings."

* "The tradition," says Simms, "reports that Williams and Ferguson perished by each other's hands; that, after Ferguson had fallen by the pistol of Williams, and lay wounded on the ground, the latter approached and offered him mercy; and that his answer was a fatal bullet from the pistol of the dying man!"

The bloody conflict of King's mountain was marked by a crowning sacrifice of vengeance. Ten of the prisoners—loyalists, conspicuous for their outlawries, and well known—were tried, condemned, and hung, by the conquerors, almost in the moment of victory. Thirty were condemned, but twenty respited. They are all alleged to have been notorious for their crimes, the monstrous atrocity of which forbade the plea of pity in the ears of their captors. They had long been doomed, by a thousand threats of vengeance, from as many outraged enemies. Something, too, is alleged in behalf of this wild and summary justice, in the right and policy of retaliation for the murders which Cornwallis had committed on his captives at Camden, Ninety-six, and Augusta. The deed was supposed to be justified by that code which requires eye for eye, tooth for tooth, life for life.*

To this day the traveller reads on a rude stone at the foot of the scene of battle, and near the spring from which he quenches his thirst, this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Major William Chronicle, Captain John Mattocks, William Robb, and John Boyd, who were killed at this place on the 7th day of October, 1780, fighting in defence of America." On the opposite side of the stone is read: "Colonel Ferguson, an officer of his Britannic majesty, was defeated and killed at this place on the 7th day of October, 1780."

CHAPTER XCIII.

General Gates and his Wretched Force.—Lord Cornwallis discouraged.—Retreat of the British.—Their Sufferings and Disasters.—The March to Winnsborough.—Illness of Cornwallis.—Lord Rawdon in Command.—Tarleton and Sumter.—General Greene supersedes Gates.—An Affecting Incident.—Life and Character of Greene.—His Age and Personal Appearance.—His Manners.—His Fidelity, and Friendship for Washington.

1780. General Gates, having gathered the scattered remnants of his army at Hillsborough, in North Carolina, found that his whole continental force, exclusive of the militia, did not exceed fifteen hundred men. These, moreover, were in want of almost every necessity. Encamped in the woods near the town, the soldiers, in lieu of tents, built wigwams of fence-rails, and rudely thatched them with Indian-corn sheaves. Although in rags, without pay, "with only a half ration, and never with a whole one," the men bore up with wonderful fortitude, and cheerfully submitted to the severest discipline.

In the meantime, Lord Cornwallis had pushed on as far as Salisbury, near the borders of Virginia; and, in the expectation of being able to reach that State, a reinforcement of troops intended for him,

* Simms.

under General Leslie, was ordered to enter the Chesapeake. After learning the fatal result at King's mountain, however, the earl was no longer disposed to penetrate farther into a country whence had suddenly risen such a formidable band of foes as Campbell had led to victory. His lordship now no longer thought of extending his conquests northward. His only care was to secure those which he had already made. He was determined to retire to South Carolina, and there concentrate his force, lest he should be surrounded and cut off from that province by some of the bold and active "mountain-men."

The retrograde movement commenced about the middle of October. It was a difficult and disastrous retreat, as the British authorities themselves acknowledge. It rained for several days without intermission, and the roads were knee-deep in mud and water. The men had no tents, and hardly enough food to support life. At one time, they had beef and no bread; at another, bread and no beef. For five days their only sustenance was the Indian corn which they collected as it stood in the fields. They were, moreover, greatly harassed by the militia of the country, who would come upon them unawares, and shoot down their guards and cut off their foraging-parties. Nor could the utmost vigilance on the part of the British general secure his troops against these surprises. The militia, being mounted, and well acquainted with the country, were here, there, and everywhere. At the most unexpected moment, a rifle-shot from some covert would lay low a sentry; and, before the alarm was fairly given, the hidden marksman was again in his saddle and away, without fear of pursuit in that wild country, where neither foot nor horse soldier ventured to follow. On the march from Charlotte, single riflemen often rode up within gunshot of the enemy, singled out their victims, and, having discharged their pieces, galloped away in safety.

After this long and trying tramp, the British army reached the Catawba river, which they were obliged to ford at a part where it was six hundred yards wide, and in some places as deep as nine or ten feet. The enemy now encamped at Winnsborough, midway between the Catawba and Broad rivers, in Fairfield district, South Carolina. Here Cornwallis was taken ill with a bilious fever, and the command devolved upon the young Lord Rawdon, who remained inactive, however, until an answer should be received from General Leslie, who had arrived in the Chesapeake with a force destined for Virginia, but which Cornwallis now wished to co-operate with him in the Carolinas. Leslie was therefore instructed to proceed by sea to Charleston. **Oct. 29.**

The retreat of Cornwallis, following thus closely upon Ferguson's defeat, and the confession of weakness betrayed by this retreat, gave new encouragement to the Americans. They everywhere began to repair in considerable numbers—the sparseness of population considered—to the camps of their respective commanders. Of these there were large numbers, captains and colonels, in the field, of whom the historians say little; and day by day

they achieved successes, on a small scale, of which but little has been reported.

These parties, with their leaders, now began to acknowledge and to exercise a better discipline, and to become more efficient as soldiers. They had suffered too many disasters from the neglect of duty by the militia not to feel the necessity of vigilance, and a better observance of the duties of the regular service. The legislature of North Carolina put all the militia of the state under General Smallwood, of the continental army. Generals Sumner and Davidson had likewise large commands of militia, and were good officers. Major Davie was also an active and efficient partisan of that state, as were Shelby, Sevier, M'Dowell, and Lock. Georgia contributed several able officers, in Colonels Clark, M'Call, Jackson, and Twiggs; and there was not a precinct in South Carolina that had not some body of troops in the field, under a favorite leader, Hammond, the Hamptons, Harden, Cleveland, as well as Marion, Sumter, and Pickens.

It was one of the mistakes of the British to suppose that the spirit of the country, thus excited and active, could be subdued by cruelty and terror. Cornwallis issued his orders to hang, and burn, and oppress the "rebels," in every possible way; and his lieutenants, such as Tarleton, Wemyss, and others, were not unwilling to follow out his decrees to the fullest extent of privilege and persecution which they allowed.*

The active British cavalry-leader, finding all attempts to surprise the ever-vigilant Marion futile, now directed his efforts against the audacious Sumter. This gallant partisan-leader, after the surprise of his band, had soon collected another, composed of the remnant of his old corps and some fresh volunteers from among the people of York district, a section of the state which had never made any concessions to the invaders. Though unsupported by any continental force, Sumter was enabled to keep the field. Varying his position about the Enoree, Broad, and Tiger rivers, he made frequent attacks upon the British. He beat up their quarters, cut off their convoys, and kept them in a constant state of alarm and disquietude. Having recruited his command to an imposing force, he advanced within twenty-eight miles of the British camp at Winnsborough. Aug. 18.

This audacity suggested to Cornwallis a plan of surprising him in his encampment. Such importance was attached to securing his individual person, that an officer, with five dragoons, had it specially in charge to force their way to his tent and take him, dead or alive. "*The Game-Cock*," as Sumter was called by the Carolinians, was, in the language of his lordship, the greatest trouble which the British had encountered in the country.

The conduct of this enterprise was intrusted to Major Wemyss, who, with a considerable force of cavalry and infantry, approached the encampment of the partisan leader at Broad river with equal promptitude and caution. Fortunately, Sumter had given unusual strength to his advanced guard. His force had lain so long in its position, that he naturally expected attack. Colonel Taylor, by whom

* Simms.

the advanced guard was commanded, had taken particular precautions. Fires had been lighted in front of his line, and his men were ordered, in case of alarm, to form so far in the rear of the fires as to be concealed, while the approaching enemy would be conspicuous in their light.

Nov. 12. The videttes and pickets did their duty, and the guard was ready to receive the attack. A murderous discharge prostrated twenty-three of the British as they reached the fires. The rest recoiled, then retreated for a hundred yards before they rallied. They were brought again steadily to the attack, and a close conflict followed; but the well-directed fire of the Americans completed what their advanced guard had so well begun. The British were driven from the field, and found safety only in the darkness of the night. Wemyss fell into the hands of the Americans, being wounded through both thighs, and deserted by his men in the precipitation of their flight.

After this affair, Sumter changed his position; and Tarleton, having given up his vain pursuit of Marion, now turned in headlong chase after the former, whom

Nov. 20. he overtook at Blackstock's, near Tiger river, and had no difficulty in bringing him to action. Blackstock's house, situated on the southwest bank of the stream, consisted of a large van, built of logs, the apertures of which formed capital loopholes for marksmen. It afforded a favorable position for the employment of a small force in battle, and Sumter stationed his troops so as to avail himself of all its advantages. On this occasion, he had with him Clarke, Twiggs, and Chandler, of Georgia; and Colonels Thomas, Bratton, and Majors M'Call and Samuel Hammond, of South Carolina, who had joined forces with his some ten days before. Not doubting that Tarleton's entire force was upon him, he resolved to maintain his ground during the day, and, under cover of the night, escape across the river.

Tarleton's command consisted of his legion, a battalion of the seventy-first regiment, a detachment of the sixty-third, and a lieutenant's command of the royal artillery, with one fieldpiece. But, of this force, only four hundred mounted men had yet come up with the Americans.

As soon as Sumter made this discovery, his plans were changed; and he resolved to commence the attack, and cut up his enemy in detail. Tarleton, supposing that he had the game in his own hands, had, immediately on arriving, secured an elevated piece of ground in front of Sumter's position, and, dismounting his men to relieve themselves and horses, prepared to await the arrival of his infantry and artillery.

But the assault of Sumter compelled him to take to his arms. The Americans descended from their heights, and poured in a well-directed fire upon the enemy. They were met by the bayonet, and, being armed only with rifles, were obliged to retire. The British now advanced, but were met by a reserve of rifles, which prostrated many and repulsed the rest. As he beheld his danger, Tarleton ordered a second and desperate charge, directly up the hill; but the Americans stood firm, and received him with their rifles, under

the united fire of which his men could not be made to stand. Drawing off his whole force, he now wheeled upon Sumter's left, where the ground was less precipitous. Tarleton was here met by a little corps of Georgians, about one hundred and fifty in number, who displayed the courage of veterans. Clarke and Hammond, especially, distinguished themselves in this action. But the pressure of the whole British force was too much for them to contend against. They yielded, after a noble resistance, and gave way; but the timely interposition of the reserve, under Colonel Winn, and the fire of a company stationed at the house, determined the issue. Tarleton fled, leaving nearly two hundred men upon the field of conflict. The loss of the Americans was trifling, but their brave commander received a severe wound in the breast, which kept him for several months from active service. On being disabled, Colonel Twiggs succeeded to the command.*

Lord Cornwallis having retired to the south, General Gates moved his force and took post at Charlotte, soon after its evacuation by the enemy, in the latter part of October, with the view of making it his winter-quarters. While here, Gates was overwhelmed with misfortune. First came the sad intelligence of the death of his only son; and next followed a despatch informing him that he had been superseded in the command of the southern department by General Greene.

Heavy, however, as were these blows, General Gates's sensibility was still more wrought upon by an affecting incident which we give in the words of an eye-witness: "I found him," says the narrator, "traversing the apartment which he occupied, under the influence of high excitement. His agitation was excessive; every feature of his countenance, every gesture, betrayed it. Official despatches, informing him that he was superseded, and that the command of the southern army had been transferred to General Greene, had just been received and perused by him. His countenance, however, betrayed no expression of irritation or resentment; it was sensibility alone that caused his emotion. An open letter, which he held in his hand, was often raised to his lips and kissed with devotion, while the exclamation repeatedly escaped them —'Great man!' 'Noble, generous procedure!' When the tumult of his mind had subsided, and his thoughts found utterance, he with strong expression of feeling exclaimed: 'I have received this day a communication from the commander-in-chief, which has conveyed more consolation to my bosom, more ineffable delight to my heart, than I had believed it possible for it ever to have felt again. With affectionate tenderness he sympathizes with me in my domestic misfortunes, and condoles with me on the loss I have sustained by the recent death of an only son; and then, with peculiar delicacy, lamenting my misfortune in battle, assures me that his confidence in my zeal and capacity is so little impaired, that the command of the right wing of the army will be bestowed on me as soon as I can make it convenient to join him.'"*

* Simms.

* Thacher.

General Greene now arrived at Charlotte, to assume the command of the southern army. As we are about to narrate the history of a campaign in which this Revolutionary hero, although heretofore among the most conspicuous of Washington's generals, won his most signal triumphs, it seems appropriate that we should here briefly record the early incidents of his life.

Dec. 4.

NATHANIEL GREENE was born at Warwick, in Rhode Island, May 27, 1742, on the banks of the Potonhommeth, where his father, a blacksmith by trade, worked a mill and forge. The elder Greene was a rigid Quaker, and frequently held forth at the "meeting," where he was noted as among the soundest and most forcible of the preachers. The son was brought up in the strictest principles of the sect, but early exhibited a desire to give his mind a freer scope than was conformable with the restricted views of his somewhat ascetic father. With a strong passion for books, the young Greene was resolved upon pursuing a course of more liberal study than could be taught by the well-thumbed family bible and the old homilies on the paternal book-shelf. He received no encouragement in this pursuit from his father, who looked suspiciously upon any wanderings in the fields of "profane" literature. The youth, however, succeeded by his own efforts in buying books and reading them, in spite of the paternal protest. The father, at last finding how resolute his son was in the pursuit of learning, ceased to thwart him, and finally allowed him to provide himself with a teacher, who was able to impart to the earnest student of fortune the elements of Latin and mathematics. The blacksmith's son at the same time was no less busy at his father's forge; and, while his mind was ripening with study, his body was daily growing in strength. The father, moreover, finding that the youth's ardor for learning did not lessen his labor or diminish its profits, ceased to oppose, though he continued to regret, the worldly tastes of his son.

The severity of the Quaker was, however, too rigid to relax when he found that his son was not only devoted to "profane" studies, but was likewise given to "profane" amusements. The youth, now over eighteen, was tempted by the charms of the gay daughters of the neighborhood to indulge in the pleasures of the dance. But these were only to be enjoyed secretly; and the young man would steal away at night, when the whole house was quiet in sleep, and, after taking his fill of the forbidden enjoyment, return cautiously to his bed again without disturbing the repose or agitating the principles of the slumbering Quaker. He was not always, however, equally lucky.

There was a great ball in the neighborhood, to which young Greene had been secretly invited. In the night, watching his opportunity, he made his escape by the usual window, and after dancing, the gayest of the gay, until midnight, groped his way homeward. Arriving near the house, his eye caught a glimpse of his father, standing, with a whip in his hand, below the window through which alone he could gain entrance. "There was no means of escaping him. The stern old

Quaker was one of that class of people who are apt to unite the word and blow together, the latter being quite likely to make itself felt before the other. In this emergency, conscious that there was no remedy against or rescue from the rod, young Greene promptly conceived an idea which suggests a ready capacity for military resource. A pile of shingles lay at hand; and, before he supposed his father to behold his approach, he insinuated beneath his jacket a sufficient number of thin layers of shingle to shield his back and shoulders from the thong. With this secret corslet he approached and received his punishment with the most exemplary fortitude."*

Greene, however, never allowed his love of pleasure to master his habits of industry and study. He pursued his business so steadily, and so much to the satisfaction of his father, that in his increasing prosperity he made him his partner, and manager of a new mill which he erected at Coventry. The son, in the meantime, added to his library, and increased his acquirements. Young Greene soon became a noticeable person from his accomplishments, and, as he sympathized with the popular sentiment in political affairs which were at that time agitated by the quarrels with the mother-country, he soon became prominent as a revolutionist. When, however, on the prospect of war, he began to add the works of military authors to his library, and to carry out their principles in actively organizing the militia of the neighborhood, his peaceful fellow-Quakers first rebuked, and, at last, when they found him pertinacious, "read him out of meeting."

In 1770, Greene was elected a member of the general assembly of the colony of Rhode Island. In 1774, he enrolled himself in the ranks of the "Kentish Guards;" and in the same year he married Catherine Littlefield, whose attractions had first led him to those forbidden balls. After the battle of Lexington, in April, 1775, he was raised to the command of the militia of Rhode Island, with the rank of major-general. His subsequent career, till his appointment to the head of the southern armies, has been already fully narrated in the course of this history.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary War, Greene was thirty-three years of age. His personal appearance at this period was impressive. In height he was about five feet and ten or eleven inches. His figure was stout and muscular. His face, though somewhat disfigured by a blemish in one of his eyes from the effects of small-pox, was pleasing from the freshness of its complexion and the elevation of its expression. His air was that of a calm and thoughtful person, rather than of an impulsive man of action. He was, however, elastic in his movements, though his right leg was slightly lame from the effects of his severe labors in early life. His manners were quiet, but courteous; and General Greene, notwithstanding the rude experiences of his youth, was noticeable as among the most gentlemanly as well as accomplished of the American officers. He was greatly beloved by Washington, and was held in such general esteem, that it was common to speak of him

* Life of General Greene, by W. Gilmore Simms.

as the probable successor to the commander-in-chief, should any misfortune have deprived the country of his great services. Washington always relied upon him in his severest trials. On the discovery of Arnold's treason while the chief hardly knew whom to trust, he did not hesitate to confide the command of West Point to General Greene; and again, when the southern country in its despair called for succor, it was Greene whom Washington sent to raise it from its despondency.*

CHAPTER XCIV.

Interview between Generals Greene and Gates.—Generous Friendship of Greene.—Retirement of Gates.—Gratitude of Virginia.—Greene and his Troops.—Good Feeling and Good Service.—State of the Country.—Success of Morgan.—The Rugelys surrender.—An Unlucky Colonel.—Greene on the Pedee.—Earl Cornwallis for North Carolina.—Tarleton pushing ahead.—Pursuit of Morgan.—Morgan at Cowpens.—Tactics.—Disposition of Troops.—Morgan to his Men.—The Battle.—American Victory.—Colonel Washington.—The Resolute Tarleton.—Washington and Tarleton.—Personal Conflict.—Losses.—Lord Cornwallis on a March.—Lightening the Troops.—Quick Pursuit.—Morgan for the Catawba.

1780. THE interview between Generals Greene and Gates at Charlotte was marked by every manifestation of courtesy. The former was modest in assuming, while the latter was dignified in resigning, the command. General Greene was announced to the army as commanding officer; and on the same day the new general addressed the troops, and paid his predecessor the compliment of confirming all his standing orders.

Dec. 4.

Directions had been given that a court of inquiry should be instituted by Greene on his arrival, to investigate the conduct of Gates at Camden; but, as Baron Steuben had been left in command in Virginia, there was no major-general to fill the vacancy in the number requisite to constitute the court. The investigation was accordingly postponed; and Greene, who looked with great indulgence upon his unfortunate predecessor, pleaded his cause so successfully, that Congress was finally induced to rescind its resolution, and to restore Gates to his old command in the northern army. The unhappy general, subdued by private griefs and public misfortune, started on his way to the North the day after Greene's arrival at Charlotte, and in the meanwhile retired to his "*Traveller's Rest*," as his estate was called, in Virginia. The general assembly of his adopted state generously consoled the feelings of the fallen officer by appointing a committee to wait upon him, and assure him of the high regard and esteem in which he was held by its members, and that their remembrance of his former glorious services was never to be obliterated by any reverse of fortune.

Dec. 5.

* At the close of the Revolution, General Greene returned to Rhode Island. In 1785, he removed with his family to Georgia, where he died suddenly in June of the following year, in the forty-fourth year of his age.

Ever mindful of his great merit, they declared that they would omit no opportunity of testifying to the world the gratitude which Virginia, as a member of the American Union, owed to him in his military character.*

* In the neighborhood of Leetown, in Jefferson (formerly Berkeley) county, Virginia—not far beyond the Blue Ridge and the Shenandoah, but nearer still to the Opequan, another stream which has had the good fortune to retain its musical Indian name—are the ancient and dilapidated residences of three distinguished generals of the Revolution. Here, within a radius of a mile or two, lived, long and weary years, CHARLES LEE, the sinister hero of Monmouth; HORATIO GATES, loser of the battle of Camden, and of the southern campaign: ADAM STEPHEN, the early friend of Washington, but whose irregular habits induced Congress to remove him from his command of a division and to bestow it upon the marquis Lafayette; and WILLIAM DARKE, a hero of the frontier, and the victor in a hundred personal combats with the savages. In this little valley, beneath the shadow of the great forests, remote from camps and the flashing world, whose light and noise never penetrated the remote depths of their retirement, these first-named warriors rusted out long years of vigorous manhood in inglorious repose, their swords in moth-eaten scabbards, their hearts in the great struggle which approached its termination, but their bodies far away from it. The eccentric career and death of General Lee have already been detailed.

Somewhat removed from the county road, and between the little villages of Kerneysville and Leetown, stood, and still stands, the house of "Traveller's Rest," to which Gates retired after the disastrous day of Camden. The only peculiarity perhaps worth noting in the dwelling, is the appearance of one of the apartments. It is a large room in one wing of the house, with three windows, singularly arranged. The origin of so eccentric an arrangement was, that some of General Gates's family in England sent him, while the mansion was in process of construction, three large damask curtains, of resplendent color—then a great luxury. The windows of the great dining-room were made to fit these curtains, and they duly took their place. The house is going to ruin. This banqueting-room was lately used as a corn-crib by the owner of the estate. Alas for human pride, and the glory of the world which passes away!

Gates went to Mount Vernon to see Washington immediately upon his arrival from England; and here he met with Lee, an old friend and companion-in-arms. As yet the three men thus assembled were as brothers, consulting upon the safety of the republic. But when the Revolution broke out, and Washington was made its chief, both Lee and Gates had their partisans, who advocated a change of leadership, the deposition of Washington, and the substitution of one or the other of the successful Englishmen. Gates was known

General Greene found himself in command of the mere shadow of an army. He brought with him no troops, and but a single aid-de-camp. The returns of the whole force, made six days after he joined the army at Charlotte, **Dec. 10.** gave but nine hundred and seventy continentals and eleven hundred and thirteen militia. The soldiers, moreover, were destitute of pay, tents, or blankets, only half clothed, and were but scantily supplied with food and ammunition. Greene felt the difficulties of his position. "Good feeding," he says, "is the first principle of good service. It is impossible to preserve discipline where troops are in want of everything; to attempt severity will

to desire it, and to work for the result. His attempt to corrupt the inflexible Morgan is well known, and the great soldier's noble reply: "I have one favor to ask of you, which is, never to mention that detestable subject to me again; for under no other man than Washington, as commander-in-chief, will I ever serve!"

The battle of Camden came; and Gates, the conqueror of Burgoyne, the rival of Washington, came here to this house of the "Traveller's Rest" unattended and alone. Alas, how fallen from his high estate! So ended the military career of this man (who had shone as the king of the camp) as the career of Lee had ended. Gates did not die as unhappily as his old companion, however. He removed, finally, to New York; served in the legislature there in 1800; and died in April, 1806 (in the seventy-eighth year of his age), in his house on Rose hill, near what is now the corner of Twenty-third street and Second avenue. Washington had been dead for nearly seven years, but "still lived" a more enduring life than before. But Gates had died nearly a generation before, on the day of Camden!

Gates always preserved a bland and courteous carriage, with no little dignity of tone and address, as may be seen in his correspondence, even when laboring under the severest public odium. Personally, the contrast with his friend Lee was very striking. The former was tall, thin, rude in his manners, and slovenly in his apparel. Gates was full-faced, with a florid complexion, and inclined to corpulency. His manners were those of a courtier—insinuating, mild, and specious, producing in all the impression that he was familiar with "public offices and ante-chambers," and that he would flatter and wheedle gentleman or commoner to gain his ends.—*Harper's Magazine, September*, 1858.

only thin the ranks by a more hasty desertion."

The southern country, too, with its extensive territory, its feeble administration of government, and its dissensions, was in a condition unfavorable for a campaign. The whigs and tories were pursuing each other with the most barbarous rage; and the interior was so disaffected, that it was impossible to send out a wagon with the smallest load of stores without a guard. The very face of the country, seamed with deep rivers and impassable creeks, and with morasses, rendered every military manœuvre liable to the most fatal chances. Greene, however, who was "capable of doing much with little," met every difficulty with a manly resistance, and by his energetic perseverance effected such a triumph over natural and artificial obstacles as secured him final success.

The British regular army at this time, in South Carolina, numbered five thousand men, exclusive of loyalists, and were so stationed as to cover the most important precincts in the state. They were thus enabled to overawe the populous settlements. The garrison at Winnsborough (which was now the headquarters of Earl Cornwallis) completed a chain of posts which the enemy had established, from Georgetown to Augusta, in a circle, the centre of which, equidistant from Charleston and Savannah, would have been Beaufort, in South Carolina. These posts consisted of Georgetown, Camden, Winnsborough, Ninety-six, and Augusta. Within this circle was another chain of posts, consisting of Fort Watson, on the road to Camden; Motte's house; and Granby, on the Congaree. Dorchester, Orangeburg, Monk's Corner, and other places, were fortified as posts of rest, deposite, and communication. These stations were all judiciously chosen, as well for procuring subsistence as for covering the country.

At this period there were three distinct commands of the South-Carolina militia: Marion, in the low country; Sumter, in the middle; Williams, in the upper; and, after his death, Pickens, assisted or seconded by Colonels Clarke and Twiggs, of Georgia.*

While General Gates was still in command of the remnant of the defeated army at Hillsborough, in North Carolina, he had detached Brigadier-General Morgan, early in October, with three hundred Delaware and Maryland continental troops, and some eighty dragoons, under Colonel William Washington, to assist the patriots in the counties of Mecklenburg and Rowan. Passing over the border into South Carolina, this force now occupied the very ground which had witnessed the defeat of Gates.

On the very day of Greene's arrival at Charlotte, General Morgan, who had been sent into the country toward Camden on a foraging-excursion, returned with no cattle or grain, it is true, but with the report of a small triumph over the enemy, which was hailed by the troops as a happy omen of prosperity under their new leader. A Mr. Rugely, proprietor of the estate of Clermont, near Camden, and a devoted loyalist, had been raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of militia, and his son-in-law to that of major, in the ene-

* Simms.

my's service. Fortifying a large log-barn with intrenchments and *abattis*, the Rugelys garrisoned it with about a hundred troops, regulars and volunteers. Morgan, on his return from his unsuccessful foraging-expedition, ordered Colonel Washington with his troop of cavalry to go and reconnoitre the post. The colonel, finding on his approach that the garrison was evidently in a state of alarm, determined to profit by it. Being without artillery, and as it was useless to attempt to carry the stockade by a cavalry-charge, Washington resorted to a stratagem, in the absence of the proper materials of war. He accordingly dismounted his men, in order that they might appear as infantry. A pine-log, ingeniously hewn so as to resemble a fieldpiece, and mounted upon a pair of wagon-wheels, was brought up with due formalities and pointed toward the fort. This innocent piece of timber, thus brought to bear upon the eyes of the garrison, if not upon its works, was invested by the militiamen with such formidable power, that when a corporal of dragoons was sent to summon the Rugelys to surrender, they were exceedingly glad to find a prompt acceptance of their submission. They did not hesitate a moment in complying, and the whole garrison marched out prisoners-of-war. But the surrender was fatal to Colonel Rugely, as a hero and military man. His hope of promotion was for ever cut off by his too ready recognition of this new instrument of warfare. "Rugely will not be made a brigadier-general," was the significant comment of Lord Cornwallis when he was informed of this ludicrous event. The unlucky colonel did not again appear in arms.*

Dec. 4.

General Greene now moved his army from Charlotte. The division under the command of Brigadier-General Morgan, and composed of four hundred continental infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, of the Maryland line, two companies of Virginia militia, under Captains Triplett and Tait, and a troop of a hundred dragoons, under Lieutenant-Colonel Washington, numbering in all about one thousand men, was ordered to pass the Catawba. Morgan was directed to add to his ranks from the militia on his route, and take post near the junction of Broad and Pacolet rivers, toward the station of Ninety-six, in Union District, South Carolina, and some fifty miles to the left of Lord Cornwallis, at Winnsborough.

The general-in-chief marched the main body down the Pedee, and encamped on its eastern bank, at the junction of Hick's creek, nearly opposite to Cheraw hill, and about seventy miles to the right of Cornwallis. "I am here," wrote Greene, "in my camp of repose, improving the discipline and spirits of my men, and the opportunity for looking about me. I am well satisfied with this movement, for it has answered thus far all the purposes for which I intended it. It makes the most of my inferior force, for it compels my adversary to divide his, and holds him in doubt as to his own line of conduct. He can not leave Morgan behind him to come at me, or his posts of Ninety-six and Augusta would be exposed. And he can not chase Morgan far, or pros-

Dec. 26.

* Irving.

ecute his views upon Virginia, while I am here, with the whole country open before me."

Greene had now stationed himself in a fertile region near the head of boat-navigation on the Pedee, which had not yet been traversed by an army of any magnitude. From this point he despatched his engineers to explore the country. The routes in all directions were carefully set down; and, with Governor Rutledge, of South Carolina, in his camp, he was not suffered to remain in ignorance of any matters which he deemed essential to his contemplated invasion of the state.

While Generals Gates and Greene had been busy in the accumulation of an army, it must not be supposed that the little bands under Marion and other partisan commanders had been inactive. Marion, whose mode of warfare had acquired for him the *nom de guerre* of "*The Swamp-Fox*," was never inactive. "Hundreds of little successes," says Simms, "that do not properly belong to the main stream of regular history, yet concurred to render his career memorable, and to influence equally the hopes of his countrymen and the hostility of the enemy. His command was a peculiar one, being chiefly formed from the little and insulated section of country in which he lived. His warriors were his neighbors and friends, and the tie that bound them together brought into equal activity the duty of the soldier and the affections of the comrade. 'Marion's brigade' was the extra-military epithet which distinguished his command. It might consist of five or five hundred—it was still 'Marion's brigade'—a membership in which had a sort of Masonic value in the estimation of his followers, which amply compensated for all its privations and fatigues. Constantly active, it would be impossible for the pen of the historian to follow the progress of the little corps."

After surprising Major Gainey and his large band of tories which he had collected between the Great and Little Pedee, Marion defeated a second party of tories at Shepherd's ferry, near Black Mingo swamp. The loyalists were well posted to receive the attack, and a desperate conflict ensued. The parties were so near each other, during the greater part of the fight, that the wadding of their guns continually struck on each side. Neither party had bayonets, and buckshot was quite as frequently used as ball.

This victory increased the "brigade" to nearly four hundred men, with which Marion marched upon Colonel Tynes, who had raised a large force of loyalists upon Black river. Tynes was surprised, several of his men slain, and his force dispersed, while Marion lost not a man. In all these marches and conflicts, the partisans lived entirely in the swamps, with no shelter but the forest, almost without blankets or clothing, commonly with no food but potatoes, and meat without salt. Marion himself, for a long time, had neither hat nor blanket!

The arrival of General Greene abridged the independence of Marion's movements. His brigade constituted a portion of the men of the state, and was necessarily comprised within the command of that officer. The activity, courage, and successful conduct of Marion, indicated him to Greene

as one well calculated, by his knowledge of the country, for active employment; and Colonel Henry Lee being joined to his "brigade," a combined attempt was made to surprise the strong British post at Georgetown, on Winyaw bay, for the purpose of obtaining supplies. This was a more serious business than Marion had yet undertaken. The town was entered, and many were killed and taken; but the garrison was on the alert, and, after a severe skirmish with a large party of British and tories near the town, he was repulsed with loss. The failure of the assailants is ascribed to various causes; but the alarm of the guides, who missed their way, and thus defeated the plan of co-operation between the several parties, is a sufficient reason. With this affair, General Greene opened the campaign of 1781.

Jan. 25.

This failure, however, was more than compensated by a brilliant event which happened a few days before in the western extremity of the state, to which General Greene had detached Morgan with a strong force, in order to restrain the brutal passions of the loyalists in that quarter. Shortly after his arrival, Morgan sent Lieutenant-Colonel Washington, with a regiment of foot and two hundred horse, to attack a body of tories who had been plundering the whig inhabitants. Washington came up with them near Hammond's store, charged them vigorously, and defeated them. General Cunningham, with a detachment of one hundred and fifty British militia, was also dispersed by a party of Americans under Cornet Simons, of Washington's command.

After the repulse of Marion at Georgetown, he marched up the country to the confluence of Lynch's creek and the Pedee, and formed a stationary camp upon Snow's island, which consisted chiefly of high-river swamp, dry, and covered with a heavy forest abounding in game. He fortified it as well as his means would allow; and from that almost inaccessible retreat he led and sent out detachments, as circumstances required, for many weeks, which accomplished wonderful results in harassing the superior foe, cutting off his convoys, or breaking up, before they could well embody, the gathering and undisciplined loyalists. It was while encamped upon this island, toward the close of 1780, that an event occurred which, insignificant in itself, is peculiarly illustrative of the heroism displayed by the Americans at that period, under the greatest privations. A young British officer was sent from the post at Georgetown to Marion's swamp-camp, to effect an exchange of prisoners. He had never seen Marion, and was greatly astonished at finding such a noted man so diminutive in size, especially when compared with the British generals then in the field, whose average weight, it is said, exceeded two hundred pounds. Having finished their business, the young officer prepared to depart, but was invited by Marion to stop and dine. The invitation was accepted, and the entertainment was served up on pieces of bark. It consisted entirely of roasted potatoes, of which the general ate heartily, and requested his guest to do the same, adding, "Hunger is the best sauce."—"But surely, general," said the astonished Briton, "this can not

be your ordinary fare?"—"Indeed, sir, it is," replied Marion, "and we are fortunate on this occasion, entertaining company, to have more than our usual allowance." It is said that the young officer, on returning to his post, threw up his commission, declaring that men who could contentedly endure such privations were not to be subdued.*

In accordance with the orders of Lord Cornwallis, Major-General Leslie gave up his expedition to Virginia, and proceeded to Charleston, whence he marched with fifteen hundred of his three thousand troops to reinforce the main army of the British at Winnsborough. While waiting for this accession to his force, the earl determined to clear the way for his intended invasion of North Carolina. It would not do to leave Morgan in his rear, who was now only fifty miles from him, and threatening the post of Ninety-Six. He therefore ordered his faithful Tarleton to proceed with eleven hundred men—five hundred of whom were the formidable legion which had been carrying terror and conquest through every quarter of the state for so long a time, and the remainder infantry, supported by some fieldpieces—and push the daring Morgan "to the utmost." That there should be no chance for the escape of his prey, who lay on the west side of Broad river, it was concerted that the earl himself, with his main body, should move deliberately northward as far as King's mountain, that Morgan's retreat might be cut off, and he compelled to fight. That Morgan himself should desire to encounter either of them, the British commanders do not for a moment appear to have suspected.

Dec. 13.

1781.

Tarleton was not the man to linger, and was at once in his saddle, in eager pursuit of his foe. The brave old Morgan, "always accustomed to fight and conquer," instead of wishing to avoid, was no less desirous of a collision than the redoubtable British dragoon. He would have stood his ground and offered him immediate battle; but finding that Cornwallis, simultaneously with the advance of Tarleton, had moved forward, ready to co-operate, and fearful lest he might be surrounded by an overwhelming force, Morgan, though at first inclined to dispute the passage of the Pacolet (a small river, which is fordable in many places), found it advisable to cross that stream, and retire toward Broad river.

Jan. 11.

After a severe march of several days through a wild and rugged country, the British commander came upon the traces of his enemy, and passed through the deserted American camp, on the banks of the Pacolet, which, with its fires still burning, and the half-cooked provisions scattered about, showed that Morgan had but just left. Having captured two of the videttes, Tarleton learned that his antagonist had halted at a place among the Thicketty mountains, in Spartanburg district, called the Cowpens, not far in front of him, and about six miles from Broad river; and in the middle of the night, without taking a moment's rest, and leaving his baggage behind, he hurried on to overtake him. The zealous British dragoon hoped to catch

Jan. 16.

* Life of General Marion, by W. Gilmore Simms.

his foe off his guard, and in the midst of a confused flight.

Morgan, however, was determined to stand his ground, and had no thoughts of further retreat. His officers entreated him to cross Broad river; but he was not to be moved from his position on the heights of Cowpens, an eminence which ascended gently for about three hundred and fifty yards. It is true that the open woods which covered this eminence afforded a good field for the action of cavalry, of which he knew his enemy had much the greater strength. His flanks, moreover, were unprotected; and Broad river, flowing parallel to his rear, cut off all chances of retreat. He was, however, resolved that his men should fight; and, with the invincible Morgan, to fight was to conquer. He characteristically justified his position against all the arguments of the tacticians, by declaring that, if he crossed the river, one half of the militia would abandon him. The old rifleman, in his rough way, thus vindicated his judgment in after-years: "I would not have had a swamp in view of my militia on any consideration; they would have made for it, and nothing could have detained them from it. As to covering my wings, I knew my adversary, and was perfectly sure I should have nothing but downright fighting. As to retreat, it was the very thing I wished to cut off all hope of. *I would have thanked Tarleton had he surrounded me with his cavalry.* It would have been better than placing my own men in the rear to shoot down those who broke from the ranks. When men are forced to fight, they will sell their lives dearly; and I knew that the dread of Tarleton's cavalry would give due weight to the protection of my bayonets, and keep my troops from breaking, as Buford's regiment did."

Whatever may have been the different opinions in regard to Morgan's choice of ground, all agreed that the disposition of his troops was masterly. At daybreak, finding his enemy at hand, the American commander formed his men in order of battle. He advanced two parties of picked riflemen — three hundred in all — under Colonel Cunningham of Georgia and Major M'Dowell of South Carolina, about a hundred and fifty yards in front of the heights. Scattered loosely along the whole line, they had orders to feel the enemy as they approached, and, while keeping up a desultory but well-aimed fire, to retire to the front line, composed of the main body of the militia, led by the brave partisan, Colonel Pickens, who, with his force of three hundred practised riflemen, had joined Morgan on his march. The continental infantry and two companies of Virginia militia, most of whom had already served as regulars, under Captains Triplett and Tait, were stationed on the slope of the advanced height, at some distance in the rear, and composed the second line, under the general command of Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, whose whole force numbered four hundred men. Lieutenant-Colonel Washington, with his dragoons, reinforced by a company of mounted militia, armed with sabres, and commanded by Major M'Call (one hundred and twenty-five in all), held the reserve, and took post on the acclivity of the second of the

Jan. 17.

two heights, which were about eighty yards distant from each other, and formed the main ground upon which the American commander awaited battle. By this disposition, the militia, in whom there was less trust, but who were skilful marksmen, were thrust forward in sight, to distract the enemy, while the regular troops were held back in concealment, ready to push forward with their firm and well-ordered ranks in the crisis of the engagement.

Morgan now rode along the lines, and exhorted his men to duty. First addressing himself to the militia, "he extolled the zeal and bravery so often displayed by them, when unsupported with the bayonet or sword; and declared his confidence that they could not fail in maintaining their reputation, when supported by chosen bodies of horse and foot, and conducted by himself. Nor did he forget to glance at his unvarying fortune, and superior experience; or to mention how often, with his corps of riflemen, he had brought British troops, equal to those before him, to submission. He described the deep regret he had already experienced in being obliged, from prudential considerations, to retire before an enemy always in his power; exhorted the line to be firm and steady; to fire with good aim; and if they would pour in but two volleys, at killing distance, he would take upon himself to secure victory. To the continentals he was very brief. He reminded them of the confidence he had always reposed in their skill and courage; assured them that victory was certain if they acted well their part; and desired them not to be discouraged by the sudden retreat of the militia, *that* being part of his plan and orders. Then, taking post with this line, he waited in stern silence for the enemy."* His troops, refreshed by the night's repose and the morning breakfast, were eager and in good condition for the fight.

Tarleton, with his usual impetuosity, finding that Morgan was prepared to give him battle, hastened into action. His troops, without being allowed a moment for rest or refreshment, jaded as they were by their long and rapid march, were quickly formed. Hurrying his infantry into line, with two fieldpieces in the centre and a troop of dragoons on either flank, and ordering the seventy-first regiment under M'Arthur, and the rest of the reserve cavalry, to hold themselves in reserve, Tarleton in person recklessly led on the advance column before his whole force had completely formed.

The light parties of militia soon gave way, and ranged themselves with the first line, under Colonel Pickens. Tarleton and his men pushed on with a shout, but were met by a close and effective fire from the militia marksmen. The British suffered severely, but continued to advance with fixed bayonets, forcing the front line back upon the second. Here the continentals and the experienced Virginia militia, under Colonel Howard, firmly stood their ground, and gave the British advance such a spirited reception, that their commander was obliged to order up his reserve. With this increase of force, the enemy outstretched the American front, and their cavalry threatened to turn its

* Lee.

right flank. Howard, seeing the danger, immediately ordered his right company to change its front. His men, however, mistaking the order, fell back, and the whole line followed, threatening total confusion. But at this moment Morgan rode forward, and ordered them to retire to the second height, where Colonel Washington was ready to sustain them with the reserve. The continentals, strengthened by this support, and cheered by a rapid message from Washington, "Give them a fire, and I will charge them," fell back in admirable order.

The British, in the meantime, seeing this backward movement, and believing that it was a flight, came on in a hurried and confused pursuit. At this moment, Colonel Howard ordered his continentals to face about; when they wheeled on the instant, and poured upon the enemy a close and murderous fire. The British recoiled; and Howard, seizing the favorable opportunity, followed his advantage with a charge of bayonets. In this crisis of the battle, Colonel Washington encountered the cavalry of Tarleton in a successful charge. The militia recovered, and, forming a new reserve, were ready to obey the command of Morgan "to give them but one more fire, and make the victory secure!" The onset of Howard's continentals, whose bayonets were interlocked with those of the enemy, was irresistible. They drove their antagonists before them, and the day was won.

The concerted action of Morgan's whole force at this most important moment was the certain guaranty of victory. The enemy were within thirty yards, tumultuously shouting and advancing, when the final fire of the Americans was given: the survivors of the terrible discharge threw down their weapons and fell upon their faces.*

During the heat of the action, some of Tarleton's cavalry gained the rear and fell upon the militia, who, after retiring, had sought their horses, which, as was customary with them on going into battle, had been picketed near by. Colonel Washington, however, coming to the rescue, drove off the English troopers, and joined in the general and vigorous pursuit of the enemy, who fled in confusion.

Tarleton strove to bring up the cavalry left in reserve, with the hope of rallying his whole force; but, struck with panic, they refused to obey his call. He himself, with a few officers and a handful of brave men, struggled on with resolute courage to the last, and were left almost alone on the field.

The fugitive British dragoons were pursued by Colonel Washington for several miles, but most of them escaped. Excited by the prospect of capturing the formidable cavalry-leader whose successes had hitherto been so uniform and so productive of disaster to the Carolinas, the stalwart Washington, who was a bold rider and reckless of danger, had in the eagerness of his pursuit advanced nearly thirty yards in front of his regiment. Three British dragoon-officers, observing him, wheeled their horses about, and sprang at him to cut him down. The officer on the left had raised his sabre, and was about striking a fatal blow, when Ser-

* Simms.

geant-Major Perry, who had galloped forward to the rescue of his colonel, with a rapid and timely movement smote the Englishman's sword-arm, and it fell powerless to his side. But the officer on the right supplied the place of his disabled comrade, and crossed swords with Washington. The blade of the latter, being of inferior temper, broke in the encounter, and left him at the mercy of the foe. At this moment, when a second blow would have brought him to the ground, a little henchman, or page, not fourteen years of age, who was devoted to his master, and carried no other weapon than a pistol at his saddle-bow, seasonably rode up, and by a fortunate aim discharged its contents into the shoulder of the assailant, whose arm dropped nerveless at his side. The colonel in the meantime was engaged in front with the third officer, who was no less a personage than the formidable Tarleton himself. Washington was ready for him, and with his broken weapon skilfully parried every sword-thrust; but his antagonist, backing his horse a few paces, drew a pistol, and firing, wounded him in the knee, and brought the noble steed which bore him to the ground.

The fortunate approach of the Americans arrested the further attempts of the Briton upon their leader. The moment was lost, and his flight was resumed. "The British dragoons of Tarleton," observes Simms, "had really never fought well. They had repeatedly hacked to pieces a fugitive or supplicating militia; but neither at Blackstock's, where they encountered Sumter, nor at Cowpens, where they met with Washington, did they maintain the high renown which they had hitherto acquired rather from good fortune than desert. The star of Tarleton waned from this moment. His operations grew limited in extent and small in importance. His defeat on this occasion, with that of Ferguson at King's mountain, were the first links in a grand chain of causes which drew down ruin on the British interest in South Carolina."

The whole loss of the Americans at the important engagement of Cowpens was seventy men, of whom, strange to say, only twelve were killed. **Jan. 17.** One hundred of the British, including ten officers, were killed, and nearly two hundred wounded; twenty-three officers and five hundred privates were taken prisoners. "Mark the epaulette men!" was the significant whisper of Pickens's riflemen to each other on the first advance of the British column; and the large number killed or disabled in the action shows the heed given to the suggestion by these sharpshooters, many of whom were burning with a keen sense of personal injury.

Two fieldpieces, two standards, eight hundred muskets, thirty-five baggage-wagons, with a large amount of ammunition, one hundred dragoon-horses, a travelling-forge, seventy negroes, and all the music, were the spoils taken by the victorious Morgan, whose services on that day were highly lauded throughout the country. Congress presented him with a gold medal, commemorative of his victory; to Colonel Pickens was given a sword, to Lieutenant-Colonels Howard and Washington each a silver medal, and to Captain Triplett a sword.

Lord Cornwallis, in his camp on Turkey creek, within twenty-five miles of Cowpens, and whither he had marched to follow up the presumed success of Tarleton, now heard with dismay of the defeat of his trusty dragoon. This failure, like that of the capable Ferguson, seemed to be a fatal omen to the proposed North-Carolina campaign. His lordship had been sanguine of success now as then, and in both instances the result had been equally disastrous. The earl, however, spiritedly strove to repair his past losses by the most vigorous efforts to secure success for the future.

In order to quicken his movements—for he found that nothing could be done in that rough country, and against his alert enemy, without light troops—his lordship determined to sacrifice his baggage. Everything was destroyed except a small supply of clothing, and a sufficient number of wagons for the conveyance of hospital-stores, of salt, of ammunition, and for the accommodation of the sick and wounded. The earl, showing the example, by first destroying his own baggage, his officers and men cheerfully followed, and every superfluity was given up.

Thus lightened, and being reinforced by fifteen hundred troops from Charleston, under General Leslie, Cornwallis concentrated his forces and hastened in pursuit of the victorious Morgan, who, immediately after his triumph, crossed Broad river, and pushed on to the Catawba.

CHAPTER XCV.

General Arnold bids for Traitors.—Chafing for Action.—Expedition to Virginia.—Debarkation of Arnold.—The Fight at Richmond.—Escape of Jefferson.—Ruthless Devastations.—Richmond burnt.—Jefferson to the Rescue.—Retreat of Arnold to Portsmouth.—Discontent of the American Troops.—Mutiny of the Pennsylvanians.—General Wayne interposes.—March of the Mutineers.—Appeal from the Enemy.—Mutiny not Treason.—Agitation in Philadelphia.—Reed to the Rescue.—Fate of the British Emissaries.—Revolt of the New-Jersey Troops.—Quelled by General Howe.—The Ringleaders shot.—A Sad Execution.—Desperate Tampering with Patriotism.—Strength of the American Cause.—The Good Results following the Mutinies.

1780. ARNOLD, now a brigadier-general in the British army, finding his efforts to justify his crime in his "address to the inhabitants of America" as futile as was his "proclamation" to induce the American officers and soldiers to follow his example of treason, burned with malicious spite to revenge his disappointment upon his country, which he had so basely striven to ruin. Chafing, too, at the undisguised contempt of those to whose corrupt service he had sold his honor, he sought relief from the scorn of others, and perhaps from his own remorse, in the excitement of action.

Sir Henry Clinton soon gave Arnold the opportunity he sought of staining his sword with the blood of his countrymen. The troops under General Leslie having been diverted to South Carolina, it was

determined to send another expedition to Virginia. A miscellaneous detachment of seventeen hundred men, consisting of British regulars, refugees, and German mercenaries, was accordingly despatched on this service. The renegade Arnold was given the chief command, although Sir Henry Clinton, naturally distrustful of his new ally, took care to associate with him Colonels Dundas and Simcoe, men of well-tried fidelity, whom Arnold was strictly ordered to consult, and without whose concurrence he was forbidden to take a single step of importance.

Dec. 15. The object of the expedition, which was one of plunder and devastation, suited well the present temper of the arch-traitor; and, as he sailed away from the harbor of New York, with his troops on board some fifty small vessels, he uttered the malignant boast that he would give the Americans a blow that would "make the whole continent shake." The fleet had hardly sailed, when a severe storm arose, which scattered the ships; and, to keep them from foundering, one half of the cavalry-horses and several of the large guns had to be thrown overboard. The half-wrecked vessels, with the exception of three transports and a man-of-war, at last gathered together off the

Dec. 30. capes of the Chesapeake, and entered Hampton roads. The missing ships did not arrive until four days afterward.

1781. With his usual promptitude of action, Arnold immediately seized upon some small boats, put nine hundred men on board, and, like a pirate, sailed up James river, plundering and ravaging as he went, and finally landed at

Jan. 4. Westover, the ancient seat of the Byrd family, only twenty-five miles below Richmond, the capital of Virginia.

Thomas Jefferson, then governor of the state, immediately called out the militia; but so few obeyed the summons, that Jefferson was forced to give up all hope of defending Richmond. Some of the public property was hastily removed to the country; and the governor and the state officers, finding that the rapid Arnold had already reached Four-mile creek, only twelve miles below Richmond, speedily followed. Jefferson fled during the night. Early next morning, Arnold was in possession of the capital, where he had hoped to catch the governor; but he had made his escape just in time. Thus foiled in his effort to capture the illustrious author of the Declaration of Independence, the traitor sent a deputation of the citizens of Richmond to him, with the declaration that he would not destroy the city if the British vessels were allowed to come up without interruption to the docks, and load with the tobacco. This proposition was, however, scornfully rejected by Jefferson.

Arnold now no longer withheld his devastating hand. He despatched Colonel Simcoe, with four hundred men,

Jan. 6. to destroy the storehouses and foundries at Wrotham. Arnold's coadjutor faithfully did his bidding, and not only destroyed the property of the state, but also some of the public documents and archives which had been conveyed there for security. Simcoe returned to Richmond without having received the least

hinderance in his ruthless expedition, and joined Arnold in his destruction of that city. All the public buildings were set on fire, as well as the tobacco-warehouses; and, leaving "an atmosphere that smelt as if a million of pipes and a million of cigars were smoking together," the renegade quitted the capital and encamped at Four-mile creek.

Jan. 8. On the following day, Arnold descended James river to Westover, where he had first landed. In the meantime, Governor Jefferson returned to the ruins of Richmond, and, by another effort succeeded in bringing a small militia-force into the field, which made an occasional resistance to the marauders, but without much effect. Arnold, finding that Baron Steuben, who was in command in Virginia, was preparing to cut him off, and Jefferson having offered a reward of five thousand guineas for his capture, now hastened to his boats and proceeded down

Jan. 20. the stream to Portsmouth, opposite Norfolk, on Elizabeth river, where, being reinforced by the arrival of more troops from New York, he fortified and prepared to hold the town.

Arnold's "proclamation" to the officers and soldiers of the American army, which he had issued at New York immediately after the detection of his treason, and two months before his marauding expedition to Virginia, was artfully addressed at the most opportune period for his malignant purpose. The American soldiers were discontented. "Poorly clothed, badly fed, and worse paid, some of them not having received a paper dollar for nearly twelve months; exposed to winter's piercing cold, to drifting snow, and chilling blasts, with no protection but old worn-out coats, tattered linen overalls, and but one blanket between three men. The officers in general, as well as myself, find it necessary to stand for hours every day, exposed to wind and weather, among these poor naked fellows, while they are working at their huts and redoubts, often assisting with our own hands, in order to procure a conviction to their minds that we share, and more than share, every vicissitude in common with them — sometimes asking to participate in their bread and water." Such is the relation, by their commander, Wayne, of the sufferings of the Pennsylvania troops of the line, while in their winter-quarters at Morristown. These consisted of six regiments (about two thousand men), who were exposed to every privation and hardship. Their misery was the misery of all the troops composing the northern army at the close of the year 1780; and such was the general discontent, that universal mutiny seemed not improbable. The Pennsylvania regiments, however, were those to show the example. They were excellent soldiers, and, although mostly natives of Ireland, of undoubted fidelity to the cause of their adopted country. But they were characteristically excitable, and more readily led into sudden bursts of passionate excess; while apart from the common incitement to revolt, there was an additional grievance to stir their indignation. The promises which had been often made by Congress had been as often unfulfilled; and now the expression in their enlistment agreement, to "serve for three years,

or during the war," which was intended for less than three years *if the war should sooner end*, was ungenerously interpreted to mean *until the end of the war*, if it should last longer. This interpretation was naturally regarded by them as chicanery, at which they felt greatly exasperated. In common with others, they had suffered year after year from lack of money, clothing, and sometimes food. The little continental money which they had been receiving was now worthless, and hitherto there had been a continued loss upon it by depreciation; and the pay of both officers and men was greatly in arrears. Still, up to the close of 1780, these troops had exhibited nothing beyond the usual signs of discontent.

The three years' enlistment of most of the Pennsylvanians expired at the beginning of the new year; and they had the mortification of seeing a bounty of about twenty-five dollars offered to raw recruits, while they, the veterans of three years, whose wages yet remained unsettled, were offered no more. All these grievances combined formed a serious cause for complaint. The officers had already murmured some; and the common soldiers, encouraged by their example, acted with boldness. Accordingly, on the night of the first of January, when inflamed with the drink and excitement of the new-year holyday, they suddenly broke out into open revolt.

Jan. 1.

On a signal being given, the non-commissioned officers as well as the privates of three regiments of the Pennsylvania line, who considered their terms of enlistment as expired, and numbering in all thirteen hundred men, turned out under arms, and declared that they would march to Philadelphia, and either obtain a redress of their grievances from Congress or serve no longer. The officers of the line collected those who remained, and with these strove to quell the mutiny, and arrest the march of the insurgents, but a captain was killed and three other officers wounded in the vain attempt. The mutineers then forced the minority to join them, under a threat of instant death if they should refuse.

Their commander, General Wayne, interposed, and strove to appease them with words, but the excited soldiery would not listen to what he had to say. He then drew his pistols, and advanced upon them as if to fire. Presenting their bayonets to his breast, they exclaimed: "We love and respect you; but, if you fire, you are a dead man! We are not going to the enemy. On the contrary, if they were now to come out, you should see us fight under your orders with as much alacrity as ever; but we will no longer be amused. We are determined on obtaining what is our just due."

Electing temporary officers from their own body, and giving a sergeant-major (who was a former deserter from the British army) the chief command, with the title of major-general, the mutineers proceeded to the magazines, and supplied themselves with ammunition, and provisions for immediate use; seized six field-pieces, and horses from Wayne's stables to drag them; and then set out on their march to Princeton. General Wayne, in order that their necessities might not force

them to make depredations on private property, sent them supplies of provisions, and soon after followed in company with Colonels Butler and Stewart, whom they highly esteemed, that he might exercise the moral influence which he still possessed in guiding their movements and checking their excesses. He at the same time despatched two officers to Philadelphia, to warn Congress of their approach. The mutineers received their commander with respect, but still insisted upon the redress of their grievances as the condition of a return to duty.

When Washington, who was then at New Windsor, on the Hudson, heard of the revolt, he advised General Wayne not to employ force, for the number of the insurgents was too great and their complaints too just to risk the hazard of such a step. Besides, he was not sorry to see the derelict Congress aroused by bayonets to a proper sense of its duty toward the suffering army. The commander-in-chief had great confidence in Wayne, and recommended him to get from the revolters a statement of their grievances, which he promised in a candid spirit to lay before Congress and the general assembly of Pennsylvania. Accordingly, on halting at Princeton, the mutineers presented a written programme of their demands to Wayne, who immediately forwarded it to Congress.

Sir Henry Clinton received news of the revolt of the American troops simultaneously with Washington, and, thinking the opportunity favorable for gaining over the mutineers to the British cause, sent two emissaries to Princeton to treat with them. At the same time, mustering his troops and ships at New York, he prepared to take advantage of the auspicious result which he anticipated. The emissaries (a British sergeant and one Ogden, a tory of New Jersey) presented themselves with a document, in which Sir Henry promised the insurgents their arrears of pay, including the amount of the depreciation of the continental currency in their possession, in gold, good clothing, a free pardon for all past offences, and the protection of the British government, if they would lay down their arms and march to New York, where no military service, unless voluntary, would be required of them. This proposition was rejected by the Pennsylvania line to a man, with scorn, and the document delivered up to Wayne. The British emissaries, however, were retained by the revolters until their demands should have a hearing from the state.

Philadelphia was in a state of great agitation when the two officers despatched by General Wayne galloped into the city with news of the revolt. Joseph Reed, the president of Pennsylvania, accompanied by some of the civil officers and a committee of Congress, and escorted by a mounted guard, hastened forward to meet the disaffected troops. It was, however, thought inexpedient to trust themselves among them; and Reed halted at Trenton, whence he wrote to Wayne, that, after the treatment of the marquis Lafayette and General St. Clair, who had been peremptorily ordered away from the rebellious camp, whither they had gone to interpose their good offices, he could

not venture to put himself in the power of the excited soldiery.

This letter was read aloud by Wayne to the troops, and evidently with a favorable effect. Thronging about the messenger who had brought it, the men anxiously inquired if the president was unfriendly to them; while some did not hesitate to express their aversion to the affair in which they were engaged.

Finding, however, that the mutineers had rejected the wily proffers of Sir Henry Clinton, and trusting to their patriotism, Reed no longer hesitated to meet them. "I have but one life to lose," he wrote to the executive council of Pennsylvania, "and my country has the first claim to it." But no such sacrifice was exacted from the patriotic president.

On approaching Princeton, Reed was received with all the military honors: the mutineers were drawn up in full array, with arms presented; and the artillery would have fired a jubilant salute, had it not been prevented, lest it might alarm the country. A conference ensued, when terms were agreed upon, by which the revolters, having been guarantied a redress of their grievances, returned to duty.

The emissaries of the British commander were now brought forward and delivered up to General Wayne. "See, comrades," exclaimed one of the leaders in the mutiny, "Clinton takes us for traitors! Let us show him that the American army can furnish but one *Arnold*, and that America has no truer friends than we." The emissaries were subsequently tried, condemned as spies, and hung. Sir Henry thus found that the American soldiers, however loose in discipline, were firm in patriotism. He might have spared his attempts at corruption, had he called to mind the total failure of the proclamation of Arnold, who was in every respect his master in the art.

But the fidelity of these soldiers did not stop with the seizure of the emissaries. When the reward of fifty guineas each, which had been offered by General Wayne for the apprehension of the British agents, was proffered to the two sergeants who brought them to the commander, they refused it, saying, "Necessity wrung from us the act of demanding justice from Congress, but we desire no reward for doing our duty to our adopted country!"

The ill example of the Pennsylvanians was soon followed by some of the New-Jersey troops. In the middle of the night, a portion of the line, nearly three hundred in number, then stationed at Pompton, revolted, claiming the same privileges which had been conceded to the Pennsylvanians, whose success was well calculated to encourage the same conduct in others. Washington, however, who justly feared the effect of the indulgent treatment of the first mutineers, was resolved to act more summarily with the New-Jersey troops. He accordingly despatched General Robert Howe, at the head of five hundred men of the Massachusetts line, to force the malcontents to unconditional submission. **Jan. 20.**

At dawn of day, General Howe halted within sight of the mutinous camp at Pompton. Here, with some anxiety lest his men, fraternizing with their rebellious comrades, should re- **Jan. 27.**

fuse to comply, he ordered his troops to load. Each soldier obeyed with alacrity, when Howe harangued his troops, and declared to them that the mutineers were to be brought to unconditional submission. Two fieldpieces were then drawn forward, and the men ordered to surround the huts in which the revolters had their winter encampment, and where they were mostly asleep at that early hour.

The general now sent his aid-de-camp to summon the mutineers to appear on parade unarmed, in front of their huts, within five minutes. The time passed, and none showed themselves. Another messenger was sent to repeat the order. It was instantaneously obeyed. Every man presented himself as he had been ordered, unarmed and without the least show of resistance. Three of the ringleaders were at once singled out, and, being tried by the court-martial, standing grim and cold on the spot, covered deep with snow, were condemned to be immediately shot. Twelve of the most guilty of their comrades were selected to be the executioners; and, when ordered to load their muskets, they burst into an agony of tears, at the dreadful office to which they had been condemned.

The first criminal was a sergeant, and an old offender. He was led a few yards distant, and placed on his knees. Six of the twelve executioners fired at the first signal, three aiming at the head and three at the breast. Their shots were ineffectual; when the other six, who had been reserved for such an emergency, fired and put an end to the sufferings of the victim. The second culprit was killed instantaneously by the first fire; and the third, in the moment of expected death, was pardoned by the intercession of his officers.

Sir Henry Clinton had, in this instance, made another desperate effort to tamper with the patriotism of the mutineers, but found his last attempt no less futile than his previous ones. Thus ended the memorable mutiny of 1781 in the American army, which so greatly alarmed the fears of the patriots and so greatly encouraged the hopes of their enemies. The result, however, served to prove more than ever the strength of the cause of America, for it exhibited the most unruly and discontented of her people firm and constant in loyalty to their country

These events, moreover, aroused the people and Congress to more vigorous action; and efforts hitherto unprecedented were made to raise money and supply the wants of the army. Taxes were imposed, and cheerfully acquiesced in; and during the year (1781) the "*Bank of North America*" was established at Philadelphia, under the supervision of Robert Morris, a wealthy merchant of that city, to whose superintendence Congress had recently intrusted the national treasury. There can be little doubt that it was principally owing to the financial operations of this distinguished patriot that the American army was not disbanded by its own act, and that Congress was enabled to commence offensive operations on the opening of the spring campaign for this year. He assumed the collection of taxes, and the supply of the army with flour; and he likewise used his private fortune and

his personal credit, without stint, to sustain the government.*

Efforts had previously been made to negotiate loans of money and obtain military supplies in different parts of Europe. Spain had loaned only fourteen thousand dollars, when nearly half a million was the amount asked; and France seemed to feel that she had done quite enough in sending her fleets and armies to America. Colonel John Laurens, son of the ex-president of Congress, was, in this extremity, sent, on a special commission to France; and, contrary to usual etiquette, he presented his memorial in person to the king. He succeeded in obtaining a subsidy of six millions of livres (one million two hundred thousand dollars), with a further sum by way of loan, and guaranty for a Dutch loan of five millions of guilders (two millions of dollars). This was intimated as being the very last pecuniary aid that could be granted to the United States.*

CHAPTER XCVI.

Lord Cornwallis on the Heels of Morgan.—His Escape.—Interposition of Providence.—General Greene to the Relief.—Promptitude in Business.—A Hard Gallop.—Greene on the Catawba.—Hope in Misery.—Cornwallis crosses the River.—A Dangerous Ford.—The British in the Dark.—The American Riflemen.—A Bare Escape.—A Noble Charger.—Tarleton in Pursuit.—A Parthian Shot.—Greene in Danger.—At Steele's Tavern.—Penniless and hungry.—Generosity of a Female Patriot.—Flight and Pursuit.—The British brought to a Halt.—The Yadkin.—Greene at Guilford Courthouse.—His Tactics.

1781. Lord Cornwallis, having disencumbered himself of his baggage, as already related, was able to push forward in pursuit of General Morgan with great rapidity. He was, however, so bent upon coming up with his energetic enemy, that, quickly as his whole army was moving, he yet detached a body of light-troops to hasten on in advance. Not a moment was lost; and, by forced marches night and day, the detachment succeeded in making such rapid progress, that it was soon at the heels, with every prospect of immediately overtaking, Morgan and his men.

The American general, too, was sparing no effort to escape from his formidable pursuers; but, encumbered as he was with the wounded, the prisoners, and the captured baggage, his progress was necessarily slower than that of his adversary. Nevertheless, rapid as had been the movements of Cornwallis, his lordship, in destroying his heavy baggage and making other preparations for the pursuit, had consumed two days, which excited the censure of the more active Tarleton, and gave Morgan so much the start. The latter finally reached and crossed the great Catawba river, at Gowan's ford, thirty miles north from the boundary of South Carolina. The British came up in hot pur-

* Lossing.

* Sparks.

suit just two hours after he had touched the opposite bank of the stream. It being late at night, and feeling confident of his prey, as he had been at Trenton more than four years before, the earl deferred his passage until morning. But during the night the river had so swollen by a sudden and heavy rain, that it was impassable. Morgan was safe, and with pious enthusiasm gratefully acknowledged that his escape was due to a special interposition of Providence.

Jan. 23.

The waters of the rivers continuing to overflow for two days, gave Morgan an opportunity of sending off the prisoners toward Virginia which he had taken at Cowpens, and mustering the North-Carolina militia of the neighborhood to defend the fords of the Catawba.

General Greene, at his camp on the Great Pedee, heard of the "glorious action" at Cowpens, and soon afterward of the rapid movements of Lord Cornwallis. Finding Morgan hard pushed, he determined to hasten to his relief. Business pressed in upon him at the moment of departure, but the prompt and energetic Greene was equal to every emergency. Word came that a British squadron had entered the Cape-Fear river, and landed troops at Wilmington, in North Carolina. Their object was doubtless to co-operate with Earl Cornwallis, and measures were taken to prevent it. The southern states were to be called to duty in the crisis; and accordingly despatches were written and sent forward to the governors of Virginia and the Carolinas, urgently entreating them to furnish aid in men, money, and provisions. Baron Steuben, who was in Virginia, pursuing Arnold toward the seaboard, was urged by letter to hasten forward his recruits for the southern army. The mountaineers, who had been led to victory by Campbell at King's mountain, were besought to rally again from their homes beyond the Alleghanies to the rescue of their country. The Virginia militia were quickly put in marching trim, and sent forward to take charge of Morgan's prisoners and conduct them to their own state, whither they themselves were about to return, as their term of service would soon expire. Provisions were collected, magazines established, stores removed to places of safe deposite, detachments called in, and all the complicated details of preparation for a campaign, promptly but efficiently accomplished by the resolute Greene.

In his impatience to be with Morgan, Greene did not await the marching of his troops, but hurried on in advance, leaving General Huger, of South Carolina, in command, with orders to proceed by forced marches to Salisbury, which was agreed upon as the rendezvous for the whole army. The general-in-chief, accompanied only by an aid-de-camp, a guide, and a sergeant's guard of dragoons, rode on in all haste to join Morgan, whom he reached at Sherrard's ford, after a hard gallop of a hundred miles through a rough country from his encampment opposite Cheraw, a little below the boundary-line between the Carolinas.

Jan. 31.

General Greene found but seventeen hundred men, including the militia, mustered under Morgan; while Cornwallis, now come up with his main body, was only

hindered by the still swollen waters from crossing the Catawba, and bringing into action his much more formidable force of twenty-five hundred. The condition of the American troops was not encouraging. "More than half our numbers," wrote Greene, "are in a manner naked; so much so, that we can not put them on the least kind of duty. *Indeed, there is a great number that have not a rag of clothes on them, except a little piece of blanket, in the Indian form, around their waists.*" Yet such was the undaunted spirit of their commander, that almost at the same moment he could thus cheerfully express himself in regard to the future: "I am not without hopes of ruining Lord Cornwallis, if he persists in his mad scheme of pushing through the country." His lordship was pursuing a course similar to that of Burgoyne, in 1777; and what the action at Bennington had been to the latter, the battle of Cowpens was likely to prove to the former.

The Catawba was falling fast, and the enemy were eagerly watching for an opportunity to cross. Greene did not propose to dispute the passage, but determined to retard it with a few militia, in order to give his main body an opportunity of securing a safe retreat. His only policy, with his meager and ill-conditioned force, was to retire before his formidable antagonist until he could form a junction with the rest of his troops on their march to Salisbury.

Jan. 31. The river having now become fordable, both armies made arrangements to move accordingly. The general-in-chief ordered Morgan to march in the evening with the main body, and make all speed away, while he himself remained behind to superintend the operations at the river. Two hundred of the militia were distributed at the various fords; while the rest, some three hundred in number, skilful riflemen, under General Davidson, were stationed along the banks of the stream, in order to watch the movement of the enemy, and harass them whenever and wherever they should cross.

Cornwallis wisely chose the night for making the passage; and, in order to deceive the Americans, he sent a detachment, under Colonels Webster and Tarleton, to cross without concealment at Beattie's ford, as if this were the chosen route, while he should throw his main body silently over at Gowan's. Hoping to find this unfrequented ford without guard, his van began to cross at one o'clock in the morning. The night was excessively dark and rainy. General **Feb. 1.** Davidson, however, not deceived by the earl's manœuvre, was on the alert, on the opposite bank of the river, with his riflemen hid under the cover of the woods, ready to meet the enemy with their fatal and unexpected fire.

The British troops found they could not move with the ease and rapidity that they expected. The approach to the ford was through a woody swamp; and the wheels sank so deeply into the marsh, that great delay was occasioned in getting the artillery-carriages forward. The van of the troops, however, passed on into the river, followed immediately by Cornwallis in person, as it was feared that the

stream might again become so swollen by the rain which was falling as to render it unfordable.

The Catawba at this point was about five hundred yards in width; and the current was so rapid, and the bed of the river so rough with loose stones, that the men were obliged to support each other by keeping in close ranks, lest they should be thrown down and swept away by the stream. The noisy turbulence of the waters, and the exceeding darkness of the night, prevented their approach from being discovered until they had proceeded nearly half way across, when an American sentry, having first challenged them three times, fired.

The guide, hearing the whistling of the balls, and finding that the ford was guarded, suddenly became alarmed and fled, leaving the troops to find their way over by themselves. Colonel Hale, who led the van at the head of the grenadiers, forbidding his men to fire till they should land, immediately pushed on; and, not knowing the direction of the ford, which crossed diagonally, he followed a straight course, by which his men, though obliged to flounder through much deeper water, succeeded in crossing in safety, and landing at a point where they were unexpected by Davidson and his militia. The British were thus saved from meeting the fire of the American riflemen, and its effect was accordingly much less disastrous, although three of the enemy were killed and thirty-six wounded by the first volley. Colonel Hale was shot down as his horse was springing to the bank. Lord Cornwallis himself had a narrow escape, for a rifle-ball wounded his horse in the midst of the stream, although the spirited animal bore his rider safely to the shore, and then fell dead.

General Davidson now shifted his position, in order to give his men a more direct aim; but, in making the movement, he was brought between the light of his own fires and the advancing columns of the British, who had landed in numbers. Before he could form, the enemy pressed forward, and, having killed or wounded about forty of the Americans, put the remainder to flight. Davidson himself was shot dead while mounting his horse to follow his little band of riflemen.

No sooner had Cornwallis crossed the Catawba, than he ordered Tarleton in pursuit of the fugitives. This bold colonel of dragoons was immediately in his saddle, and, pushing on with full speed at the head of his troopers, soon came upon the traces of those whom he sought. About a hundred of the militia, having reached a tavern some ten miles from the river, incautiously tarried there to refresh themselves. Suddenly the videttes came galloping in, with the cry, "Tarleton is upon us!" The militia hurried to their horses, and had scarcely mounted, when, surely enough, the British dragoons were seen hastening down the road. The American riflemen, checking their steeds a moment, rose in their stirrups, and, turning upon their enemy, fired one volley from their never-missing rifles, and then galloped off at full speed. Tarleton, angered by this Parthian shot, by which seven of his dragoons and twenty horses had fallen, now quickened his pace, and succeeded in com

ing up with some of the laggards in the rear, who were badly mounted, and cutting down about a score of them.

General Greene himself, accompanied only by his suite of officers, was but seven miles farther on the road, where Tarleton could have readily captured him had he known of his whereabouts. The American commander awaited the arrival of Davidson and his men, but waited in vain, until midnight, when finally, with a heavy heart, he rode on to Salisbury.

"As Greene made his appearance at Steele's tavern," says his biographer, who describes the incident, "the disordered state of his garments, the stiffness of his limbs, the languor of his movements, the dejection of his mood and manner, became painfully apparent to every eye. Approaching him, as he alighted from his horse, his friend Doctor Read addressed him with inquiries of most anxious solicitude; to which he replied, not able to repress his anguish, that he came alone, exhausted, penniless, and hungry. The reply did not escape the ears of the excellent landlady. His breakfast was soon prepared and smoking; and he had scarcely finished it, when she presented herself; closed the door of the apartment, and, producing a small bag of specie in each hand, she forced them upon him.

"'Take them,' said the noble woman; 'you will need, and I can do without the money.'

"Never did help come at a better season. An acquisition so important to the public service was not to be rejected through scruples of mere delicacy; and Greene rose from the breakfast-table, no longer penniless—no longer succumbing to the condition which had made him feel himself so utterly alone."*

From Salisbury, Greene (having first sent word to General Huger to hasten on with his division of the army to Guilford courthouse) rode forward to join Morgan, whom he overtook in the evening, just as he was about crossing the Yadkin. Lord Cornwallis was pushing on close after him; and an advance detachment, under General O'Hara, came up so rapidly, that it overtook the rear of the Americans, with whom it had a brisk skirmish as they were crossing the river. Greene having, by a happy foresight, secured all the boats and "flats," and the rains in the meanwhile having flooded the stream so as to render it unfordable, the British had the provocation, as previously at the Catawba, of beholding their enemy passing over during the night and early the next morning, without being able to follow or harass them. General O'Hara, however, succeeded in capturing a few baggage-wagons, which the Americans were unable to take across before he arrived. **Feb. 2.**

Earl Cornwallis, on coming up to the western bank of the Yadkin, and finding it impracticable to cross at that point, marched along the shore for a distance of twenty-five miles, until he reached the upper fords, which still remained passable. He now crossed the river, and commenced a rapid pursuit of the Americans, determined to force them to fight before they could get reinforcements from Virginia. His lordship's de- **Feb. 3.**

* Simms.

lay enabled Greene and Morgan to reach Guilford courthouse and refresh their troops, where two days afterward they were joined by General Huger with his division, whose march from the Pedee had been one of great trial and suffering.

Feb. 7.

General Greene's object was not merely to escape from Cornwallis, but also to entice him forward in pursuit, with the hope of getting him into the interior of the country, where his resources would be exhausted, and the inhabitants would rise in resistance. Thus, the American commander halted at the Catawba until the British were able to march; and then, again, he lingered on the banks of the Yadkin. Cornwallis, having forded the river, encamped at Salem, on the same side of the Yadkin with the Americans, and about twenty-five miles from Guilford courthouse, then the capital of Guilford county, North Carolina, where General Greene had halted with his army.

CHAPTER XCVII.

To fight, or not to fight?—Retreat of General Greene continued.—Across the Dan.—The Light-Corps.—Ingenious Ruse.—Good Service.—Otho Williams.—Suffering from Cold.—Blood on the Ground.—Cornwallis retires to Hillsborough.—A Patriotic Woman.—Watching the Enemy.—Greene recrosses the Dan.—A Campaign in North Carolina.—Pickens and Lee after Tarleton.—Attempt at a Surprise.—The Enemy gone!—Another Attempt.—Enemies for Friends.—Success.—A Bloody Conflict.—No Mercy.

1781.

The self-reliant Greene, with unusual deference to the opinion of others, called a council of war, and submitted to his officers the question whether it was expedient to fight the enemy. The Americans numbered but two thousand and thirty-six men fit for duty. The British were three thousand. The latter were all well-disciplined regulars, fully supplied with provisions, clothing, and ammunition, and in perfect fighting order. About five hundred of the former were militia, and all were but half clothed, half fed, and much discouraged by their long flight. The council, with one mind, agreed that it was expedient to continue the retreat to Virginia.

Greene's purpose was now with the utmost despatch to reach the river Dan, which, rising in the mountains of Virginia, flows in its winding course into North Carolina, and thence back again into the former state. He hoped, by crossing this stream, and putting its waters between him and his pursuers, to gain sufficient time to gather such reinforcements as would enable him to stem the progress of, and perhaps drive back, the formidable Cornwallis. The American commander, with his usual foresight, had made provision for a supply of boats, and was thus enabled to direct his course over the lower and deeper part of the Dan; while his enemy, unconscious of his resources, be-

lieved that his only practicable route was across the upper fords, which alone were passable in that season of freshet.

To protect his retreat, and to conceal its direction from the enemy, General Greene formed a light-corps of seven hundred men, made up of some of the choicest infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel Howard; of Lee's legion, which had joined Huger on his march to Guilford court-house; of the cavalry of Colonel Washington; and of a few mounted militia riflemen. While Greene hurried forward with the main body to the Dan, the light-corps was ordered to keep between him and Cornwallis, and so to direct its movements as to give the enemy the idea that it composed the rear of the army, and was pursuing the same route, while its course should be devious, and tending as it were to the upper fords of the river. The command of this corps was offered to General Morgan, but he refused it, as he had determined to retire from the army, in consequence of illness.* Colonel Otho Williams, of Maryland, was then appointed.

The service of these troops, under their spirited and skilful commander, was of signal benefit. Lord Cornwallis was deluded by the judicious manœuvres of Williams. While the light-corps was now here and now there—at one time halting for a skirmish with the British vanguard, and again retiring before the approach of the main body—his lordship believed that he had the whole American army before him, and concentrated all his attention upon Colonel Williams and his seven hundred men.

Greene, in the meantime, was pursuing his route to the river Dan, without the least obstruction from the enemy. Other difficulties, however, beset him on his toilsome and painful march. The cold had become intense, and the rough roads frozen so hard, that the soldiers, who were generally barefoot, left the tracks of their bruised feet in blood upon the ground! Clothing was so scarce, that few of the men had coats to their backs; and in the best-supplied corps a single blanket was the allowance of covering during those nights of winter for four men. But the troops bore up manfully against every trial, and after a weary march of four days they reached Irwin's ferry, on the river Dan, seventy miles from Guilford. Here boats were found in readiness, and General Greene immediately threw his army across the river; while he sent word to Williams to come up with his light detachment. With consummate skill and daring, this brave soldier had kept his handful of troops far in the rear of his commander, and almost in the very grasp of Lord Cornwallis. He had now a march of forty miles to make, with the whole British army after him, before he could reach the western bank of the Dan. **Feb. 13.**

These forty miles, along a deep and broken road, incrusted with ice, Williams accomplished in four-and-twenty hours. Lee, who brought up the rear of the detachment, crossed the ferry (Boyd's) with

* Morgan soon after resigned his commission. In 1794, he commanded the militia of Virginia, called out to aid in suppressing the whiskey insurrection in Pennsylvania, and continued in the service until the following year. He was afterward elected to a seat in Congress. He died in 1799.

Feb. 14. his last troop of horse, at nine o'clock at night, and landed on the eastern bank, as the British dragoons in advance rode down to the shore which he had just left! "So tangible was the hand of Providence in this," says Lossing, "that it was regarded throughout the whole country as a mark of special favor to the American cause, and in no small degree strengthened the hopes of the republicans. During this retreat of nearly two hundred miles, not a single man deserted from the American ranks. This fact is well established by official reports, yet a late British writer has asserted that 'the militia had nearly all deserted General Greene' when he reached the Dan."

Lord Cornwallis thus foiled in his attempt to overtake Greene, and finding it neither easy nor safe to follow him into Virginia, sullenly retired southward from the banks of the Dan to Hillsborough, in North Carolina. Here he established a camp, raised the royal standard, and by proclamation invited the inhabitants to repair to it. The loyalists of Hillsborough and its neighborhood did not come forward to enroll themselves as freely as was expected. "Hundreds," wrote Colonel Tarleton, "rode into the camp to talk over the proclamation, inquire the news of the day, and take a view of the king's troops. Some of the more zealous promised to raise companies, and even regiments, but their followers and dependants were slow to enlist." His lordship accordingly sent Tarleton, with five hundred troops, to beat up the country between Haw and Deep Rivers, for loyal recruits.

In the meanwhile, General Greene was refreshing and strengthening his wearied army in the fertile county of Halifax, in Virginia, and in the midst of a friendly population. Apprized of the movement of Cornwallis, by means of a white handkerchief, which a patriotic woman displayed on the opposite side of the Dan, according to her promise, showing the departure of the enemy, Greene now despatched across the river a body of light-troops, under Pickens and Lee, to watch their manœuvres. Soon after, he himself followed with his whole Feb. 23. army, anxious to counteract, if possible, by a show of force, the influence which Cornwallis, according to an exaggerated rumor, was exercising upon the inhabitants of North Carolina, to whom even the patriots were disposed to submit while there was no army in the state to sustain their cause.

Pickens and Lee had been ordered to gain the front of Cornwallis; to place themselves as close to him as safety would permit; to interrupt his communication with the country; to repress the meditated rising of the loyalists; and, at all events, to intercept any party of them which might attempt to join the enemy.

Greene was so anxious that his plans should be faithfully executed, that, regardless of danger and fatigue, he crossed the Dan in advance of his army, accompanied only by a small escort of cavalry, and rode on until he overtook Pickens and Lee, with whom he passed the night in busy consultation. Early the next day he was again across the river, preparing to move his army from its comfortable

quarters in Virginia, and once more expose them to the trials and uncertainties of a campaign in North Carolina.

In the meantime, Pickens and Lee, on the alert for service, eagerly caught at the news, brought in by a scout, that Tarleton was out with horse, foot, and artillery, and was moving toward the Haw. Pickens and Lee resolved on an attempt at a surprise, and hastened to the river, which they forded on hearing that Tarleton had already crossed. A countryman was overtaken at noon by the roadside, from whom it was learned that the British colonel was encamped only three miles in advance, where, with his horses unsaddled, he was apparently resting in confident security. Lee and Pickens were now hopeful of success, and, immediately disposing their troops in order for attack, cautiously moved through the woods to the place where they expected to pounce upon an unsuspecting enemy.

The movement was conducted promptly and carefully, and without an untoward occurrence they soon came in sight of the farm and farmhouse, the "expected theatre of glory," when, lo and behold! the enemy had gone. Two of Tarleton's staff-officers, however, who had remained behind to settle for provisions, were taken prisoners; and from them it was learned that their commander would not proceed more than six miles farther. It was determined therefore to follow at once, and make another effort to entrap the wily colonel of dragoons.

In order to give success to this second attempt, it was resolved, if possible, to pass as a reinforcement sent from Hillsborough to the aid of Tarleton. The two British officers who had been captured were placed in the centre of the cavalry, and ordered to give color to the deception; while the sergeant in charge was directed to shoot them down at once, in case of the least demonstration to the contrary. The country-people, though familiar with the sight of the British troops, were less likely to detect the stratagem, since Lee's legion, both cavalry and infantry, with their short green coats and their accoutrements, had very much the look of the enemy's light-corps.

The effect of the *ruse* was soon manifest. Two young Carolina loyalists came riding up the road, and, being accosted by the horsemen in advance, in their assumed character of British officers, expressed their joy at the meeting, and freely declared that they had been sent forward to find out Tarleton's encampment by Colonel Pyle, who was on his way with four hundred loyalists to join that officer.

While the two young men were being conducted to Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, Pickens was requested to keep his riflemen on the left flank, well concealed in the woods, as the green twigs in their hats (which the southern patriot militia always wore as a distinguishing mark) would cause them to be recognised, and defeat the stratagem.

Lee so skilfully kept up the deception, that the youths took him for Tarleton himself. One of them was now sent back with the compliments of the pretended British colonel, and a request to Colonel Pyle that he would draw out his troops along the margin of the road, in order to

give room for the expected British force to pass at once without delay. The other tory was kept by the side of Lee himself as a guide; and, as they rode on together, the youthful loyalist was profuse in his expression of respectful devotion to the fictitious Tarleton, and full of glee at the prospect of the junction with Colonel Pyle. In the meantime, his comrade, who had but a short distance to go, galloped back, after having successfully accomplished his errand. He brought word from the tory commander that he would "be happy to comply with the wishes of Colonel Tarleton."

Colonel Pyle and his loyalists were now soon in sight, on the right of the road, drawn up as had been requested by the pretended Tarleton. Lee had concluded, as he himself states, "to make known to the colonel his real character as soon as he should confront him, with a solemn assurance of his and his associates' perfect exemption from injury, with the choice of returning to their homes, or of taking a more generous part, by uniting with the defenders of their common country against the common foe." But, unfortunately for Pyle, the position of his troops, on the right side of the road, made it necessary for Lee to pass along the whole line of the loyalists before he could reach him at the head of his men.

The loyalists presented a fair array of sturdy yeomen, mounted on good, serviceable nags, and with their rifles and fowling-pieces slung across their right shoulders. They were advantageously placed for the republicans, in the event of a sudden discovery of the *ruse;* for the muzzles of their pieces being in an opposite direction to the approach of Lee's cavalry, they could not fire without a change in their position, which was not very easy to be effected, with a body of dragoons, with drawn swords, "close in with their horses' heads."

"I passed along the line," writes Lee, "at the head of the column, with a smiling countenance, dropping occasionally expressions complimentary to the good looks and commendable conduct of my loyalist friends. At length I reached Colonel Pyle, when the customary civilities were promptly interchanged. Grasping Pyle by the hand, I was in the act of consummating my plan, when the enemy's left, discovering Pickens's militia, not sufficiently concealed, began to fire upon the rear of the cavalry commanded by Captain Eggleston. This officer instantly turned upon the foe, as did immediately after the whole column.

"The conflict was quickly decided, and bloody on one side only. Ninety of the royalists were killed, and most of the survivors wounded. Dispersing in every direction, not being pursued, these escaped. During this sudden rencontre, in some parts of the line the cry of 'Mercy!' was heard, coupled with the assurance of being our best friends; but no expostulation could be admitted in a conjuncture so critical. Humanity even forbade it, as its first injunction is to care for your own; and our safety was not compatible with that of the supplicants, until disabled to offend. Pyle, falling under many wounds, was left on the field as dying, and yet he survived. We lost not a man, and only one horse."

CHAPTER XCVIII.

Lee and Pickens up with Tarleton.—His Escape.—Lord Cornwallis thwarted.—He shifts his Quarters.—General Greene in Pursuit.—Success of the Guerilla Leaders.—Williams pursued.—Greene reinforced.—Repose.—Policy of the Tories.—Greene at Guilford Courthouse.—He awaits Battle.—Cornwallis accepts the Challenge.—Tarleton put to Flight.—Renewal of the Engagement.—Order of Battle.—First Success of the British.—Charge of Colonel Washington.—A Desperate Manœuvre of Cornwallis.—Friends and Foes.—Hard-earned Victory of the Enemy.—Orderly Retreat of the Americans.—The Losses.—A Terrible Night.

1781. LEE's troopers, while their sabres were dripping with the blood of Colonel Pyle's loyalists, were again on the road, led by their spirited commander, still panting for action. Tarleton, whom Lee was always most eager to meet, was within a few miles of him; and he now hastened to overtake him. A short ride brought the leading horseman in sight of the British camp. As soon as Pickens came up with his militia, the two commanders consulted anxiously together.

The sun was setting, and for awhile Lee and Pickens hesitated whether immediate action, even at that late hour, was not the most eligible. The troops, however, being fatigued, and the night fast approaching, it was determined to put off the attack until the next day. Several hours before dawn, Lee and his legion were in their saddles, and, lighted by flaming pine-torches, advanced along the road to reconnoitre.

Tarleton was equally on the alert. He and his officers, having supped gayly, were anxiously longing for the dawn of day, that they might revenge themselves for the slaughter of Pyle's tories, when a messenger rode in haste from Lord Cornwallis, with orders for Tarleton to recross the Haw without delay. Soon after, came two other hurried riders, on the same mission, so fearful was his lordship (who had heard of Greene's return to North Carolina, and of the movements of Lee and Pickens) lest his indispensable colonel of dragoons should be surprised and cut off with all his force. Tarleton now, in obedience to orders, thought only of escape, and by a prompt movement succeeded in crossing the Haw before Lee and Pickens could come up with him. He then rejoined in safety the main body of the British, under Cornwallis.

The earl was so thwarted in his plans by the return of Greene to Carolina, and the terror produced in the country by the bloody catastrophe of the royalists under Pyle, that he was forced to change his tactics. The tories, moreover, were so discouraged, that few were now willing to serve; and many, who had already come out to join his lordship, returned to their homes, prudently to await the issue of events. Finding himself, as he wrote, "among timid friends, and adjoining to inveterate rebels," at Hillsborough, he resolved to shift his quarters, and march into a neighborhood where he hoped to find stronger and more generous adherents of

Feb. 26. the royal cause. Accordingly, the British commander crossed the Haw with his army, and took a position near Allamance creek.

General Greene, following the move of Lord Cornwallis, crossed the Haw near its source, and encamped between Troublesome creek and Reedy fork, about fifteen miles above the British position. At the same time, the American commander threw out his light-corps under Colonel Williams, aided by Pickens and Lee, to hover near the enemy. These active guerilla leaders met with their usual success. Rapidly moving here and there about the foe, they harassed him in every possible manner—cutting off his supplies, intercepting his messengers, capturing his foraging-parties, skirmishing with his advanced troops, embarrassing his marches, and exhausting not only his resources, but his spirit and patience. His lordship, tired of this annoyance, strove to surprise Williams's force, and by a sudden blow to crush it at once while too remote to derive any support from the main body under Greene; or to steal a march upon the former, and, interposing himself between the two, force the latter into action in defence of the advanced detachment.

Williams, though uninformed of this movement of Cornwallis, was so vigilant-

March 6. ly guarded, that the approach of his lordship was discovered when within two miles of the camp. A rapid chase ensued across Reedy fork to Wetzel's mills. Williams, however, with his start ahead, succeeded in distancing his competitor, and, gaining the opposite side of the stream, strove to hold his ground, but was obliged to give way before the superior numbers of the British. In the meanwhile, General Greene, having been informed, by a timely message from Williams, of the approach of Cornwallis, had retreated across the Haw, where he was soon joined by Williams, whom the enemy had ceased to pursue.

General Greene encamped on Troublesome creek, and awaited reinforcements. Soon came in Lieutenant-Colonel Greene, with his new levies; Brigadier-General Lawson, with the Virginia militia; Campbell, Preston, and Lynch, with their corps, six hundred strong; followed by the militia of North Carolina, under the command of Brigadier-Generals Butler and Eaton. Thus was mustered a force of four thousand five hundred in all, horse, foot, and artillery, of which sixteen hundred men were regulars, though mostly raw recruits. Greene, glad of the opportunity given him by the temporary inactivity of Cornwallis, gave his troops repose, and sought to drill and organize his new levies for the conflict, which he did not care long to postpone, now that he was reinforced, and well supplied with stores and provisions.

Hitherto, the fluctuations in numbers, of Greene's little army, caused by the instability of the militia, who were chiefly volunteers—and who, the general said, "after every little skirmish, went home to tell the news"—had led him to be exceedingly cautious and circumspect, and to employ the Fabian policy of warfare which he had learned from Washington; but, now that he had substantial reinforcements, in regular recruits from Virginia

and North Carolina, he felt strong enough to cope with Cornwallis, and earnestly desired an engagement.

His lordship, failing in his attempt to interpose himself between Williams and Greene, and thus force the latter to a disadvantageous conflict, retired to Bell's mill, on Deep river, where, in the repose of the camp, he sought to refresh his troops, until an opportunity should offer to try his strength with his energetic antagonist. The British army under his immediate command now amounted to only two thousand four hundred men, a force too small to be frittered away by skirmishing, while there was no immediate prospect of reinforcements. His lordship could only afford to expend his strength in a decisive blow. The loyalists of the country held back their aid, in timid anxiety about the result. "They determined to repress their zeal, and to wait in quietude until the British superiority should be manifested by signal success."

Greene was now prepared, and resolutely bent upon meeting his antagonist, who had so long striven to provoke him to battle. Calling in his detachment of dragoons (which, under Colonel Lee, had been sticking close to the British camp, much to the annoyance of Cornwallis, intercepting his messengers and darting upon his foraging-parties), and leaving his heavy baggage at the iron-works on Troublesome creek, the American commander now moved his whole army ten miles in advance, to Guilford courthouse. Here, taking his position within twelve miles of the camp of the enemy, he calmly awaited the coming up of the earl.

Mar. 14.

Lord Cornwallis did not hesitate to accept the challenge which was so distinctly proffered by this close advance of Greene. The whole British force was on the move at break of day, and before sunrise the advance-guards of both armies came into collision. Tarleton led the one, Lee headed the other. With the British colonel were his troopers, a corps of light-infantry, and the Hessian *yagers*. "Light-horse Harry" was at the head of his famous legion of horse and foot, together with some mountaineers and Virginia militia. Tarleton came riding up leisurely with his troop; and Lee, perceiving his approach, turned his force with a rapid wheel, to get closer to the camp. The British took this sudden movement for a retreat, and, firing their pistols, came on at a quick pace, and with a loud shout charged.

Mar. 15.

At this moment, Lee brought his dragoons to the right about, and fell with the whole weight of his column upon the enemy. Tarleton sounded a retreat on the instant he discovered that the supposed fugitives had turned upon him. Before he could escape, however, many of his troopers were dismounted, some of them killed, and others made prisoners, while their horses were thrown to the ground. The strong, active, and high-conditioned chargers, with the skilful horsemanship of their Virginia riders, bred to the saddle, gave Lee's legion much the superiority in every contest with the cavalry of Tarleton, who was forced to content himself with any sorry animal that he could

pick up, while his troopers knew nothing of riding but what they had learned in the barrack-school. Not a single American soldier or horse was injured in the encounter.

Tarleton fled with rapidity, hard pressed by Lee, who continued in pursuit until he caught sight of the British guards coming up, when he ordered his cavalry to retire. The legion infantry, however, supported by some Virginia riflemen, coming to his rescue, Lee soon came to a stand, and, after a sharp action with the guards (as he found Cornwallis approaching), again withdrew toward the main body.

In the meanwhile, Greene had drawn up his army in three lines on a wooded height near Guilford courthouse. The first, composed of the North-Carolina militia, under Generals Butler and Eaton, was posted behind a rail-fence, with a long and narrow open field in front, and woods in the rear and on either side. At some distance in advance of the militia, on the road along which the enemy were expected to approach, stood two six-pounders, under Captain Singleton. Three hundred yards behind the first line, across the road, and under the cover of a deep wood, was placed the second, composed of the Virginia militia, under Generals Stevens and Lawson. The third line, made up of the four regiments of regulars, was thrown back several hundred yards to the rear of the second, and posted in a field on the right of the road. The two Virginia regiments formed the right wing, under the command of Huger, and the two Maryland the left, under Williams. Lieutenant-Colonel Washington with his cavalry, Captain Kirkwood with the Delaware company, and Colonel Lynch with a battalion of Virginia militia, covered the right flank; and Lieutenant-Colonel Lee with his legion, together with some Virginia riflemen under Colonel Campbell, covered the left. In the rear of the whole was stationed a small park of artillery.

As the head of the British came up the road, Captain Singleton opened a fire from his two six-pounders in front of the American lines, which was briskly returned by a cannonade from the enemy's artillery. Cornwallis came spiritedly to the attack, rapidly forming his whole force as he approached into one line. The seventy-first British regiment, with the Hessian of Boxe, were on the right, commanded by General Leslie, and covered by the first battalion of the guards, under Colonel Norton. The left, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Webster, was composed of the twenty-third and thirty-third regiments, and covered by General O'Hara with his grenadiers and the second battalion of the guards. The artillery, supported by the light-infantry of the guards, and the *yagers* (German riflemen), moved along the road in the centre; and the cavalry in column, under Tarleton, formed a corps of observation and reserve behind.

As the British regulars came steadily up, their undaunted look and confident shouts struck terror to the hearts of the inexperienced North Carolina militia, who, after firing, contrary to orders, some distant shots, turned and fled. The officers strove to rally them, but all in vain, although not a man had been touched by the enemy's shots! Like a torrent they

rushed headlong through the neighboring woods, throwing away their arms, knapsacks, and even canteens! The British advance was, however, checked awhile by Lee's legion, which came up to the support of the front.

The second line, composed of the Virginia militia, stood their ground manfully. Their commander, General Stevens, had taken the precaution to station sentinels behind them, with orders to shoot down the first man that flinched. Opening their ranks to allow the fugitives of the first line to make their way in their fright to the rear, the Virginians closed again, and presented such a firm front to the enemy, that they were forced to bring up a part of their reserve. The Virginians were, however, finally compelled to yield before the British bayonets and the charge of their cavalry; but not until the brave General Stevens, who had hitherto kept his men so well to their work, was wounded in the thigh, and while being carried off the field, ordered a retreat. Supported by Colonel Lee's legion and Campbell's riflemen, the spirited Virginians were able to retire in good order to the third line, where the regulars were now prepared to bear the brunt of the battle.

The British troops, inspirited by their success in their attack on the front lines, came down upon the American regulars in the rear with great impetuosity. Colonel Webster, however, who led the left wing of the enemy, was so stoutly met by the first regiment of Marylanders on the American right, that he was forced to fall back beyond a ravine in his rear, and take post on a height, until the rest of the British line came up. The second regiment of Marylanders, who were mostly raw recruits, held their ground less firmly, and gave way before Stewart, leading on the British guards.

The veterans of the first regiment of Marylanders, however, who had just driven back Webster, came to the rescue of their flying comrades, and began a terrific onslaught with fixed bayonets upon their pursuers. The enemy, nevertheless, fought desperately, and the issue seemed uncertain; when Colonel Washington, making a charge with his cavalry, gave the Americans manifestly the advantage. In the ensuing struggle, the guards, having lost their commander (Stewart), turned and fled.

At this moment, Lord Cornwallis resorted to a desperate manœuvre to save the fortunes of the day. He brought up his artillery, and opened a fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes! Brigadier O'Hara, among the bravest of the brave, ventured to remonstrate, declaring that it was suicidal. "True," replied his lordship; "but it is a necessary evil, which we must endure, to arrest impending destruction." The fire was renewed, and every ball discharged at the Americans endangered the life of a British soldier. Both friend and foe suffered terribly; but Cornwallis, by this desperate expedient, saved the day. The guards had a chance to rally, as their pursuers were checked by the cannonade; and Colonel Webster, returning in the meanwhile to the attack, came up in time to throw his whole weight in their favor, and thus to gain at last the

hard-earned victory. Tarleton, in command of the cavalry in reserve, made a faint show of pursuit, but Cornwallis soon recalled his wearied troops. Greene was enabled to draw off his force in good order to the bank of the Reedy fork (the small stream which ran in the rear of his position); and detached parties here and there, under the cover of the woods, as they retired from the field, still kept up a skirmishing fire, by which the enemy suffered severely.

The conflict, which lasted nearly two hours, was one of the severest of the war.

Although the enemy remained masters of the field, they were too much crippled to follow up the victory. Their soldiers, as usual, fought with great bravery; and, as Marshall justly observes, "no battle in the course of the war reflects more honor on the courage of the British troops than that of Guilford." A large part of General Greene's force was, as we have seen, untried militia; not one thousand of his men had ever seen service; and the veteran volunteers under Pickens had, some days previously, been despatched to South Carolina, where they were imperatively demanded to meet the "black brigades" which the British were seeking to embody in that quarter during the absence of the American army.

The havoc in both armies was great. Of the British, ninety-three were killed in the action, four hundred and thirteen wounded, and twenty-six were missing. Their officers, as usual, suffered greatly. The Honorable Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, of the guards, and four other officers, were killed. Brigadier-Generals O'Hara and Howard (the latter a volunteer), Lieutenant-Colonels Webster and Tarleton, nine captains, four lieutenants, five ensigns, and two adjutants, one of whom was a younger brother of the great Charles James Fox, were among the wounded. Webster's wound proved mortal, and General O'Hara's recovery from his injuries was long doubtful.

The loss of the Americans was more than four hundred killed and wounded, and eight or nine hundred missing; the latter were principally the North-Carolina militia, who had so disgracefully fled at the beginning of the action.

Although the British claimed the victory, it proved a barren one, and they deplored its results as much as if it had been a defeat. "Another such would ruin the British army," said Fox, in the house of commons. Frightful was the amount of human suffering, as the English themselves admitted, by which they had obtained their triumph. The wounded were collected as expeditiously as possible; but as they were scattered over the great extent of wild ground which composed the field of battle, many perished before they could be reached. The army was also destitute of tents; and there was not a sufficient number of houses, in that meagerly-settled country, to receive the sufferers. The night which followed was intensely dark, the rain poured down in torrents, and the cries of the wounded and dying, sounding dismally from the field of conflict throughout every hour, struck each human heart with terror.

CHAPTER XCIX.

General Greene still hopeful.—Retreat of a Conqueror.—Colonel Lee hangs on the Rear of Lord Cornwallis.—Greene again in Pursuit.—A Precipitate Flight.—Greene in South Carolina.—Cornwallis at Wilmington.—Another Campaign.—The Earl goes to Virginia.—Strike the Traitor.—Expedition against Arnold.—Lafayette on the Move.—Movements of the French Fleet.—Action with the British.—Disputed Victory.—General Phillips in Virginia.—Yorktown taken.—Fire and Devastation.—Success of Lafayette.—The British at Mount Vernon.—Terms.—Rebuke of Washington.—Movements of Cornwallis in Virginia.—His Exultation.—His Contempt of Lafayette.—Charley.—Lessons of Washington.—Cautious System of Tactics.—Tarleton on the Alert.

1781. GENERAL GREENE was worn in body by the fatigues and anxieties of the hard struggle at Guilford courthouse, but his resolute spirit was undismayed. From the field of battle, where fate had decided against him, he retreated to the iron-works on Troublesome creek. Here he tarried two days, in order to call in his scattered forces, and while awaiting the manœuvres of the British commander, to make ready to meet or thwart him. "Lord Cornwallis," wrote Greene, "will not give up this country, without being soundly beaten. I wish our force was more competent to the business." He added, however, more cheerfully, "But I am in hopes, by little and little, to reduce him in time."

Cornwallis was in no disposition to follow up his dearly-bought triumph at Guilford courthouse with any immediate attempt at another such victory. With nearly a third of his force slain, many of his best officers killed or wounded, and not a single benefit gained, he resolved, conqueror as he was, to abandon western Carolina to the possession of the Americans, and retreat toward the seaboard. Accordingly, three days after his success (having first issued an exultant but ineffectual proclamation, in which he boasted of victory, called upon all good citizens to join his standard, and offered pardon to all "rebels" who should lay down their arms), his lordship destroyed all his baggage, left his hospital and seventy of his wounded to the vanquished foe, and set out by slow marches, as befitted the condition of his maimed army, toward Cross creek. **Mar. 18.**

Greene was on the alert, and followed the retreating march of Cornwallis, and would have hastened to overtake and give him battle had he not been delayed by the want of ammunition. Lee, with his legion, and a militia-corps of riflemen, however, being sent in advance, hovered about the lagging march of the British army, which was still so prostrated by its disastrous victory, that hardly an attempt was made to drive off the pertinacious American skirmishers.

At length, obtaining the necessary supplies of ammunition, Greene again moved on in pursuit, and reached Ramsay's mills, on the Deep river, in Chatham county, just after Cornwallis had crossed the stream. So precipitately had his lordship decamped, that some of his **Mar. 28.**

dead lay on the ground unburied; and a welcome supply of fresh beef had been left behind, upon which the famishing patriot soldiers fed voraciously. Here the American commander was stayed by the conduct of the militia, who, worn out by their march through a rough country, stripped of its meager supplies by the enemy in advance, now insisted upon their discharge, as their term of service had expired. Greene was compelled to forego his eager desire to overtake the earl, and, after a short repose at Ramsay's mills, found it expedient to shift the scene of action to the southward. Accordingly, with only a handful of continental troops

April 5. left, he marched toward Camden, in South Carolina, where he expected the co-operation of those active partisans Sumter, Pickens, and Marion.

Cornwallis, though among staunch loyalists in the Highland-Scotch settlements on Cross creek, finding that the country was too poor to support his troops, continued his march to Wilmington, at the mouth of Cape-Fear river, where Major Craig had been established with a small British force, and a large supply of stores and provisions.

April 7. The earl had no sooner arrived at Wilmington, and refreshed his suffering troops, than he began, with his usual prompt energy, to make ready for another campaign. Hearing of General Greene's movement to South Carolina, he would have gone to the aid of Lord Rawdon, at Camden, to whose danger he was fearfully alive. It was too late, however, to succor him now. To remain at Wilmington was useless. His lordship therefore determined to march his small force (now consisting of only fourteen hundred and thirty-five men, so fatal had been the victory at Guilford courthouse and the subsequent retreat) through North Carolina to Virginia, and there form a junction with Generals Phillips and Arnold.

Arnold's destructive foray into Virginia, and his threatening attitude at Portsmouth, caused every American eagerly to desire to crush the traitor. To extinguish the malevolent power which the ability of the man rendered him so capable of exercising, was not the only motive, however. To punish the betrayer of his country was the desire of every patriotic heart. When, therefore, the French fleet was released from the harbor of Newport, in Rhode Island, by a furious storm which scattered the English blockading squadron, the opportunity of striking a blow at Arnold was gladly welcomed.

The chevalier de Ternay having died at Newport, M. Destouches, his successor, agreed to send a portion of his naval force to sail up the Chesapeake and blockade Arnold in Portsmouth, while Washington should despatch a detachment from his army, under the command of Lafayette, to enclose the traitor by land. Washington subsequently urged the French admiral to proceed with his whole fleet and a thousand troops (the French infantry had been placed in winter-quarters at Newport in November, and the cavalry, detached from the legion of the duke de Lauzun, were sent to the barracks constructed at Lebanon, in Connecticut) to the coast of Virginia; but M. Destouches had already sent M. de Tilly to sea with

Feb. 9. one ship of the line and two frigates, and was now unable, as the British were again off Newport, to get any more ships out of port.

Lafayette, with twelve hundred men, followed De Tilly, marching by land to

Feb. 20. form a junction with the baron Steuben, who then commanded in Virginia. "You are to do no act whatever with Arnold," said Washington, in his instructions to the young marquis, "that directly or by implication may screen him from the punishment due to his treason and desertion, which, if he should fall into your hands, you will execute in the most summary manner."

The ardent Lafayette set out with sanguine hopes of success, which were, however, dashed on his march by intelligence of the failure of M. de Tilly, who found on his arrival off Portsmouth that the wary Arnold had cautiously moored his vessels out of harm's way, up Elizabeth river. The Frenchman, in attempting to follow him, ran one of his frigates aground and was obliged to give up the pursuit. He now returned to Newport, having the good luck on the southern coast to fall in with the Romulus, a British fifty-gun ship, which he captured.

March 6. In the meantime, Washington, during a personal interview at Newport with the French commanders, had prevailed upon them to send their whole fleet and eleven hundred men, under Baron de Viomenil, to attack Arnold at Portsmouth. Lafayette's hopes were again in the ascendant when he heard of the grand demonstration which was to be made by his countrymen, and hastened to join and welcome them. Leaving his troops at Annapolis, in Maryland, he sailed down Chesapeake bay in an open boat to Virginia. Having paid a flying visit to Steuben at York, where the veteran was stirring up the whole population to arms, the young marquis pressed forward to Petersburg, where he learned that a fleet had indeed arrived in Hampton roads, but that the British admiral Arbuthnot, and not the chevalier Destouches, commanded it! Lafayette now turned back with his troops, until, receiving orders from Washington, he once more took up his march for Virginia.

The French fleet had sailed from Newport two days after the interview

March 8. between the allied commanders. The English squadron, under Arbuthnot, followed in pursuit on the 10th, and on the 16th the two fleets came together off Cape Henry, and had a sharp but brief action, which lasted about an hour. The English admiral gained his purpose by driving the French ships away, and flying his flag in triumph in the Chesapeake; although M. Destouches, forced as he was to return to Newport, claimed the glory of the victory.

Major-General Phillips, who was among the officers captured at Saratoga, on the surrender of Burgoyne, having

Mar. 26. arrived at Portsmouth with a reinforcement of more than two thousand men, assumed the chief command. Up to that time, the traitor Arnold had shared neither the honors nor the booty won by his marauding exploits in Virginia.

The British were now in such force as to justify an inroad into the interior of

the state. After remaining several weeks at Portsmouth, to strengthen the fortifications, General Phillips accordingly embarked some twenty-five hundred men in small armed vessels, and, accompanied by Arnold (who was now subordinate in command), ascended James river. Williamsburg was taken, and all the public property in it destroyed. Yorktown was also captured, and its shipyard, together with some armed vessels and stores, burned. The whole country about, villages and plantations, were laid waste. Phillips and Arnold next advanced against Petersburg, and, after a spirited but ineffectual resist-

April 1. ance on the part of the militia under the command of General Muhlenburg, destroyed its tobacco and public warehouses.

Dividing their forces at Petersburg, Phillips marched to Chesterfield courthouse, where he destroyed the barracks and stores. Arnold, in the meanwhile, went to Osbrunes, where he destroyed the tobacco; and thence proceeded to Warwick, where he opened a fire from the bank of James river upon a flotilla of American armed vessels, which caused their crews to scuttle them and fly to the opposite shore.

Phillips and Arnold, again joining their forces, now marched to Manchester, a village opposite to Richmond, with the view of crossing James river to the latter place. They had previously driven the baron Steuben, with his little army of a thousand militia, across the Appomattox. The energetic Lafayette, however, had anticipated the invaders, having arrived just the night before, and was now strongly posted in the city with two thousand regulars and militia, and a company of dragoons. Phillips thereupon gave up his design against Richmond; and, after destroying the stores and a great quantity of tobacco at Manchester, he and Arnold retraced their devastating steps to Bermuda Hundred. They soon afterward re-embarked their troops and proceeded down the river, when Lord Cornwallis, who was then at Wilmington, gave them notice that he was about marching into Virginia. The two commanders then returned to Petersburg, where they awaited the arrival of his lordship from North Carolina.

It was during these marauds of the British along the rivers of Virginia, that an English cruiser sailed up the Potomac, burning the dwellings, laying waste the plantations, and exacting supplies from the inhabitants. On coming to anchor off Mount Vernon, a party of marines was sent ashore to make a levy (with a threat of destruction if resisted) upon Washington's estate; when Mr. Lund Washington, who, in the general's absence, acted as his agent, went on board the frigate with a supply of provisions, conciliated the commander, and saved the property. When General Washington heard of the transaction, he sternly rebuked his kinsman Lund for making terms "with a parcel of plundering scoundrels," and declared, in his letter to him, "It would have been a less painful circumstance to me, to have heard that, in consequence of your noncompliance with their request, they had burnt my house and laid my plantation in ruins."

May 13. In consequence of the death of General Phillips, three days after his arrival at Petersburg, Arnold again succeeded to the chief command of the enemy's forces in Virginia.*

Lord Cornwallis, although his march was a long and laborious one from North Carolina, succeeded in completing it almost without opposition, and in less than a month. His journey had been greatly facilitated by two boats mounted on carriages, which were carried along with the baggage of the army. His lordship, on

May 20. marching into Petersburg, was in a state of high exultation. His anxiety for the safety of the royal forces in South Carolina was relieved by the intelligence of Lord Rawdon's successful resistance to General Greene; and now that he had succeeded in forming a junction, he believed his army sufficiently strong to secure him the possession of Virginia. Of the opposition of Lafayette and his force he spoke with contempt. "The boy can not escape me," wrote the earl in his despatch to the British government.

Cornwallis, relieving Arnold (who returned to New York) of his command, with his usual promptitude, delayed but a few days at Petersburg, and then set out in pursuit of the young marquis. Crossing James river, he entered Richmond,

May 27. which Lafayette, with his inferior force, was obliged to evacuate. The earl now directed his march through Hanover county, closely watched by his youthful antagonist, though at a guarded distance. While the two generals were on the same side of James river, Cornwallis formed a plan for taking the young Frenchman by surprise, but was diverted from his intention by an American whom Lafayette had sent into the British camp as a spy, to obtain intelligence. Gordon tells the story:—

"The marquis was very desirous of obtaining full intelligence concerning his lordship; and concluded upon prevailing, if possible, upon one Charles (generally called Charley) Morgan, a Jersey soldier, of whom he had entertained a favorable opinion, to turn deserter, and go over to the British army, in order to his executing the business of a spy more effectually. Charley was sent for, and agreed to undertake the hazardous employ; but insisted that, in case he should be discovered and hanged, the marquis, to secure his reputation, should have it inserted in the Jersey paper that he was sent upon the service by his commander.

"Charley deserted, and, when he had reached the royal army, was carried before his lordship, who inquired into the reason of his deserting, and received for answer—'I have been, my lord, with the American army from the beginning, and while under General Washington was satisfied; but, being put under a Frenchman, I do not like it, and have left the service.' His lordship commended and rewarded his conduct. Charley was very diligent of his military duty, and was not in the least suspected, but at the same time carefully observed all that passed. One day,

* It is said that, while on this expedition, Arnold inquired of an American captain, whom he had taken prisoner, what the Americans would do with him, if he should fall into their hands. The officer replied that they would cut off his lame leg, and bury it with the honors of war, and hang the remainder of his body on a gibbet.

while on particular duty with his comrades, Cornwallis, in close conversation with some officers, called Charley to him, and said, 'How long will it take the marquis to cross James river?' Charley paused a moment and answered, 'Three hours, my lord.' His lordship exclaimed, 'Three hours! why, it will take three days.'—'No, my lord,' said Charley; 'the marquis has so many boats, and each boat will carry so many men. If your lordship will be at the trouble of calculating, you will find he can cross in three hours.' His lordship turned to the officers, and in the hearing of Charley remarked, 'The scheme will not do.'

"Charley concluded that this was the moment for his returning to the marquis. He as soon as possible plied his comrades with grog till they were well warmed, and then opened his masked battery. He complained of the wants that prevailed in the British camp, commended the supplies with which the Americans abounded, expressed his inclination to return, and then asked, 'What say you, will you go with me?' They agreed. It was left with him to manage as to the sentries. To the first he offered, in a very friendly manner, the taking of a draught out of his canteen. While the fellow was drinking, Charley secured his arms, and then proposed his deserting with them, to which he consented through necessity. The second was served in like manner. Charley Morgan, by his management, carried off seven deserters with him. When he had reached the American army, and was brought to headquarters, the marquis, upon seeing him, cried out, 'Ha! Charley, are you got back?'—'Yes, and please your excellency, and have brought seven more with me,' was the answer. When Charley had related the reason of his returning, and the observations he had made, the marquis offered him money; but he declined accepting it, and only desired to have his gun again. The marquis then proposed to promote him to the rank of a corporal or a sergeant. To this Morgan replied: 'I will not have any promotion. I have abilities for a common soldier, and have a good character; should I be promoted, my abilities may not answer, and I may lose my character.' He, however, nobly requested for his fellow-soldiers, who were not so well supplied with shoes, stockings, and clothing, as himself, that the marquis would promise to do what he could to relieve their distresses, which he easily obtained."

Cornwallis strove in vain to force the young marquis to action, who, under the teachings and example of Washington, had learned to repress his youthful ardor, and was now prudently carrying out a cautious system of tactics. Lafayette's force, moreover, was small; and, before attempting any offensive operations, he desired to unite with General Wayne, who, sent by Washington, was now on his way with eight hundred troops of the Pennsylvania line, to form a junction with the southern army. The whole force of the marquis hardly amounted to three thousand men, of whom two thirds were militia.

Lord Cornwallis, on the contrary, reinforced by a detachment of troops from New York, now led an army of four thou-

sand regulars, of whom eight hundred were cavalry, and many of them mounted on the choicest horses from the stables of the rich Virginia planters. Tarleton's troopers were never before in such fine condition for service, and that renowned colonel was ready to make a dash here, there, and everywhere, against the contumacious "rebels," at the quick bidding of his prompt commander.

CHAPTER C.

Colonel Tarleton in Full Activity.—Beating up the Governor.—Pouncing upon the Assembly.—Bare Escape of Jefferson.—Respect for Literature.—A sup of Good Wine.—Destruction of Stores.—Junction with Colonel Simcoe.—Steuben deluded.—Lafayette reinforced.—"The Boy" not easily caught.—Increased respect for the Marquis.—Lord Cornwallis retreats to Portsmouth.—A Drawn Battle.—Stratagem of Cornwallis.—Impetuosity of General Wayne.—Success of his Lordship.—Losses.—Alarm of Sir Henry Clinton.—Orders and Counter-Orders.—Lafayette in Credit.—Scheme of General Greene.—Its Dangers.—Cornwallis in Straits.—Greene before Camden.—Tory Information.—Camden unassailable.—Greene strives to provoke Earl Rawdon to Battle.—Lee and Marion.—A Fighting-Pen.—Mayham's Tower.—The Enemy forced to capitulate.—His Lordship resolved on an engagement.—The Americans at Hobkirk's Hill.—They are reinforced and supplied.—Battle of Hobkirk's Hill.—The Order of Battle.—The Struggle.—Gunby's Veterans.—An Error.—Victory of the British.—The Pursuit checked.—The Losses.

1781. LORD CORNWALLIS found active service for the bold Colonel Tarleton. He was detached, with one hundred and eighty of his dragoons and seventy mounted infantry, to beat up Governor Jefferson and the members of the state assembly, who had removed from Richmond to Charlottesvile, to be out of harm's way. Tarleton and his men, with their Virginia racehorses, made a rapid stride across the country from the capital; destroyed a quantity of supplies for the American army on the way; dashed through the Rivanna, a branch of James river, that washes the foot of the hill on which Charlottesville stands; dispersed a militia-guard on the opposite bank; spurred up the hill into the town, and suddenly pounced upon the assembly. Seven only of the members, however, were captured, the rest having made their escape on fresh horses, which Tarleton's cavalry, blown by their hard day's run, could not overtake. Governor Jefferson had hardly been gone ten minutes, when some of Tarleton's men entered the dwelling from which he had made his escape on a fleet horse, by a narrow lane leading across the country from the rear of his house at Monticello. The books and papers of the governor were not harmed, but the thirsty troopers made free with his wine. After destroying one thousand new firelocks, four hundred barrels of gunpowder, a quantity of military stores, and many hogsheads of tobacco, Tarleton quitted Charlottesville, and led his force down the river, to join Colonel Simcoe, who had been detached with five hundred infantry to destroy the military stores at the Point of York, fifty miles above Richmond, where the Rivanna and the Fluvanna join their waters.

Baron Steuben, however, was on the alert; and when the British arrived on one side of the stream, they found that he had moved the stores and all his force but a small guard to the other. Simcoe, notwithstanding, who was as cunning as a fox, by extending his encampment, succeeded in giving the veteran Steuben the impression that the whole British army was before him. The baron, thus deluded, felt compelled to fly during the following night, and in such haste and confusion, that he left behind him his arms and military stores. A small patrol, however, remained to watch the enemy; but the next morning a detachment of Simcoe's force crossed the river in canoes, and, dispersing the patrol, destroyed the stores.

Steuben now hastened to join Lafayette, who was on a rapid march to meet General Wayne. The junction with Wayne and Steuben being effected, in the valley of the Rappahannock, the marquis was enabled to turn and face the enemy. Lord Cornwallis had succeeded in getting between him and a large deposit of military stores at Albemarle Old courthouse, at which his lordship was now aiming. The marquis, however, was able to steal a march upon his antagonist by taking a cross-road, and strongly posted himself at the place several hours before the earl made his appearance. Cornwallis, finding that "the boy" was not so easily caught, began to entertain a greater respect for his youthful adversary. He now evinced his increased good opinion of him by declining to accept his challenge to battle, and retreated (while followed by Lafayette) to Richmond, and subsequently down the peninsula, across the Chickahominy, until he arrived at Williamsburg. Here his lordship, four days afterward, received a despatch from Sir Henry Clinton, with orders to take post near the seashore, and to send a portion of his troops to New York, as there was great alarm felt by the British commander-in-chief at the discovery that Washington, together with Count de Rochambeau and the French fleet, designed a joint attack upon that city.

June 7.

June 25.

Followed so closely as he was by the young marquis, whose force now numbered about four thousand men, Cornwallis felt that he could not prudently remain at Williamsburg, with a diminished force, and he consequently determined to seek the cover of Portsmouth, protected by the fleet and fortifications. While preparing to move, he sent out Colonel Simcoe and his rangers to destroy some stores on the Chickahominy river, and to drive in the cattle from the neighboring plantations. Lafayette resolved to intercept them, and for that purpose detached a skirmishing-party under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Butler and Major M'Pherson. A struggle ensued, in which both parties fought spiritedly, but with such equal results, that neither could justly claim the victory.

Having completed their preparations for departure, the British now marched from Williamsburg to the ford at old Jamestown, across James river. Here Cornwallis cunningly made a feint of passing over his whole army; while, with a great show of bustle, his

July 4.

lordship merely sent across a vanguard. On the following day the wheel-carriages were transported, and on the 6th the bat-horses and baggage were all passed over.

The object of the earl was, to deceive Lafayette, who had now followed within nine miles, and was watching the opportunity to fall upon the British rear-guard after the main body had crossed. To give further efficacy to the stratagem, Tarleton instructed one of his dragoons and a negro to pretend to be deserters, and, throwing themselves in the way of the American sentinels, to give out that the main body of the British army had passed the river.

July 6. The stratagem was successful. General Wayne and his force of eight hundred Pennsylvanians were despatched in advance, to make the first attack, while Lafayette held back in reserve to sustain them. As the Americans came up, the British pickets were ordered to allow themselves to be driven in, in order to further still more the deception. Wayne continued to push on with his usual impetuosity, until he found himself confronted by the whole British army! Even now, with reckless valor, he ordered his men to charge, and was soon engaged in a desperate encounter with an overwhelming force. Lafayette, now discovering Wayne's danger, rode up and ordered him to retire, which he did in tolerable order, under cover of the militia, though he was obliged to leave his cannon behind him. Night was now closing, and the British commander did not pursue. The conflict, though brief, had been bloody. The English lost five officers and seventy-five privates. The American loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, amounted to one hundred and eighteen in all, including ten officers.

On the same evening, Cornwallis, having called in all his detachments, passed over to Jamestown island. A few days afterward, he crossed James river with his whole force, and proceeded leisurely by land toward the seaboard. After a march of a little over two weeks, his lordship arrived at Portsmouth, opposite Norfolk, where he embarked the portion of his troops which Sir Henry Clinton, in his fears for New York, had called for. Before the transports had set sail, however, a counter-order was received, as Sir Henry found that New York was no longer in danger, since Washington and his French allies had changed their plans. **July 12.** **Aug 1**

Lafayette, after the struggle, retired up James river to Green springs, where he halted to refresh his troops and await events. In the meantime, he congratulated himself with the reflection that his Virginia campaign had not been inglorious, as he had succeeded in inflicting upon "his lordship the disgrace of a retreat." He did not fail, however, to acknowledge that Washington's tactics, in drawing the attention of the enemy to New York, and thus weakening Earl Cornwallis, had been more effective than his own military manœuvres. The young marquis, nevertheless, earned great credit for the prudence (hardly to be expected from so ardent a youth) with which he had conducted the campaign. Moreover, in consideration of the great military talents which he had

displayed during this short campaign in Virginia, King Louis XVI. commanded the French minister of war to express to the marquis his approbation, and assure him that he should be raised to the rank of a field-marshal of France as soon as the American war should terminate.

The whole British force in Virginia at this time amounted to about seven thousand men. In the bold and rapid march of Cornwallis into the state from North Carolina, which we have detailed, a vast amount of public and private property was laid waste. The growing crops were destroyed upon the ground, the barns were burned, and all the fences and landmarks of the plantations were scattered to the winds. It is estimated that in the course of the several invasions of Collier, Leslie, Arnold, Phillips, and Cornwallis, about thirty thousand slaves were carried off from Virginia, and property destroyed to the amount of fifteen millions of dollars! Cornwallis suffered dwelling-houses to be plundered of everything; and it was well known that his lordship's table was furnished with plate thus obtained from private families. His march was more frequently that of a marauder than of an honorable general.

While these operations were in progress at the South, Washington was compelled to remain comparatively inactive, so far as military movements were concerned, because of the weakness of his army. According to the resolves of Congress, there was to have been a little more than thirty-seven thousand men under arms at the beginning of the year 1781; yet, in May, Washington's whole force in camp, on the Hudson, amounted to only a little more than four thousand effective men!

At that time, clouds of danger appeared upon the northern frontier, and among the Six Nations; and Colonel Delancey and other tory leaders were making fierce forays upon American outposts in Westchester county, New York. In one of these, Colonel Christopher Greene, the heroic follower of Arnold through the wilderness of Maine, the brave soldier at Quebec, the admirable defender of Fort Mercer, on the Delaware, and the humane friend of his opponent, the dying Count Donop, was barbarously murdered, with several of his comrades, by a portion of Delancey's corps. Colonel Greene was beloved by Washington, and this cowardly assassination aroused the chief's hottest indignation. Greene was carried to headquarters, and interred with military honors; and Washington would have despatched a sufficient force to chastise the Westchester marauders, had not his attention at this time been called to more important concerns.*

Let us now turn our attention to the events transpiring in the far South. During the operations of the contending armies in North Carolina, the republicans in South Carolina were everywhere gathering in arms. The absence of Cornwallis had withdrawn from the state that superior body by which he had held it in subjection. Pickens, with his brigade, was operating between Ninety-Six and Augusta; and Lee, with his legion, and a portion of the second Maryland regiment, was

* Lossing.

now advancing to co-operate with General Marion on the Santee.

General Sumter, though not yet fully recovered of his wounds received at Blackstock's, had drawn his men to a head, and had penetrated to the Congaree, which he crossed early in February, and appeared before Fort Granby. Such was the vigor with which he pressed the fort, that his marksmen, mounted upon a temporary structure of rails, had reduced the garrison to the last straits, when it was relieved by the unexpected approach of succor, under Lord Rawdon, who appeared on the opposite bank of the river.

Unable to contend with the superior force of the British, Sumter made a sudden retreat; and, two days after, he captured an escort of British regulars, going from Charleston to Camden with stores, in wagons, which yielded a booty equally necessary to both parties. Thirteen of the British were slain, and sixty-six made prisoners. The wagons, containing a profusion of provisions, clothing, arms, and ammunition, fell into the hands of the victors.

Proceeding with his accustomed rapidity, Sumter swam the Santee river, with three hundred men, and appeared next before Fort Watson. From this point he was again driven by Lord Rawdon, who marched to its relief. He then retired to the swamps on Black river, where he remained for awhile to recruit, though not inactive.

Emerging from this retreat, the partisan general was attacked, near Camden, by Major Fraser, at the head of a considerable force of regulars and tory militia; but the major was defeated, after a severe handling, in which twenty of his followers were slain. After this event, Sumter retired to the borders of North Carolina, where he contrived to increase his force to three small regiments of state troops. His return, with that of the continental army, renewed the war in South Carolina with more regularity and vigor.

Marion had been as busy in his fastnesses as his great contemporary Sumter; and while General Greene and the continentals gave full employment to the regular British army, his little brigade had met the loyalists in a spirit not unlike their own. Their savage murders, wanton excesses, and bitter cruelties—their house-breaking and house-burning, their blasphemies, impieties, and horrors—had put them completely out of the pale of military civilization. "*No quarter to the tories!*" became the cry of the brigade, when going into battle; and with this spirit, and guided by the skill and intelligence of their leader, the career of the partisans was as sleepless and rapid as its temper was now unsparing and vindictive. To conquer, merely, was not to complete the purpose for which Marion's men fought—to destroy was their object also; and so resolute had they shown themselves, and so active and vigilant, that to root them out was as difficult as it had become desirable.

A new and well-concerted attempt to annihilate this body was now arranged between Colonels Watson and Doyle. The former was to move down from Camden, along the Santee; and the latter was to cross Lynch's creek, and follow its course

on the eastern bank. They were to unite their forces near Snow's island, which was the favorite hiding-place of the "brigade."

Marion heard first of the approach of Watson, and went out with all his force to meet him. At Taucaw swamp, nearly opposite to the mouth of the present Santee canal, he laid an ambush for his enemy, which he placed under the command of Colonel Horry. At this time, he had but a few rounds of ammunition for each man. His orders to Horry were, to give two fires and retreat.

A second ambush was placed in a contiguous situation, which promised certain advantages. This was a party of cavalry, under the command of Captain Conyers. Horry's ambuscade gave its fires with great effect, but was compelled to retire. Watson, having made good his passage of the swamp, sent a detachment of cavalry, under Major Harrison, in pursuit of Horry. This party was encountered by Conyers, who slew Harrison with his own hand. His detachment was dispersed, after suffering severe loss from the charge of Conyers.

Marion, too feeble to assail his opponent openly, continued in this way to embarrass his progress and weaken his force, until they had reached nearly to the lower bridge on Black river, seven miles below King's tree. Here Watson made a feint of taking the road to Georgetown. Too weak to detach a party to the bridge, Marion took an advantageous position on that road.

Suddenly wheeling, Watson changed his course, and gained possession of the bridge on the western side. This gave him the opening to a very important pass, leading into the heart of Williamsburg district and to Snow's island. The river, on the west, runs under a high bluff; the grounds on the east side are low, and the stream, though generally fordable, was at that time swollen by freshets, so as nearly to reach the summit of the opposite shore. This prospect seemed to appal the British colonel. While he hesitated, the less wary partisan led the way for his troop, plunged in, and, safely reaching the opposite bank, marched forward to occupy the eastern end of the bridge. Marion now detached Major James, with forty musketeers, and thirty riflemen, under M'Cottry, to burn the bridge.

The riflemen were posted to advantage, and under cover, on the river-bank. The attempt of the musketeers to burn the bridge drew upon them the fire of Watson's artillery. Against this Marion had provided, and the artillerists of the enemy were picked off by M'Cottry's rifles as fast as they approached to apply their matches to the gun. The bridge was fired and consumed in the face of the enemy, who, baffled and harassed at all points, turned from the pursuit of the wary partisan, and proceeded by forced marches to Georgetown.

But the British commander was not suffered to leave behind him the foe whom his pursuit had seemed only to awaken. Marion hung upon his progress — now upon his flanks, now in front, and now in the rear — while his rifles exacted heavy toll from the enemy at every mile in their journey. Watson, at last, reached George town in safety; but the implacable rifle-

men had followed his flying footsteps till the latest moment. Never had man been more harassed; and the complaint of the British colonel, that Marion would not "fight like a *Christian and a gentleman*," has passed, from its ludicrous solemnity, into a proverbial phrase of merriment in the South.

Colonel Doyle, the coadjutor of Watson, was encountered in like manner, and with similar results. A single conflict drove him back to Camden, with a considerable loss in men and a greater loss in baggage.

This affair was followed, on the part of the brigade, by a sharp rencontre with a body of tories. These were routed, and their captain slain. A nephew of Marion also fell in the conflict. A second descent which Marion made upon Georgetown, about this time, was more successful than the first. It fell into his hands, but was afterward set on fire by an armed party from a British vessel, and upward of forty houses were reduced to ashes.

After the return of the commander-in-chief of the southern department into the state from his pursuit of Lord Cornwallis, Marion ceased to act independently; and the exploits of his brigade, no longer acting by itself, became merged in those of the liberating army.*

General Greene's resolution to carry the war into South Carolina had not been taken without a consciousness of its hazards. "The manœuvre will be critical and dangerous," he wrote to Washington, "but necessity obliges me to commit myself to chance. The troops will be exposed to every hardship; but I shall share it with them." The scheme was bold and full of peril, but its apparent temerity was not without justification. Those active partisans, Sumter, Marion, and Pickens, had, by their successful guerilla warfare, as we have already shown, prepared the way, and Greene knew that he could always calculate upon their energetic cooperation. It is true, he was turning his back upon a weakened enemy; but Lord Cornwallis was in such a position, that, move as he might, he could hardly win his game. If he followed the American general into South Carolina, Virginia and North Carolina would be relieved from the pressure of British influence; and if he carried the war into the latter states, his possession of the first was endangered.

April 5. General Greene, accordingly, broke up his encampment on the Deep river, in Chatham county, North Carolina, where he had given over the pursuit of the British army, and, after a tedious march for one hundred and thirty miles through an exhausted and hostile country, at length arrived before Camden. He had hoped **April 19.** to take the place by surprise. While he was detained, however, for several days on the banks of the Pedee, for want of boats, the active tory emissaries took care to carry information of his approach to Lord Rawdon at Camden. This is a beautiful village, situated on a plain covered on the south and east sides by the Wateree, and a creek which empties itself into that river. On the western and north-

* For many interesting details connected with the guerilla warfare in the Carolinas, during the campaigns of 1780 and 1781, we are indebted to Simms's admirable "History of South Carolina," revised edition, 1859.

ern sides it was guarded by six strong redoubts, and Earl Rawdon's garrison numbered about nine hundred choice troops.

His lordship, now on the alert, placed Camden in such a posture of defence, that General Greene found it futile to attempt to assault it. He accordingly took post on the Wexhaw road, within half a mile of the British lines, with the hope of provoking the earl from his stronghold. The challenge, however, was not accepted, and the American general thereupon moved his troops to Hobkirk's hill, a mile and a quarter farther away from Camden.

On his march from North Carolina, General Greene had detached Colonel Henry Lee, with his legion, to join Marion, and co-operate with that partisan in an expedition against the British post of Fort Watson, on the Santee. Lee having, with no little difficulty, succeeded in finding Marion—"the Swamp-fox"—amid the cover of the morasses of Black river, started out with him on the proposed enterprise. The enemy were posted in a stockade fort, erected on one of the largest of the old Indian mounds which skirt the Santee. It was elevated about forty feet above the level of the plain, and far from any eminence which could command it. Its garrison consisted of about eighty regulars and forty loyalists, commanded by Lieutenant M'Kay of the regular troops. Unprovided as were Marion and Lee with artillery and intrenching-tools, it was impregnable to the besiegers, who despaired of a successful assault, since the steep sides and strong palisades of the eminence discouraged any attempt to storm it.

April 14.

One of the first efforts made to subdue the fort was by cutting off the garrison from Scott's lake, by which it was supplied with water. From this danger M'Kay relieved himself by sinking a well within the stockade. Thus foiled, and without cannon, the besiegers must finally have been baffled, but for one of those ingenious devices which are perhaps more readily found by a primitive than by an educated people.

At a short distance from the fort there grew a small wood, which suggested the proper means of annoyance. From this, Major Mayham, of South Carolina, suggested that they should "cut down a number of suitable trees, and with them erect a large, strong, oblong pen, to be covered on the top with a floor of logs, and protected on the side opposite to the fort with a breastwork of light timber." The expedient was adopted, and the "pen" forthwith constructed during the night, within a proper distance of the fort, and dignified with the appellation of "Mayham's tower." This enabled the assailants to command the fort. At earliest dawn the next morning, a party of riflemen took post in the tower; and a detachment of musketeers, under the cover of the riflemen, advanced to make a lodgment in the enemy's ditch, supported by the infantry of Lee's legion with fixed bayonets. When the light enabled the riflemen from their lofty tower, which overlooked the fort, to single out their victims, a shower of bullets drove the enemy from their works. Lieutenant M'Kay, being destitute of artillery, was soon forced to capitulate; and Marion,

April 23.

pushing his prisoners before him, hurried forward to join Greene. Thus a contrivance which the lion-hearted Richard had used with such effect against the Saracens at the siege of Acre, in the days of the crusades, proved no less effective in the hands of those equally chivalrous modern soldiers, Marion and Lee.

Colonel Watson, while on his march to succor the fort of his name, had been recalled to Camden by Lord Rawdon, who could ill spare any of his small force, now that he was threatened by the energetic Greene. Lee and Marion were on the watch, and so manœuvred that they themselves were in a position to form a junction with Greene long before Watson could effect one with Rawdon. His lordship, thus discovering that delay would probably benefit his enemy more than himself, determined to give battle to the American commander.

Hobkirk's hill, where General Greene had taken post, was about a mile and a half in advance of the British redoubts. It is a narrow sand-ridge, of little elevation, which divides the head-springs of two small streams, the one emptying into the Wateree river, the other into Pine-tree creek.

A deserter having come in during the night, with exact information of the American position on Hobkirk's hill, and also with intelligence that the expected artillery had not yet arrived in the American camp, the British commander decided upon immediate action on the coming day.

April 24.

Accordingly, at nine o'clock the next morning, Lord Rawdon, having left Camden in charge of his convalescents, led out his nine hundred men (which was all the effective force he could muster) to the attack. The American camp was cheered that morning by the arrival of abundant supplies, and of the artillery, upon the absence of which his lordship was so greatly calculating. Provisions had been scarce, and now being plentifully distributed, most of the troops were busy in cooking or feasting; some were washing their clothes, and others were cleaning their muskets. General Greene himself was breakfasting; and although, in the well-ordered camp, there were all the usual precautions against surprise, there was no suspicion of the approach of the enemy (who had begun their march at dawn, and silently pushed on toward the American position by a circuitous way, under the cover of a swamp-forest), until the British vanguard fell upon the republican pickets. These acted with the utmost coolness, gathering in the videttes, and forming with great deliberation under Colonel Kirkwood's Delaware command. His position formed the American advance, and met the first shock of the enemy's charge. Here the conflict was maintained for a while with singular obstinacy; and this little squad retired slowly, fighting with resolute determination, step by step, as they receded before the accumulating pressure of the foe.

April 25.

The noise of the firing aroused the entire American camp. The drums beat to arms, and Greene sprang to his saddle, and rapidly formed his army. The Virginia brigade, with General Huger at its head, having under him Lieutenant-Colo-

nels Campbell and Hawes, was posted on the right of the road; the first regiment, under the former, composing the extreme right. The Maryland brigade, led by Colonel Otho Williams, seconded by Colonel Gunby and Lieutenant-Colonels Ford and Howard, took the left. The three field-pieces, conducted by Colonel Harrison, were placed in the centre; and the cavalry, under Colonel Washington, together with two hundred and fifty North Carolina militia, under Colonel Reade, were held back as a reserve.

Lord Rawdon advanced with the royal American regiment on his right, the New-York volunteers in his centre, and the sixty-third regiment on his left. His right wing was supported by Robertson's corps, and his left by the volunteers of Ireland. The reserve consisted of the tory regiment raised in South Carolina, with a few dragoons, who composed all the cavalry. Neither force was large, but Greene's preponderated, and the Americans felt confident of victory. The number of European troops engaged in this conflict was very small. Most of Rawdon's army was composed of Americans by birth or immigration. The front which he advanced was comparatively small, nearly one half of his troops being in reserve. He had, besides, taken a lesson from the American leaders, and employed flanking-parties of picked tory riflemen, who moved abreast of his wing among the trees, and did much toward deciding the issue of the day.

"Greene," to use the words of Lee, an historian as well as hero of the southern campaign, "examining attentively the British disposition, discovered the very narrow front it presented; and, gratified as he was with the opportunity, so unexpectedly offered, of completing by one blow his first object, he determined to avail himself of the advantage given by the mode of attack.

"He directed the lieutenant-colonels Campbell and Ford to turn the enemy's flanks; he ordered the centre regiments to advance upon him, ascending the height (Hobkirk's hill, upon which Greene was posted); and detached Lieutenant-Colonel Washington with his cavalry to gain his rear. Rawdon no sooner cast his eyes on our disposition, than he perceived the danger to which his unequal front exposed him, and, bringing up the volunteers of Ireland into line, he remedied the defect seized by Greene in time to avert the expected consequences.

"The battle opened from right to left with a vigor which promised a keen and sanguinary contest; but the superiority of our fire, augmented by that of our well-served artillery, must have borne down all opposition, had the American line maintained itself with becoming firmness. On the right, Huger evidently gained ground; Washington was carrying everything before him in the rear; and Lieutenant-Colonel Hawes, with fixed bayonets, conformable to order, was descending the hill, ready to fall upon the New-York volunteers.

"In this flattering moment, the veteran regiment of Gunby, having first joined in the fire, in violation of orders, paused, its right falling back. Gunby unfortunately directed the disordered battalion to rally by retiring to its right company. Retro-

grade being the consequence of this order, the British line, giving a shout, pressed forward with redoubled ardor; and the regiment of Gunby, considered as the bulwark of the army, never recovered from the panic with which it was unaccountably seized."

In forming his line, before the engagement, Greene, conjecturing that the enemy knew nothing of his having artillery, had closed the two centre regiments, so that it was completely masked. "The effect may well be imagined," observes Simms, "when these two regiments, suddenly retiring from the centre, left them free to vomit their showers of grape upon the dense ranks of the enemy preparing for the charge.

"The confusion and dismay were conspicuous. The British squadrons sank, and wheeled, and fled, beneath the terrible discharge; and nothing more seemed to be necessary than to give the command to close upon their flanks with the regiments right and left, and cut them off from escape. The order was given: 'Let the cavalry make for their rear; Colonel Campbell will wheel upon their left; Colonel Ford upon their right; the whole centre will charge—*charge with trailed arms!*'

"Such were the commands of Greene, which his aids rushed to convey to the several subordinate officers. The roll of the drums announced their tenor; and Washington, at the head of his cavalry, disappeared among the trees which lay between his troop and the rear of the enemy.

"The American general already believed his victory to be secure. But he had no ordinary adversary in Rawdon. With the quickness of instinct, this commander threw out his supporting columns; and the Americans, but a moment before in the fullest conviction that they had outflanked the enemy, were themselves outflanked. Their wings were enfiladed and their rear threatened.

"At this crisis, when everything depended upon the greatest coolness, and a composure which might look undaunted upon the scene, the first Maryland regiment, by excellence esteemed, in the language of Roman eulogium, *the tenth legion* of the American army—that band to which all eyes were turned for example; which had conquered the British with their own weapon, the bayonet, at the noble passage of valor at the Cowpens; which alone had fought half of the battle at Guilford, and obtained more than half of the triumph of that no less bloody day—now unaccountably shrank away from the issue, in a panic which could not be overcome!

"Greene, at this moment, was leading on the Virginia regiment of Campbell in person, on the extreme right, when he was called away by the confusion of the centre. Vainly, by voice and gesture, did he seek to restore their confidence, and bring them once more into the action. They heard, and halted; but the day was already lost. They were already at the bottom of the hill, and the cheers and clamors of the enemy now commanded his attention in another quarter. Urging his horse up the eminence, he saw for the first time the utmost extent of his misfortune. But a single regiment remained

entire. His artillery was uncovered on the summit of the hill. To bring his troops off in order, and to save the artillery, were the only remaining objects; and, amid a shower of bullets, the American general delivered his commands with composure, to draw off the right and left regiments and form them on that of Gunby, which was now rallied; while their retreat should be covered by the second Virginia.

"This order, well executed, left to Greene the choice of deliberate retreat or a renewal of the battle. During its execution, the main efforts of the British were to secure possession of the artillery. Horse and foot were ascending the hill, and the matrosses were about to fly, when the American general applied his own hand to the drag-ropes. This example was not to be withstood. A little band rallied to their rescue, bearing their loaded muskets in one hand while applying the other to the ropes. The fight was renewed in this endeavor.

"A British corps appeared on the hill, moving to the charge. Dropping the ropes, the little troop, forming in the rear of the artillery, met them with a fire which, repeated with deliberate resolution until escape was impossible, was terribly destructive. Thrice was the attempt renewed, and with the same effect. The assailants were driven off with loss, until an overpowering force of infantry and riflemen came to their assistance, and every man of this gallant little band, but forty-five in number, was either killed or taken. The artillery now seemed lost; but at this crisis, Colonel Washington charged in upon the road, and put an end to the strife around it.

"This officer, in addition to the rescue of the artillery, captured more than two hundred prisoners. His humanity is alleged by the British to have been detrimental to his objects. A severe military judgment insists that he should have cut down instead of making captives." This would have been the course of the merciless Tarleton under like circumstances. Washington's prisoners encumbered his movements, and the time lost in taking them might have been of lasting benefit if it had been employed unsparingly upon the British rear.

Lord Rawdon was not in a condition to pursue the Americans far. The latter halted at a distance of two miles, in order to recover stragglers and take refreshment. At noon, the retreat was resumed, and the army finally encamped at Saunders's creek, about four miles from the scene of action, to which place Colonel Washington was ordered back to reconnoitre. As he proceeded in obedience to this command, he was told that Earl Rawdon had returned to Camden, leaving Captain Coffin with his cavalry and a body of mounted infantry in charge of the field of battle. **April 25.**

This intelligence suggested to Colonel Washington the prospect of a new achievement. Retiring with his cavalry into a thicket on the roadside, he pushed forward a small detachment, with orders to approach under covert till within a short distance of the enemy's position. His stratagem produced the desired effect: Coffin's whole troop pursued, and fell into

the ambuscade. Washington rose from his hiding-place as they reached it, and the entire party were either cut to pieces or compelled to save themselves by flight. The field of Hobkirk thus actually remained in possession of the Americans.*

The loss of the two armies in the main battle was about equal, although that of the British, by reason of the field-pieces which the Americans brought into the action, was somewhat greater; it amounted to nearly three hundred each. Two of the bravest of the American officers, Colonel Ford and Captain Beattie, were killed in the beginning of the fight, and their fall was a principal cause of the unfortunate disorder which followed among the troops. The British escaped without the death of a single officer of note, but six were taken prisoners.

CHAPTER CI.

General Greene disappointed, but not discouraged.—Junction of Colonel Watson with Lord Rawdon.—Greene retires.—Hot pursuit by Rawdon.—His Lordship checked.—Partisan warfare again.—Back to the Mountains.—A Gloomy Interview.—Good News.—Rawdon evacuates Camden.—Its Destruction.—Miserable Fate of the Loyalist Inhabitants.—Vigor of the Partisan Leaders.—Fall of Posts.—Lee and Pickens take Fort Griesson.—Desperate Struggle.—Honorable Capitulation.—Death of Griesson.—Reward offered.—Greene at Ninety-Six.—New-York Loyalists.—Judicious Defences.—Kosciusko's Parallels.—The Star-Fort.—A Sally.—Its Success.—Greene more cautious.—Arrival of Lee.—The Summons to surrender.—Defiant Answer of Cruger.—Fire opened.—Picking off the Gunners.—Night-Sallies.—Desperate Position of the Enemy.—Naked Negroes.—Flaming Arrows.—Attempts to fire.—Renewed Hope.—A Despatch from Earl Rawdon.—His Lordship to the Rescue.—Three Alternatives.—Storming.—The Assault.—The Ever-ready Cruger.—Desperate Fighting.—Greene withdraws from Ninety-Six.

1781. GENERAL GREENE, after his unexpected defeat at Hobkirk's hill, retired sadly disappointed, though not discouraged. Ever ready to act as the occasion demanded, he had hardly gathered his scattered troops, when he prepared to thwart the manœuvres of his young and spirited antagonist, and to deprive him of the benefits of his victory.

Another disappointment soon came to the American general, however, in news of the successful junction of Colonel Watson and his force with Lord Rawdon, at Camden. This union had been effected notwithstanding the vigilance of Marion, Lee, and Sumter, who were beating the country around, and of Greene himself, who, from his camp on the Wateree, was eagerly on the watch.

Very soon after the battle of Hobkirk, Greene detached a reinforcement to Marion on the Nelson's-ferry road; and he now crossed the Wateree **May 3.** with his main body, and took such positions as would enable him to prevent succors from going into Camden from that quarter.

Earl Rawdon, being thus strengthened by Watson and his four hundred men, was emboldened to challenge the Americans to another battle. General Greene,

* Simms.

however, disappointed in not receiving his expected reinforcements from Virginia, and finding his troops fagged and discouraged, thought it more expedient to retire before the enemy. He accordingly moved several miles farther into the country. His impetuous young antagonist, nevertheless, seemed determined to provoke an engagement, and, forcing the American pickets, pressed on to strike Greene in his encampment. The earl, however, finding his enemy too firmly posted to be dislodged, prudently withdrew at the last moment.

May 8.

The boldly offensive attitude of Lord Rawdon, now that he was reinforced, gave the American commander great anxiety, conscious as he was of the weakness of his own troops. On the evening of the day following his lordship's daring demonstration, as the patriot general sat at the table with a map before him, Colonel Davie entered. "You see," exclaimed Greene, "that we must again resume the partisan war. Rawdon has now a decided superiority of force. He has pushed us to a sufficient distance to leave him free to act on any object within his reach. He will strike at Lee and Marion, reinforce himself by all the troops that can be spared from the several garrisons, and push me back to the mountains.... You observe our dangerous and critical situation. The regular troops are now reduced to a handful, and I am without militia to perform the convoy or detachment service, or any prospect of receiving any reinforcement....We must always calculate on the maxim that your enemy will do what he ought to do. We will dispute every inch of ground in the best manner we can; but Rawdon will push me back to the mountains. Lord Cornwallis will establish a chain of posts along James river; *and the southern states, thus cut off, will die like the tail of a snake!*"

May 9.

After this gloomy interview, Colonel Davie, at the request of Greene, retired to write to some of his friends in Philadelphia, who were members of Congress, and inform them of the imminent danger of the army and its pressing needs. At daylight, the next morning, the colonel, who had been up all night writing his letters, was summoned to headquarters, when General Greene met him with a beaming face and these encouraging words: "I have sent to inform you that Rawdon is preparing to evacuate Camden! That place was the key of the enemy's line of posts. They will now all fall, or be evacuated. All will go well. Burn your letters. I shall march immediately to the Congaree!"

Lord Rawdon, finding that there was no hope of aid from Cornwallis, of whose march to Virginia he had just received intelligence — that his supplies were failing daily, and that his force was too small to allow of his detaching any portion of it to strengthen the weaker posts — determined to retire toward Charleston, in order to secure his communication with that city. Camden was evacuated, and the jail, mills, and private dwellings of the town, were burned. A great deal of the baggage of the army was also consumed in the flames, that his lordship might move with greater celerity. "The British commander," remarks

May 10.

Simms, "baffled and disappointed, wreaked his vengeance upon the town which he had so long garrisoned, but which he felt himself no longer able to maintain. Camden was reduced to ashes, and amid the shrieks of its people, and the 'curses, not loud, but deep,' of the loyalists whom he could no longer protect, Lord Rawdon prepared to descend the country. The fall of Fort Watson had broken the chain of communication with Charleston, and Marion was even now busy in the leaguer of Fort Motte. Having devastated the country, it no longer yielded support to Rawdon's troops. These the British commander resolved to save, though by the loss of the post and the confidence of the tories. These miserable people, whose savage fury had so long hunted their countrymen with fire and sword, no longer protected from their vengeance by the arms of the British, were compelled to abandon their homes and follow the fortunes of the enemy. They dared not await the justice of the Americans. Hundreds followed his lordship, scorned and despised by their allies, and hated by their countrymen. Their history may be dismissed in this place. After sharing all the vicissitudes of an army retiring before a pursuing foe, they reached Charleston, and built for themselves a settlement of huts without the lines. This hamlet, by a miserable mockery, was called '*Rawdontown*.' Here men, women, and children, were crowded together in a wretched condition of poverty and shame. They had dwelt happily on their farms near Camden; and perished in the utmost destitution, utterly unnoticed and unassisted by those for whom they had sacrificed the ties of society and all the first claims of country. The victims equally of disease and want, they died, to use the emphatic language of that time, like 'rotten sheep,' upon the suburbs."

In the meantime, the American partisan leaders were active. British post after post fell rapidly before them, and completed the recovery of the state to within thirty miles of the sea. General Greene, concluding, after the evacuation of Camden by Lord Rawdon, that it would be the earl's object to withdraw his posts on the Congaree, and concentrate them below the Santee, despatched expresses to Marion and Sumter to prepare themselves for such an event. He himself, ordering the army to proceed by the Camden road for the Congaree, took an escort of cavalry and moved down in person toward Fort Motte.

On reaching M'Cord's ferry, Greene received the tidings of the capitulation of Fort Motte. This post lay above the fork on the south side of the Congaree. The works of the British were built around the mansion-house of the lady whose name it bore, and from which, in their savage recklessness of shame, the British officers had expelled her. It was a noble dwelling, of considerable value, but not of so much worth as to abridge the patriotism of the high-spirited owner. Defended by a strong garrison, under a resolute commander, the fort promised to baffle for a long time the progress of the besiegers. Under these circumstances, Mrs. Motte, who had been driven for shelter to a neighboring hovel, produced an Indian bow,

which, with a quiver of arrows, she presented to the American general. "Take these," she said, "and expel the enemy. These will enable you to fire the house." Her earnest plea that this course might be adopted, prevailed with the reluctant Marion. Combustibles were fastened to the arrows, which were shot into the roof of the dwelling; and the patriotic woman rejoiced in the destruction of her property, when it secured the triumph of her countrymen. **May 12.**

Driven out from their place of shelter, the garrison at Fort Motte was forced to surrender; and the force under Marion was ready for operation in other quarters. A portion of it, under Colonel Lee, was immediately despatched by Greene, as the van of the army, for the reduction of Fort Granby, situated near the present city of Columbia, and at about the centre of the state.

The fall of Fort Motte increased the panic of the British; and, two days after that event, they evacuated their post at Nelson's ferry, blew up the defensive works, and destroyed their stores. **May 14.**

Fort Granby, after a brief conflict, was surrendered, with all its garrison, consisting of nearly four hundred men. The terms of capitulation granted by Colonel Lee were greatly complained of by the Carolinians. These terms gave the enemy the privilege of carrying off their baggage, in which was included an immense quantity of plunder. The approach of Lord Rawdon, with his whole army, is said to have hastened the operations of Lee, and to have led to the liberal concessions which he made to the garrison; but he has incurred the reproach of hastening the capitulation, in order to anticipate the arrival of General Sumter and the main army. The siege had been begun some time previously by Sumter, who had left Colonel Taylor, with a strong party, to maintain his position, while he himself made a sudden descent upon the enemy's post at Orangeburg, on the North Edisto, in which he was thoroughly successful. Sumter himself conceived that he had suffered injury by the capitulation, in which nothing was gained but the earlier possession of a post which could not have been held many days longer, and must have fallen, without conditions and with all its spoils, into the hands of the Americans. It was with bitter feelings that the whig militia beheld the covered wagons of the enemy — drawn by their own horses, and which they knew to be filled with the plunder of their farms and dwellings — driven off before their eyes.* **May 15.**

On the day after the evacuation of Camden, the garrison at Orangeburg, numbering about one hundred men, with all their stores and a large supply of provisions, surrendered to General Sumter, after a spirited assault. A little later, Colonel Lee sent a detachment of his legion, under the command of Major Rudolph, which reduced the British post at Silver Bluffs. **May 11.** **May 21.**

The task of holding Lord Rawdon in check in Charleston was confided to Marion and Sumter. In the execution of this duty, they closed in upon him, until

* Simms.

he established a line of fortified posts, extending from Georgetown, by the way of Monk's Corner, Dorchester, &c., to Coosawhatchie. The British were frequently harassed by the partisans, who made incursions within this line; but the force of the assailants was not adequate to any serious attack upon any one of them, that of Georgetown alone excepted. This station, on Winyaw bay, having been left with a small garrison, and being separated from the rest of the line by swamps and water-courses of such magnitude as to prevent any sudden relief from reaching it, was attacked and carried by Marion. The British fled to their galleys; while the American leader deliberately moved all the military stores and public property up the Pedee, demolished the fortifications, and returned without loss to his position in St. Stephens.

June 3.

Thus in the space of about three weeks, the British lost six posts, and abandoned all the northeastern extremity of South Carolina. The station at Ninety-Six, and Forts Cornwallis and Griesson, however, at Augusta, in Georgia, still held out.

From Fort Granby, Lee was detached to join General Pickens, and lay siege to Augusta; and three days after the fall of the former post, his legion was arrayed before the walls of the latter. General Greene reserved the enemy's post at Ninety-Six for himself, against which he now marched with his main body.

May 18.

Lee and Pickens were successful at Augusta, but met with a desperate resistance. "The garrison," says Ramsay, "buried themselves in a great measure under ground and obstinately refused to capitulate, till the necessity was so pressing, that every man who attempted to fire on the besiegers was immediately shot down. At length, when further resistance would have been madness, the fort, with about three hundred men, surrendered on honorable terms of capitulation." During the siege, the Americans lost about forty men. After the surrender, Lieutenant-Colonel Griesson, of the British militia, was killed by an American, who forced his horse into the house where the prisoner was kept, and, without dismounting, shot him dead, and escaped before he could be arrested. A reward of a hundred pounds sterling was offered for the discovery of the perpetrator of the deed, but without avail.

June 5.

In the meanwhile, General Greene had encamped within cannon-shot of the fort of Ninety-Six. The reduction of this formidable station was an object of the greatest interest. The village of Cambridge (or, as it was called in that day, the post of Ninety-Six) was at this time the pivot of very extensive operations. To possess it, therefore, was to give the finishing blow to the British strength in the interior of the state.

May 22.

Greene's whole force consisted of one thousand men. The enemy were but five hundred and fifty strong, three hundred and fifty of whom were royal Americans from New York and New Jersey, who had enlisted at an early period of the war, and were considered among the best soldiers in the British army. The remaining two hundred were volunteer tory riflemen recruited from the neighborhood.

These latter were men desperate from their social position, and skilful marksmen, who were conspicuous in the successful defence of the place. The whole were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Cruger, a brave and zealous New-York loyalist.

The fortifications of Ninety-Six were old works which had been erected at the commencement of the Revolution, as a protection against the incursions of the Indians, whose settlements were then in its near neighborhood. The place was remarkable as being the scene of the first conflict in the southern war; for here, in 1775, began that sanguinary hostility between the whigs and tories which subsequently desolated the beautiful country around it.

During the invasion of the state by the British, the works at Ninety-Six had been reconstructed, according to all the rules of military art, by some of the ablest of the engineers in the army of Cornwallis. On the approach of Greene, Cruger had still further strengthened them by judicious additions and improvements. The principal work was the star-redoubt, with sixteen salient and returning angles, a ditch, frieze, and *abattis*. This star-battery was defended by three pieces of artillery, on wheel-carriages, which could be moved readily from one point to another. There was also a stockade-fort, strongly built on high ground, at convenient distances within which were erected blockhouses of notched logs, that communicated with the star-redoubt; while Cruger and his garrison had, by the most laborious efforts, succeeded in throwing up parapets of earth, making traverses, and in otherwise increasing and strengthening the works. On the north of the village extends a valley, through which flows a rivulet that supplied the garrison with water. The county jail, lying near, was fortified, and commanded the valley on the side next the village; its fire also reached to the strong stockade-fort, with its two blockhouses, on the opposite side of the valley, which covered the communication with the rivulet from that quarter. A covert way led from the town to the rivulet. Thus secured, the enemy were bold and defiant.

General Greene, when he beheld the strength of the place, apprehended the failure of his enterprise; but this doubt did not discourage him from his design, and he accordingly broke ground on the day after his arrival. Kosciusko, the skilful Polish engineer, had hardly marked out his first parallel, and the Americans commenced operations before the formidable star-fort, which was the first object of attack, than Cruger prepared to interrupt them. He threw out a platform in one of the angles of the fort, mounted it with his three pieces of artillery, and manned it with infantry. Thus prepared, he began a brisk fire of cannon and musketry, under the cover of which a party sallied out of the fort with fixed bayonets, and, making an impetuous rush upon the American guards and working-parties, drove all before them, demolished their works, and returned loaded with their intrenching-tools. The only loss of the enemy was the death of the gallant lieutenant who led them. Gen-

May 23.

eral Greene sent a detachment to sustain Kosciusko and his working-party, but it arrived too late upon the ground to give succor.

Greene now found it necessary to be more cautious. He therefore ordered the approaches to be commenced at a more respectful distance, and under the cover of a ravine. The star-redoubt was still the sole object of the besiegers, until the the arrival (on the 8th of June) of Colonel Lee, who, after his triumph at Augusta, had hastened to co-operate with Greene. After the completion of the first parallel, a mine, directed against the star-fort, had been begun, under the cover of a battery erected on the enemy's right. The work was prosecuted by the besiegers day and night without intermission. The troops labored alternately in the ditches, some on guard while others toiled, and even sleeping on their arms, to repel the sallies of the besieged, which were bold and frequent, and resulted in long and spirited conflicts. The American works steadily advanced, however, in spite of these sallies; but a fierce strife followed every step in their progress, and not a night passed without the loss of lives on both sides.

The second parallel having been finished, the garrison was summoned to surrender. Cruger defiantly rejected the demand, and continued his daring but ineffective sallies. The third parallel was then begun, when the resolute enemy became still more active and pertinacious in defence. Cruger had, moreover, with timely prudence, incorporated with his army his negro laborers; and he was further aided from without by a marauding force under William Cunningham, which materially interfered with the supplies, the recruits, and the general intelligence, of the Americans.

June 3.

The three fieldpieces from the platform of the star-redoubt were plied by the foe day and night. Greene built lofty towers of roughly-hewn logs, mounted them with riflemen, and, by picking off the artillerymen, succeeded in silencing their guns by day, although they still kept up a nightly discharge, and strove by red-hot balls to set fire to the wooden structures which were proving so formidable. The enemy, however, finding that these attempts were ineffective, from the uncertainty of the aim of the artillerymen in the darkness of the night, and the incombustible nature of the green wood of which the towers were constructed, finally ceased to throw hot shot.

On the arrival of Colonel Lee, that officer was immediately ordered to begin regular approaches against the stockade-fort on the enemy's left. His ditch was soon ready, his battery erected and mounted with a six-pounder, and his advances under their cover rapidly made. Cruger still continued his nightly sallies with undiminished spirit, striving to possess himself of the trenches of the besiegers, and to "destroy with the spade whatever he might gain by the bayonet." He was, however, constantly foiled by the activity and vigilance of Greene, who was ever on the alert.

June 8.

The works of the besiegers were now so near completion, that a further defence of the place was limited to four days. Be-

sides the towers before spoken of, one of which was within thirty yards of the enemy's ditch, the besiegers had several batteries of cannon within a hundred and forty yards. One of these so completely commanded the star-fort, that the garrison were compelled to shelter themselves behind bags of sand, which increased its elevation by three feet. Through these sand-bags, apertures were left for the use of small-arms by day, and the withdrawal of the sand-bags left embrasures for the employment of the cannon by night.

Thus, for ten days, the besiegers and besieged lay watching each other. During this time, not a man could show his head on either side without incurring the shot of the riflemen. Cruger's position, however, as his besiegers closed hourly upon him, was becoming desperate. His water, too, was in danger of being cut off by Lee's approach to the stockade-fort, that defended the rivulet from which the supply of the garrison was obtained. The men were already forced to resort to the expedient of sending out naked negroes in the night to procure the water, trusting that, by the duskiness of the one and the darkness of the other, they would escape the aim of the American marksmen. Lee, conscious of the importance of possessing or destroying the stockade-fort, by which alone the enemy were able to command the stream, became impatient of the slow siege-operations, and, following the example of Marion in the capture of Fort Motte, strove to set fire to it with flaming arrows. The enemy, however, unroofed their buildings, and averted the catastrophe.

Lee now sent a sergeant with nine privates of the legion, loaded with combustibles, to burn the fort, under the cover of a dark storm which was threatening. The brave men obeyed the order with alacrity. They approached for awhile, hidden by the nature of the ground; but when it became more open, they were forced to move along on their bellies, to avoid being seen. The sergeant, with three of his men, succeeded in reaching the ditch, the rest of the party being close behind them, and was in the act of applying the fire to the stockade-fort, when he was discovered. In a moment, hundreds of muskets were aimed and fired. The sergeant and five of his gallant band were shot dead. Four escaped unhurt, and, amid a shower of musket-balls, retired to the camp.

Notwithstanding the stubborn resistance of Colonel Cruger and his loyalist garrison, there seemed little prospect of their holding out much longer, when an event occurred which at once aroused their energies afresh and renewed their hopes:—

"In the evening," says Lee, who describes the incident, of which he was an eye-witness, "a countryman was seen riding along our lines south of the town, conversing familiarly with the officers and soldiers on duty. He was not regarded, as from the beginning of the siege our friends in the country were in the habit of visiting camp, and were permitted to go wherever their curiosity led them, one of whom this man was presumed to be. At length he reached the great road leading directly to the town, in which quarter

were only some batteries thrown up for the protection of the guards. Putting spur to his horse, he rushed with full speed into town, receiving the ineffectual fire of our sentinels and guards nearest to him, and holding up a letter in his hand as soon as he cleared himself of our fire. The propitious signal gave joy to the garrison, who, running to meet their friend, opened the gate, welcoming his arrival with loud expressions of delight. He was the bearer of a despatch from Rawdon to Cruger, communicating his arrival at Orangeburg in adequate force, and informing him that he was hastening to his relief. This intelligence infused new vigor into the intrepid leader and his brave companions."

Simms gives the following explanation of this curious incident: "A woman was the instrument employed by the British for encouraging Cruger to protract the siege. Residing in the neighborhood, she had visited the camp of Greene, under some pretence of little moment. The daughter of one tried patriot and the sister of another, she had been received at the general's table, and permitted the freedom of the encampment. But she had formed a matrimonial connection with a British officer, and the ties of love had proved stronger than those of any other relationship. In the opportunities thus afforded her, she contrived to apprize the garrison that she had a communication from Lord Rawdon. A young loyalist received it from her lips, at a farmhouse in the neighborhood, and, under the fires of the sentinels, dashing successfully and at full speed by the pickets, he was admitted with hurrahs into the garrison."

June 17.

General Greene had for several days been aware of the approach of Lord Rawdon, who, after waiting with anxious impatience at Charleston for expected reinforcements, was finally rejoiced by the arrival of three regiments from Ireland. Conscious of the danger awaiting Cruger, at Ninety-Six, his lordship at the head of twenty-five hundred men hastened forward by forced marches to the relief of his subordinate. Greene strove to delay his approach, ordering General Sumter (to whose aid he had sent Lieutenant-Colonel Washington with his cavalry and Pickens with his militia) to keep in the earl's front, and check his advance. Marion, too, was directed to be on the alert, and hasten from the low country as soon as it should become apparent that Rawdon was marching to Ninety-Six. This prospect of succor had, however, by the vigilance of the Americans, been carefully kept from the knowledge of Cruger, who knew nothing of it until the bold push of the countryman into the fort at this late moment. Lord Rawdon had, moreover, succeeded in outmanœuvring Sumter, and getting between him and Greene. His approach was hourly expected; and the American commander, therefore, had to choose at once between assailing the fort, meeting his lordship, or retiring.

Greene decided upon storming the fortress without delay. Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, of the first Virginia regiment, with a detachment from the Maryland and Virginia brigades, was to lead the assault on the left, and Lieutenant-Colo-

nel Lee with the legion infantry, and Captain Kirkwood with the remains of the Delaware regiment, on the right. Lieutenant Duval, with a company of Marylanders, and Lieutenant Selden, with another of Virginians, led the forlorn hope of Campbell; and Major Rudolph, of the legion, that of Lee, which was directed against the stockade-fort. Fascines were made ready to fill in the ditches, and long poles, with hooks, to pull down the sand-bags with which the enemy had increased the height of their parapets. The third parallel having been manned, and the sharpshooters stationed on the lofty tower in front of the star-fort, with orders to clear the parapets of the garrison previous to the advance of the storming-party, the first signal was given, when the assailants entered the trenches, with every manifestation of eagerness to begin the attack.

At noon, the second cannon was fired. Campbell and Lee rushed to the assault. "Cruger, always prepared," says Lee, who was on the spot, and relates his own experience, "received them with his accustomed firmness. The parapets were manned with spike and bayonet; and the riflemen, fixed at the sand-bag apertures, maintained a steady and destructive fire. Duval and Selden entered the enemy's ditch at different points, and Campbell stood prepared to support them, in the rear of the party furnished with hooks to pull down the sand-bags. This party had also entered the enemy's ditch, and began to apply the hook. Uncovering the parapet now would have given us victory; and such was the vigorous support afforded by the musketry from the third parallel, from the riflemen in the tower, and from the artillery mounted in battery, that sanguine anticipations of this happy issue were universally indulged. The moment the bags in front were pulled down, Campbell would have mounted the parapet, where the struggle could not have been long maintained. Cruger had prepared an intermediate battery with his three pieces, which he occasionally applied to right and left. At first, it was directed against Lee's left; but very soon every piece was applied upon Campbell's right, which was very injurious to his column.

June 18.

"Major Greene, commanding in the star-redoubt, sensible of the danger to which he was exposed, if the attempted lodgment upon his front curtain succeeded, determined to try the bayonet in his ditch as well as on his parapet. To Captains Campbell and French was committed this bold effort. Entering into the ditch through a sally-port in the rear of the 'star,' they took opposite directions, and soon came in contact, the one with Duval, the other with Selden. Here ensued a desperate conflict. The Americans, not only fighting with the enemy in front but with the enemy overhead, sustained gallantly the unequal contest, until Duval and Selden became disabled by wounds, when they yielded, and were driven back with great loss to the point of entry. The few surviving escaped with the hookmen to our trenches, where yet remained Colonel Campbell, the sand-bags not being removed.

"On the left, the issue was very differ-

ent. Rudolph gained the enemy's ditch, and, followed by the column, soon opened his way into the fort, from which the enemy, giving their last fire, precipitately retreated. Measures were in train, on the part of Lee, to follow up his blow, by passing the rivulet, entering the town, and forcing the fortified prison, whence the left might have yielded substantial aid to the attack upon the star, by compelling Cruger to struggle for the town, or forcing him with all his troops to take refuge in the star; a situation not long to be held, crowded as he must have been, and destitute of water."

General Greene, however, at this moment, sent orders to Campbell to withdraw, as his brave men were being sacrificed without apparent advantage; and Lee was commanded to hold the stockade-fort, but to cease advancing. Nearly two thirds of the assailants were struck down in the attack on the star-battery, yet the strife was maintained for almost three quarters of an hour; and in their retreat, though still under a galling fire from the garrison, the survivors brought off the greater number of their wounded comrades. One hundred and eighty were the killed and wounded on the side of the Americans, and eighty-five on that of the enemy.

The attempt to carry the works of the foe by assault was thus shown to be fruitless. Moreover, intelligence soon came that Lord Rawdon, with his twenty-five hundred men, having broken through the obstructions offered by the partisan forces under General Marion, had appeared in the neighborhood, and was now rapidly approaching, to give his promised succor to the beleagured loyalists. Under these circumstances, with a far inferior force, and his troops dispirited by their repulse, there was nothing left to the American commander but immediate retreat. As soon, as the night closed in, accordingly, Lee was ordered to abandon the stockade-fort which he had so gallantly taken, and Greene withdrew from Ninety-Six with his whole force. **June 18.**

"Had a few days' time been allowed to Greene's approaches on Ninety-Six," observes Simms, "or had the supplies of militia promised from Virginia reached him, the prize for which he struggled must have been in his possession. Now, baffled, if not beaten, he fell back slowly and sullenly before the pursuit of Rawdon, until the latter, weary of a chase which promised to be hopeless, and warned by circumstances which called him elsewhere, abandoned equally the pursuit and the country."

CHAPTER CII.

Mortification of General Greene.—He resolves to conquer the Country, or die.—His Retreat.—Lord Rawdon in Pursuit.—His Lordship back again at Ninety-Six.—Retirement of Rawdon.—Desertion of the Loyalist Inhabitants.—Greene faces about.—Pursuit.—Challenge to Battle.—Bold Stroke of Colonel Lee.—Hurry of Rawdon.—Arrival at Granby.—Orangeburg.—Mutinous Soldiers.—Another Challenge.—Greene among the High Hills of the Santee.—His Camp of Repose.—Sumter's Expedition.—Thundering at the Gates of Charleston.—Rapid Movements.—Fall of Dorchester.—Wade Hampton before the Walls of Charleston.—Fright of the Inhabitants.—Stolen Thunder.—Junction.—The Enemy abandon Monk's Corner.—Coates surprised.—Fight at the Bridge.—Bold Leap.—Success of Coates.—Preparation for Sumter.—Another Conflict.—Discord among the Americans.—Their Retirement.—Earl Rawdon departs for Europe.—Inaction.—Civil Strife.—Blood and Slaughter.—Execution of Colonel Isaac Hayne.—Inhuman Insult.—Want of Reinforcements by the Americans.—Victory or Ruin.—Services of the Partisan Leaders.—General Greene marches to meet the Enemy.—Ready for Battle.

1781. It was exceedingly mortifying to General Greene that, after an arduous siege of twenty-eight days, he should be obliged to leave Ninety-Six, defeated in his object, at the very moment that a triumph was about to crown his labors. Some of his friends were so disheartened at the result, and so distrustful of the future in South Carolina, that they urged him to quit the state, and retire with his small force to Virginia. "No," answered Greene, resolutely; "*I will recover the country, or die in the attempt!*" He thus began his retreat, vanquished for the moment, but still hopeful. On the second day after his repulse at Ninety-Six, he crossed the Saluda. On the 24th he arrived on the banks of the Guorree, and did not come to a halt until he had crossed that river, as also the Tiger and the Broad.

June 20.

Lord Rawdon pursued the retreating Americans until he reached the banks of the Guorree, when, finding it impossible to come up with Greene, he returned to Ninety-Six. His march had served only to extricate Cruger from his immediate difficulty. He now determined to abandon that post, as it was too remote to be readily supported; and the proofs were convincing, all around him, that the day had gone by when a foreign foe could maintain itself among the recovering inhabitants. The famous post of Ninety-Six, in defence of which so much blood had been already shed, was accordingly evacuated, and left in possession of the patriots, from whom it had been so lately rescued. The neighboring loyalists, who had so bravely fought for the royal cause, claimed all the sympathy of the English earl, and he so far provided for their safety as to leave Colonel Cruger, with one half his force, to escort them, when ready, to Charleston; while he himself pushed on, with eight hundred infantry and sixty horsemen, toward the Congaree river.

Piteous, indeed, was the misery of the wretched loyalists, whom this abandonment of Ninety-Six virtually surrendered to the rage of the long-persecuted patriots. A fearful day of retribution was at

hand, which they did not venture to await. At a season when their farms were most lovely in the promise of a plenteous harvest, they were compelled to surrender them and fly.

Vainly did their chiefs expostulate with the British chief against his desertion of those who, to serve the cause of their sovereign, had incurred the enduring hostility of their countrymen. But the necessity was not less pressing upon Lord Rawdon than upon his wretched allies; and, with a last look upon their homes, a mournful cavalcade of men, women, and children, prepared to abandon the fields of equal beauty and plenty which their treachery to their country had richly forfeited, but for which they were still willing to perish rather than depart.

Sullenly the strong men led the way, while, with eyes that streamed and still looked backward, the women and children followed reluctantly, and with souls full of wretchedness and grief. How bitterly in their ears, at such a moment, must have sounded the notes of that drum and trumpet which had beguiled them from the banners of their country to those of its invader! What a pang to the bosoms of the fathers! what a lesson to the sons, guiltless of the offence, yet condemned to share in its penalties!*

On discovering the retrograde movement of Lord Rawdon, and the division of his force, General Greene immediately faced about, to pursue in his turn, and provoke his lordship to battle. The active Lee was sent in advance, with his cavalry, to hover about the British, and to harass them in their retreat, should they refuse to stand their ground and to accept the challenge which Greene was proffering them. The earl, however, had no disposition to lose a moment by the way, as his object was to hasten to Granby, where he had summoned Colonel Stewart to meet him with a small detachment of troops from Charleston.

In the advance which Greene continued to make upon the retreating foe, an opportunity offered to Lee of striking a blow at his cavalry. Rawdon had with him but a small number of dragoons, his chief strength in this description of troops being engaged in distant operations.

Major Eggleston, with a strong body of the American cavalry, throwing himself in advance of the enemy, placed an ambush in reserve, and presented himself with a small number in view of the British. This drew upon him, as was anticipated, an attack of the whole hostile cavalry. His flight enticed them to the thicket where the rest of the troop was concealed, and their joint charges completely overwhelmed the foe. Many were slain, and forty-five men and horses, with several commissioned officers, within a mile of the whole British army, fell into the hands of the Americans.

This bold stroke of Lee's legion, together with the accumulating numbers and audacity of the Americans, greatly alarmed Earl Rawdon, and gave increased speed to his flight. Indeed, so urgently did he press on his men in their march, that no less than fifty fell dead by the roadside, from fatigue, privation, and the excessive heat of the weather! His lordship thus

* Simms.

succeeded, by his unwonted efforts, in reaching Granby before General Greene could come up. The expected reinforcements from Charleston, however, not having arrived, the earl sought safety by retiring to Orangeburg, where he posted himself on strong ground, and waited for the junction of Colonels Stewart and Cruger. Here he could give a breathing-time to his hard-pressed troops, whose powers of endurance had been at last so exhausted, that they were ready to lay down their arms in mutinous disobedience if ordered to continue their march.

Greene, with the aid of Marion, strove in vain to prevent the junction of Stewart with Rawdon. After this disappointment, he moved forward and encamped within five miles of Orangeburg. Here he endeavored to provoke his lordship to battle. The earl, however, refused to be drawn from his strong ground, and the American general was too feeble to justify an attack upon him in his works. Several efforts which he made with his cavalry, to arrest the approach of supplies to the British, having proved abortive, and tidings having reached him of the advance of Cruger with fifteen hundred men to the relief of Rawdon, compelled General Greene to retire from a position which he could not have retained after this accession of strength to his antagonist. Finding it thus imprudent to strike a blow, the American commander withdrew to a camp of repose among the "High hills" of the Santee, while he meditated upon other modes for the expulsion of the enemy from their strong position on the Edisto.

July 5.

In the meanwhile, General Pickens and his militia had been equally unsuccessful in preventing the junction of Cruger with Earl Rawdon, which so strengthened his lordship, that he would now have gladly gone out with his powerful force against the Americans; but, by his timely and prudent retreat on the previous day, Greene had placed himself out of reach beyond the Congaree.

July 6.

While the American general was thus in his "camp of repose," he was not the less active in preparing means for driving out the enemy from South Carolina. The evacuation of Camden having been effected by striking at the posts below it, it was now proposed to try the same plan to force the British from Orangeburg. An expedition to the low country was immediately set on foot for this purpose, consisting of about a thousand men, most of whom belonged to the Carolinas, although Lee with his legion, and a small artillery-force with one fieldpiece, were added.

This was the famous "raid of the dog-days." It took place in midsummer, when the continentals dared not march. The chief command of the expedition was given to Sumter, with whom were united Marion, Lee, the two Hamptons, Taylor, Horry, Maham, and Lacy, all gallant officers of the South. General Greene well knew the men whom he had intrusted with this enterprise, and spoke to them in sympathy with their adventurous and energetic spirit. "There is no time to be lost," wrote Greene, in his orders to Sumter. "Push your operations night and day. Keep a party to watch the enemy's motions at Orangeburg, as they move down. Should

they move in any other direction, I will advise you. Keep Colonel Lee and General Marion advised of all matters from above, and tell Colonel Lee to thunder even at the gates of Charleston!"

These gallant men eagerly strove to obey the spirited instructions of their commander. Sumter at once moved rapidly down with his main body along the south side of the Congaree. Lee, with Lieutenant-Colonel Wade Hampton, was despatched to attack the British post at Dorchester. Colonel Henry Hampton was stationed at Orangeburg, to keep a watch on the main body of the enemy; and all were to reunite at Monk's Corner, and attack its strong works, which were held by Colonel Coates.

On his march, Lee took all the wagons and wagon-horses belonging to a convoy of provisions. He then advanced to Dorchester, which fell at once. The garrison, which had been much reduced, and was in a state of mutiny, no sooner discovered the approach of the small party which had been sent by Lee, under Wade Hampton, to the bridge at Goose creek, in order to cut off the communication with Monk's Corner, than it precipitately abandoned the post.

While Lee was collecting the spoils at Dorchester, consisting of about two hundred horses and a large supply of ammunition, Colonel Wade Hampton dashed down the road to Charleston, captured a party of fifty dragoons by the way, and suddenly appeared so close to the walls of the town, that the inhabitants, in their terror, believed the whole American army had come. The bells of the churches were rung, the alarm-guns fired, and every man was up in arms. Hampton had thus stolen a march upon Lee, and robbed him of the "thunder" with which Greene had bidden him knock at the gates of Charleston. Lee arrived next day, but too late to win any laurels.*

In this foray, Hampton also burnt four vessels, laden with valuable stores for the British army. Lee and Hampton now hastened to join Sumter, and unite with him in the contemplated attack upon Colonel Coates at Monk's Corner.

Meanwhile a detachment of Marion's men, under Colonel Maham, passing the head of Cooper river and Wadboo creek, penetrated below to the eastward of Biggin church, to obstruct the retreat of the garrison at the church, by destroying the Wadboo bridge.

The church near Biggin bridge was a strong brick building, about a mile from Monk's Corner, where the British had a redoubt. The church covered the bridge, and secured the retreat at that point by way of the corner. It was strongly garrisoned by a British force of nearly seven hundred men; and the detachment under Maham did not dare to advance with any confidence while unsupported by the main force of the Americans.

Lee and Hampton having effected a junction with General Sumter, the latter advanced to support Maham in his attempt upon the bridge. Reinforcing his troop with a detachment under Colonel Peter Horry, the command devolved upon that officer, who at once proceeded to the destruction of the bridge. **July 16.**

* Irving.

The cavalry of the enemy now advanced boldly to defeat his purpose, but were received by the mounted American riflemen, who broke entirely through them, killing some, and taking a number of prisoners.

This defeat drew out the British in such force, that the party engaged in destroying the bridge was compelled to fall back upon the main body. Sumter, believing that the enemy had marched out to give him battle, retired behind a defile at a little distance in the rear, and prepared to receive the attack in the most advantageous position.

But the British colonel had no such purpose. In proportion as the confidence of the Americans rose in the conflict, that of the invaders invariably fell. The design of Coates was simply to wear out the day. With the approach of evening, he accumulated the stores of the garrison within the church, and then set them on fire, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Americans. During the night, the British decamped, taking the road to the eastward by Wadboo and Quinby.

July 17. As soon as the flames were observed bursting through the roof of the sacred edifice, and Sumter had thus discovered the departure of the enemy, he led out his troops in pursuit; but, unfortunately, Lieutenant Singleton, with a piece of artillery, was ordered to remain upon the ground, that he might not delay the movements of the infantry. Lee and his legion, with Colonel Hampton, were in advance, until, having passed the Wadboo, they discovered that the cavalry of the enemy had separated from the infantry, and had taken the route to the right. Hampton accordingly diverged in this direction, urging his panting horses to the utmost, in the hope of overtaking the dragoons before they could effect their passage of the river. In this he was unsuccessful, and only returned to witness the equally fortunate escape of the enemy's infantry, the only remaining object of pursuit.

Marion's cavalry had in the meantime joined that of Lee, and, after a quick run of eighteen miles, they came up, about a mile to the north of Quinby creek, with the rear-guard of the retreating army, consisting of one hundred men. These, being composed of raw recruits, were so frightened at the approach of the cavalry in furious onset, as to be almost incapable of the power of resistance. They threw down their arms without firing a gun, and begged for quarter, which was granted them.

Colonel Coates, having crossed Quinby bridge with his main body, had already commenced its demolition, and was only awaiting the passage of the rear-guard and his baggage to complete its destruction. The planks which covered the bridge were loosened from their sleepers, and a howitzer, at its opposite extremity, was so placed as to protect the party engaged in throwing them off. At this moment, Captain Armstrong, with the advance section of Lee's horse came dashing up. As the rear-guard had been overcome without any fight, no alarm-gun had been fired, and no express had been sent to apprize the British commander of his danger. Thus taken by surprise, he was almost wholly unprepared for defence. The

panic by which he had lost one important part of his force, had nearly involved the destruction of the remainder.

He happened, however, fortunately for himself, to be at the bridge when the cavalry of the Americans came rushing into view. His main body was at this moment partly on the causeway, on the south side of the bridge, and partly pressed into a lane beyond it. Thus crowded, they were wholly disabled for immediate action; but Coates nevertheless coolly prepared himself, as well as he might, to remedy the difficulties of his situation, and make his resistance as effectual as possible. Orders were despatched to his troops on the advance to halt, form, and march up, while the artillerists were called to the howitzer, and the fatigue-party to the renewal of their labors for the destruction of the bridge.

If the situation of the British was thus perilous, that of the pursuing Americans for a time became scarcely less so. The planks sliding into the water, and the open jaws of the howitzer, ready to send destruction into their crowded ranks, left them little time for deliberation. Pressing upon each other, a dense mass upon a narrow causeway, they felt that the withdrawal of the enemy's fatigue-party from the bridge would be the signal for applying the lighted port-fire to the howitzer. A moment longer, and the iron hail would have mowed down their columns!

Armstrong saw the danger, and availed himself of the single moment that was left him. Dashing across the bridge, he drove the artillerists from their gun. In the rush of their horses, Armstrong and his troopers had displaced some of the loose planks of the bridge. This left a gap, over which Lieutenant Carrington and the second section of Lee's dragoons were obliged to leap, as they spurred on to the succor of their comrades. Colonel Lee himself now came up with his third section; but, as the gap had been much enlarged, the horses faltered, and refused to take it. Maham, however, at the head of Marion's men, feeling the halt, charged by the legionary cavalry; but the death of his steed arrested his progress. Captain M'Cauley, who led his front section, pressed on, passed over the fearful chasm, and joined in the fierce hand-to-hand *mêlée* that was going on upon the causeway beyond. The stream was too deep and the banks too muddy to attempt to ford, and Lee was obliged to retire, while Carrington, Armstrong, and M'Cauley, were thus bravely struggling with the enemy within his sight on the opposite side.

The narrow causeway was now crowded, and a confused and desperate encounter ensued. Some of the working-party, snatching up their guns, delivered a single fire, and then fled. Two of Lee's dragoons fell dead at the mouth of the howitzer, and several were badly wounded. Still, the others remained unhurt. Colonel Coates, with his officers, covered by a wagon, opposed them with their swords; while the British infantry, having formed, hastened forward to find an opening in which they might display.

In the meanwhile, some of Lee's men were engaged with Maham and Doctor Irving, his surgeon, in replacing the planks

upon the bridge, so as to enable the rest of the force to cross to the relief of the few brave men who had already effected their passage.

At this moment, Armstrong, Carrington, and M'Cauley, found themselves alone. Their men had failed to cross the bridge while the passage was available, and, of the few by whom they had been followed, but a single soldier was left. Coates and his officers occupied the causeway, protected by a wagon in front, and, until the planks which he had succeeded in casting from the sleepers could be restored, they could hope for no assistance from their countrymen. Had they been promptly followed, the enemy might have been cut in pieces. Now, they beheld nothing but the seeming certainty of their own fate.

The resolution of these brave men, in this predicament, was equally prompt and decided with that by which they had become involved in it, and they saw that their only hope of escape was in instant flight. They knew that they should be safe from the fire of the enemy in front as long as Coates and his officers were in the rear. Accordingly, putting spurs to their horses, they dashed through the confused throng still flying along the causeway, rapidly passed over it, gained the shelter of the woods, and, wheeling to the left, made their way along the bank of the stream, until they reached a ford, by which they succeeded in returning safely to the opposite side.

Colonel Coates now completed the destruction of the bridge, and pressed forward with his whole force to the neighboring plantation of Shubrick. Here, in the dwellinghouse, outhouses, negro-huts, and behind the fences, he stationed his men, and awaited the detachment under Sumter. The Americans, being obliged to make a long circuit before reaching a ford, did not come up until three o'clock in the afternoon. Sumter found the enemy drawn up and ready to receive him. As the American force consisted chiefly of riflemen and cavalry, and very few had bayonets, it would have been madness to advance directly to the attack. The precedent of King's mountain furnished the partisan with his order of battle. Accordingly, on reaching the ground, he formed his men into three divisions, his own brigade composing the one, and Marion's (at that time much reduced) the other two. The former, led by Colonels Middleton, Polk, Taylor, and Lacy, was ordered to advance under cover of a range of negro-huts, and take possession of them; and the latter to the right, and within short gunshot of the building which the British occupied in force, and there was no shelter against their fire except the open rail-fences. The cavalry of Lee was held back as a reserve, and to cover the retreat should it be necessary. **July 17.**

The several parties moved to the attack with alacrity. Sumter's men soon gained their object, took possession of the negro-huts, and under their cover, were enabled to keep up a secure and effective fire with their rifles. Colonel Taylor, with a small command of forty-five men, pressed forward to the fences on the enemy's left, whence he poured in a volley. This drew upon him the British bayonet, which compelled him to retire.

Marion's brigade had much harder and more perilous work before it. As the men advanced to the rescue of Taylor's command, under none but the slight cover of the rail-fences, they were greatly exposed, but kept pushing on spiritedly, until the enemy were driven into the various buildings. From within these, and from a picketed garden, the British maintained the conflict till the sun was down. The Americans, having no artillery with them, and finding their ammunition almost entirely exhausted, were obliged to retire, after a contest of three hours, in which they lost forty men in killed and wounded. All those killed in the action were of Marion's men. The British loss was seventy killed. Their force nearly doubled that of the Americans, and was composed chiefly of Irish troops, but for whose inexperience in the use of firearms the loss of Marion's men must have been far more severe than it was.

Sumter drew off his force in excellent order, and, having repaired the bridge at Quinby, sent for his artillery and a supply of ammunition, with the view of returning to the attack. In the meantime, the men of Marion's brigade, finding that they had been the chief losers in the conflict, began to complain loudly that the brunt of the battle had been imposed upon them, while Sumter had favored his own men by placing them under shelter. This gave rise to such discontent, that the separate divisions refused to act any longer together, and Sumter thus found his command entirely disorganized. He would, nevertheless, have again sought the enemy at Shubrick's plantation, but he was not only still short of ammunition, but also feared the approach of Lord Rawdon, who was reported to be advancing from Orangeburg. He therefore made his way, with all speed, to the camp of General Greene, on the "High hills" of the Santee, where Colonel Lee had gone in advance of him.

The British lost, in the several engagements of the expedition, apart from the slain and wounded (the numbers of whom could never be accurately known), nearly two hundred prisoners, including nine commissioned officers, a large quantity of valuable stores, wagons, and horses, and —a prize no less rare than valuable in the eyes of the starving Americans—seven hundred and twenty guineas, taken in the paymaster's chest, with the baggage, at Quinby bridge.

The expedition of Sumter, though not as successful as it might have been—for Coates's entire command might have been captured—was of the highest service, as it inspired the country with a wholesome confidence in its native valor. The troops actually engaged in the attack on Colonel Coates were almost exclusively South-Carolina militia, and they displayed, with the vivacious audacity of the partisan, the firm, collected resolution of the drilled veteran.*

While General Greene lay at the hills, a large portion of his men were on the sick-list, and repose was therefore absolutely necessary to their recovery. But this repose did not imply idleness. To discipline his troops, no less than to restore the sick, was a leading object of the commander. His mind was occupied with

* Simms.

the necessity of grappling, on better terms of equality, with the two able British generals with whom he had already tried his strength. His earnest desire was to drive Lord Rawdon to Charleston, and confine him within the limits of that city. This would enable him to turn his arms against Cornwallis, or at least contribute to the detention of that formidable commander in Virginia. But the business pressing on the hands of Greene proved too various, and his resources too few, for the accomplishment of his designs; and, fortunately for the cause of American liberty, Cornwallis found other foes, too numerous for his safety or escape, in the state which he had invaded.

In the meantime, Marion, with his brigade, returning to his old field of operations, traversed the borders of the Santee with a success and an activity that did not suffer diminution because of the intense heats of August. He was still the same cautious but enterprising, bold, yet vigilant captain — always in motion, and always successful — that he had shown himself from the first. His contemporary, Sumter, at the same time, with equal activity, returned to the Ninety-Six district, where the sanguinary war of whig and tory had been renewed among the inhabitants with great ferocity.

Sumter's incursion into the low country induced Lord Rawdon to give up his command in the field, and proceed rapidly to Charleston, where he only stayed long enough to sully his military honors by many shameful and sanguinary acts, and then, taking his final departure from South Carolina, sailed for Europe.

Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart succeeded his lordship in the command at Orangeburg, but toward the close of July shifted his post to the south side of the Congaree, near its junction with the Wateree. Thus the two armies were only fifteen miles apart, and within sight of each other's watch-fires; but two rivers and innumerable swamps intervened, and the excessive heat during the height of the summer served to prevent immediate hostilities.

Though the regular soldier was reposing for awhile on his arms, blood was still flowing freely. "The whole country," wrote General Greene, "is one continued scene of blood and slaughter." The civil strife among the patriots and the royalists raged with unwonted fury. Houses were burnt, property destroyed, and even the women and children were not spared, while the strong men were engaged in their fierce partisan conflicts. "No language," says Simms, "can do justice to, and visit with proper execration, the doings of that dismal civil war, which desolated the fair fields of Carolina, and deluged her dwellings with the tears and blood of her children.... In the single district of Ninety-Six there were no less than *fourteen hundred widows and orphans made by this savage warfare!*"

The animosity which prevailed was excited to a still greater degree by the cruel execution of Colonel Isaac Hayne, an eminent and beloved citizen of South Carolina, a planter of good family and education, and highly esteemed for his amiable manners and unblemished character. At the siege of Charleston, he commanded a

troop of horse, and served meanwhile as a senator in the state legislature. His corps of cavalry, which operated in the rear of the British army, and not within the city, did not share in the general captivity of the citizens in the fall of Charleston, but was supposed to be included in its terms of capitulation. His men being disbanded, Hayne returned with his family to the privacy of his plantation. The British traversed the state, and declared it to be conquered. In the meantime, a military government was established over it, and successive commandants were appointed for the administration of its affairs, who, under Governor Bull, exercised dictatorial powers. Among the most conspicuous of these was Lieutenant-Colonel Balfour, the commandant of Charleston, a vain man, proud of his authority, and solicitous of its exercise — a sycophant to the great, and a tyrant to the humble.

Under the despotic system of government thus inaugurated, there was only one mode left for safety to those unhappy Carolinians who, still devoted to their country's liberties, were yet liable to be torn and tortured through the bosom of their exposed and suffering families. This was to accept of the protection of British power against the aggravated excesses of their own infatuated countrymen. This protection was granted only to those who claimed it as British subjects.

To this wretched necessity was Colonel Hayne soon reduced. A mean artifice of a British officer seduced him from his plantation to the city, where he was closely imprisoned, and obtained his release from this duress, at the call of his dying wife and of his children, only by subscribing a declaration to the British crown. This he did, though not without expressly excepting to that clause which required him with his arms to support the royal government; and he received a verbal assurance that such services would never be required at his hands. "When the regular forces of his majesty," were the words of the British officers, "need the aid of the inhabitants for the defence of the province, it will be high time for them to leave it." But, owing to the various successes of the Americans, they required this aid much sooner than they imagined.

Hayne, having made his peace with the British government on the only terms which it would admit, had scarcely returned to his plantation, where he received the last breath of a dying wife, and buried a second one of his children, when he was peremptorily required to join the royal standard!

His resolution was that of the patriot. Forced to draw the sword, he drew it in behalf of his country. He repaired to the American camp, recruited his troop, and commenced a career which was destined to be as short as it was spirited. By a sudden dash which he made upon the quarterhouse, an outpost of the enemy in the immediate neighborhood of Charleston, he succeeded in making General Williamson a prisoner.

This man was a traitor to the state, and his life was forfeited to the gallows. To rescue him from this probable fate, the British commandant in the city ordered out his whole cavalry, which succeeded in overtaking Hayne's party, dispersed it,

and rescued Williamson. Unfortunately, Colonel Hayne also fell into their hands.

He was carried to Charleston, and kept in close custody until Earl Rawdon, leaving Stewart at Orangeburg, arrived in the city. Hayne was then brought before a court of inquiry. The members of the court upon this examination were not sworn, nor were the witnesses; yet, in consequence of this examination, "Lord Rawdon and the commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel Nesbitt Balfour, resolved upon his execution, for having been found under arms, and employed in raising a regiment to oppose the British government, though he had become a subject, and accepted the protection of that government after the reduction of Charleston."

Such were the terms and reasons for this decision, which was ordered to be carried into effect two days after. This sudden, unlooked-for, and unjust sentence, was equally unexpected by the prisoner himself and by the citizens. It was not supposed that a mere court of inquiry could be resolved into one of final trial and condemnation. The men of the city, including many British and loyalist residents, with Governor Bull at their head, pleaded in his behalf; the women petitioned in person, and with his little children implored on bended knees for remission of the sentence; but Rawdon and Balfour were inexorable. It has likewise been suggested that Hayne was only a chosen sacrifice to the manes of the victim of Arnold's treachery. Balfour endorsed one of the petitions, offered in behalf of Hayne, with the two words, "*Major André.*" The unhappy man was less moved than his fellow-citizens and friends. He expressed no alarm at the event, and only requested the existing authorities to accommodate the mode of his execution to a soldier's feelings; but this was denied him, and he perished on the scaffold.

The proceedings in his case were obviously parallel to those of André. Attended by thousands of spectators, gloomy and sad as by an impending calamity to themselves, he walked to the place of doom. His carriage was firm, manly, and unostentatious. To his eldest son, a lad about thirteen years of age, on the morning of the fatal day, he delivered all the papers which were connected with his fate, and gave his final instructions as to the disposition of his remains. Ascending the scaffold, he parted from his friends with the simple assurance that he would endeavor to show them "how an American should die;" and, with that unshaken resolution which had distinguished his deportment throughout the painful scene, he himself gave the signal which hurried him into eternity.

The execution of Hayne greatly angered the whole country. General Greene himself determined to revenge the outrage, and wrote: "It is my intention to demand the reasons of the colonel's being put to death; and if they are unsatisfactory, as I expect they will be, to publish my intention of giving no quarters to British officers, of any rank, that fall into our hands."

Unsatisfied by the explanations which were offered by the British commander, Greene subsequently issued a proclamation, in which he declared it to be his res-

olute purpose "to make reprisals for all such inhuman insults as often as they take place." This proclamation was induced by the voluntary self-devotion of all the officers of the southern army, who met together and addressed a memorial to the general-in-chief, in which, after declaring what had reached their ears of the enormous cruelties practised by the British, and of the bloody execution which has just been recorded, they recommend measures of immediate retaliation by a similar treatment of all British subjects; avowing their perfect readiness to abide by a recommendation which, in the event of capture, at once placed themselves entirely without the pale of mercy from the enemy. "But," concludes this noble document, "we had rather commit ourselves to the most desperate situations than prosecute this just and necessary war upon terms so dishonorable."

Fortunately for the cause of humanity, but a little time elapsed after this when the policy of the war rendered unnecessary the adoption of such rigorous measures. Still, the American general wore the countenance of one who was inflexible in his determination. A very few days after the execution of Hayne, Marion's cavalry captured three British officers with an enemy's party; and the affair of the Eutaw placed in the hands of Greene a prisoner sufficiently distinguished to awaken all the apprehensions of Balfour for his safety.*

General Greene was disappointed of his expected reinforcements. Wayne, with his Pennsylvanians, had been held back by Washington, who reserved him for the more important field of action at Yorktown. Only five hundred of the three thousand five hundred North-Carolinians promised had come forward, and these were without arms. The seven hundred mountaineers from beyond the Alleghanies, under Colonel Shelby, of Virginia, had turned back, under the supposition that Greene was too strong to need them. General Sumter, being ill and displeased, had retired from the service, leaving but a small remnant of his band, under the command of Colonel Henderson. The patience of Greene was exhausted. "We must have victory or ruin!" was the emphatic expression of his eagerness to be on the move.

The partisan corps, however, had not been idle during this repose of the main body upon the "benign" hills of the Santee. Colonel Washington had been doing effective service in the country bordering on the lower Santee, in which he captured two bodies of the enemy's horse. Colonels Lee and Henderson, crossing the Congaree with their cavalry, penetrated between the main body of the British army and the post at Orangeburg, and, in sight of the latter place, drove in, dispersed, and captured, several of their detachments. Equally active with these officers were Marion and Maham, together with Harden and his mounted militia, in covering the low country beyond the Edisto.

Greene, speaking of his cavalry in these expeditions, asserts it to be unexcelled by any in the world. In this guerilla service the Americans soon proved their su-

* Simms.

perior activity. Colonel Stewart, having his communications with the interior thus constantly interrupted, and his provisions cut off, was confined to the sole resource of getting his supplies from Charleston, and this became every day more and more precarious. For every wagon-load of provisions he paid the price in blood.

General Greene, having resolved upon action, broke up his camp on the hills of the Santee, crossed the Wateree near Camden, then the Congaree, and, moving along its southern bank, finally reached Howell's ferry, on the latter river. While the American general, in consequence of the swollen swamps and water-courses, was obliged to make this extensive circuit of more than seventy miles, Stewart took the occasion to fall back to Eutaw springs, some forty miles from his late post, and within about sixty of Charleston, in order to secure a junction with some reinforcements and provisions on their route from that city.

Aug. 22.

Aug. 28.

The British commander was followed by Colonel Lee, who was pushed forward to watch his movements; while General Pickens, with the state militia, and Colonel Henderson, with the remnant of Sumter's brigade, advanced with a similar object to the neighborhood of the enemy's post at Orangeburg. These various corps joined the main army of the Americans as it moved slowly down the south bank of the Congaree, toward the old post at Motte's, where Greene, having resolved upon a discontinuance of the pursuit, determined to await the progress of events.

This resolution, as it seemed to indicate a want of confidence in the American commander, encouraged the British. Halting upon his ground at Eutaw, Stewart prepared to meet and fight his enemy. Having withdrawn his garrison at Orangeburg (which he established at Fairlawn), he recalled to his aid that which had been stationed at the latter post as a foil to Marion. This movement he was enabled to make in consequence of the disappearance of the "Swamp-Fox," who, in one of his secret expeditions, had rapidly crossed the country to Pon-Pon, where Colonel Harden was closely pressed by a British force of five hundred men.

To pass through both lines of the enemy's communication with Charleston; to surprise, defeat, and disperse this force, under Major Fraser, numerically superior to his own; to return by the same route, pass the Santee, put his prisoners in safety, and then to advance upon the Eutaw, where he effected a junction with the main army, was but the work of a few days and of ordinary effort with this able warrior.

Sept. 5.

At Lamson's place, the point of junction with Marion, General Greene left behind his baggage and tents, and pushed on with greater rapidity until he arrived at Burdell's tavern, within seven miles of the enemy, with whom he determined to try his strength on the coming morning.

Sept. 7.

The general-in-chief, with his usual readiness to share the hardships of the common soldier, lay down that night upon the bare ground, with his head resting upon the protruding root of an "ancient China-tree."

CHAPTER CIII.

Battle of Eutaw Springs.—Comparative Numbers.—Order of Battle.—The Attack begins.—The British Line.—The Reserve.—The Struggle.—The Militia give way.—Spirit of the North-Carolinians.—A Fierce Charge.—The Marylanders and Virginians.—Fixed Bayonets.—Desperate Resistance of the Enemy.—Colonel Washington and his Troopers suffer.—Washington receives a Wound.—Heaps of Dead and Wounded.—The Militia at the Rum-Casks.—Sally of the Enemy.—General Greene in Possession of the Field of Battle.—A Disputed Victory.—Death of Colonel Campbell.—"I die content."—The Prisoners.—Major Barry.—An Undignified Lift.—"The Very Man."—Colonel Stewart at Monk's Corner.—Greene on the Hills of the Santee.—Close of the Campaign in Carolina.

1781. NEXT morning, at the early hour of four, the American troops were on the march to attack the enemy. General Greene's force was small, amounting to only two thousand men. That of the British numbered twenty-three hundred. The former had the superiority in cavalry, the latter in general discipline as well as in numbers.

Sept. 8. Greene led on his troops in two columns. The first, composed of the militia of North and South Carolina, was commanded by Marion and Pickens, and Colonel de Malmedy. The second, comprising the continental troops from North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland, were led on by General Sumner, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, and Colonel Otho Williams. Lee, with his legion, covered the right flank; and Henderson, with the troops of Sumter, the left. Colonel Washington, with his cavalry, and Captain Kirkwood, with the Delawares, composed the reserve. Two pieces of artillery moved at the head of each column.

So completely had the detached parties of the Americans cut off those of the British, that the advance of their army was unsuspected. The only patrol had been captured during the night; and so entirely secure did Stewart esteem himself in his position, that an unarmed party of a hundred men had been sent out to gather sweet potatoes.

Two deserters from Greene's army conveyed to the British commander the first intelligence of the approach of the Americans; and Captain Coffin, at the head of his cavalry, was sent out, as well to recall the "potato-rooting" party, as to reconnoitre the Americans and cover the party. When the American advance had arrived within four miles of the enemy's camp, it was encountered by the detachment of horse and foot, about two hundred strong, under Coffin, who charged it at once with a confidence which showed his ignorance of its strength, and of the greater force of which it was the precursor. He was quickly repulsed by the Americans, who charged briskly in turn, killed several, took forty prisoners, and put the rest to flight. The firing alarmed the potato-diggers, who all fell into the hands of the Americans.

In the meantime, Stewart pushed for-

ward a detachment of infantry, in order to keep the Americans employed while he prepared for battle. But Greene, persuaded by the audacity of Coffin that his party formed the van of the British, immediately halted and formed his troops for action, in two lines, which was readily effected from the line of march. The column of militia, when displayed, composed the first; the South-Carolinians, in equal divisions, being on the right and left, and the North-Carolinians in the centre. Marion commanded the right, Pickens the left, and Colonel de Malmedy the centre. The continentals formed the second line, with the Virginians, under Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, on the right; the Marylanders, under Williams and Howard, on the left; and the North-Carolinians, under Sumner, in the centre. Lee and his legion covered the right flank; and Colonel Henderson, with the state troops, including Sumter's brigade, the left. Colonel Washington, with his cavalry, and the Delawares of Kirkwood, under cover of the adjoining woods, formed the reserve. Two three-pounders were posted in front of the first line, and two sixes in the same position in the second.

Thus formed, the troops marched forward, but slowly, as the ground was covered with wood, until within a mile of the enemy's camp, when they encountered a strong detachment of infantry. The American van, however, spiritedly attacked this advanced body, and drove it back to the British line, which Stewart in the meanwhile had drawn up for battle about two hundred rods west of the Eutaw springs.

The British troops were arrayed in a single line, in a wood. Their right was composed of the third regiment ("the Buffs"), resting on the Eutaw creek; the remnant of Cruger's brave royalists was posted in the centre; and the left, formed of the veteran sixty-third and sixty-fourth regiments, extended across the Charleston road. Major Marjoribanks, with three hundred choice light-infantry, was posted in the thickets which bordered the Eutaw creek, so as to cover the right, and watch the flank of the Americans, should it be opened at any time to attack. The artillery was distributed along the line; and a corps of reserve, consisting of Coffin's cavalry and a detachment of infantry, was so posted, under cover of the wood, as to support the left and command the Charleston road.

At a few hundred paces in the rear of the line were some cleared fields, where the tents of the British encampment still remained standing, and bounded on the north by the creek flowing from Eutaw springs. This creek is a bold one, having a high bank, thickly bordered with brush and undergrowth. From the dwelling-house on the premises to this bank ran a garden enclosed with palisades; and the windows of the house, which was two stories high, with garret-rooms, commanded the entire adjoining fields. The house was strongly built of brick, and surrounded with the usual tenements of stables, outhouses, and barn, the latter standing at a short distance to the southeast of the dwelling.

The Americans approached from the west. Their large superiority in cavalry

made the house a point of great importance to the British commander, who accordingly gave orders to Major Sheridan to occupy it at the first symptom of defeat, and to cover the army from the upper windows.

The American front line pressed on with loud shouts after the enemy's retiring detachment which it had first met, until it found itself engaged with the entire British line. The day was fair, and intensely hot; but the action opened in a wood, the shade of which afforded some relief to the combatants.

The battle was begun with great spirit, and the carnage was severe. The field-pieces on both sides were dismounted; and the struggle was manfully sustained by the militia, whose valor and unflinching perseverance, amid the continued falling of their comrades around them, won the admiration of both armies. Unfalteringly they stood their ground until they had discharged seventeen rounds, when they gave way before a general movement of the enemy in advance.

General Sumner now came up with the North Carolina regulars of the second line, who made such an impression by their spirited onset upon the enemy, that Colonel Stewart was compelled to bring up the infantry of his reserve on his left. The engagement between these two fresh corps now became hot. At length, Sumner's brigade, after sustaining the conflict with numbers far superior to its own, also fell back.

Elated at this result, and conceiving the victory to be sure, the British rushed forward in pursuit, and their line in consequence became deranged. At this important crisis, the American commander ordered up Williams and Campbell, with the Marylanders and Virginians, to the rescue, and to sweep the field with their bayonets. This order was obeyed with promptness; the two brigades received it with a shout, and advanced with a degree of impatience which scarcely heeded the deliberate and measured guidance of their officers. When within thirty yards of the enemy, they delivered a destructive fire, and the whole body, with trailed arms, rushed forward to the charge, apparently unmoved by the stream of fire that blazed incessantly before them.

Nothing could surpass the intrepidity of both officers and men on the occasion. They continued to press firmly on without flinching through a heavy shower of cannon and musket balls, until they bore down all before them. The enemy's advanced left recoiled beneath the desperate resolution of this charge. Their disorder became visible, and was confirmed by the prompt movement of Colonel Lee. Wheeling the legion infantry round from its position on the extreme right flank, he poured in upon the British left and rear a close enfilading fire, and their confusion became irretrievable.

Colonel Henderson was wounded early in the action, and, while the command was being shifted to Colonel Hampton, the state troops became momentarily disordered, but soon recovered themselves and made a spirited charge, in which they took a hundred prisoners.

The British troops on the left were now put to total rout, and, as their officers

strove to rally them, Colonel Washington brought up his reserve and prevented their efforts to reform. The centre and right of the enemy still remained much more numerous than the American, and awaited the threatened charge with a constancy that seemed unshaken. But the disorder and flight of the left had its effect upon the other divisions of the army; and the pressure of the fugitives from the left upon the centre, imparted a portion of their panic to the rest of their companions. The advance of the Marylanders, at this lucky moment, helped to increase the confusion of the foe. The former delivered their fire with deliberation and fatal effect, and the enemy yielded along their whole front.

Completely triumphant, as they now supposed themselves, the Americans pursued the enemy back through the open fields, and strove to cut them off from the brick house, to which the fugitives naturally turned their eyes. Successful in this, the victory would have been complete; for the great loss which the foe had sustained must have compelled his surrender, unless he could secure this shelter, which was now his object. It was in striving to defeat this object that the Americans sustained their greatest loss; and the affair, which so far had promised a glorious victory, ended in the complete disappointment of the conquering army, and the temporary defeat of its proudest hopes.

At this stage of the battle, Major Marjoribanks, from the cover of the thickets on the borders of the creek, still showed fight, and kept up a harassing fire upon the Americans. General Greene saw that he must be dislodged from this position, and despatched Colonel Washington to perform the duty; but his cavalry got so entangled and separated in the woods, that it was impossible for it to charge, and each horseman was thus left to defend himself apart from his comrades against the whole corps of infantry. An attempt to gain the enemy's rear was still more disastrous. This unequal struggle soon proved fatal to Washington and his dragoons. The colonel himself received the thrust of a bayonet, and would have been slain, had he not been saved by a British officer and taken prisoner. Hardly one of Washington's officers escaped death or a wound; while the ground was strewn with the horses and troopers, either dead or struggling in the last agonies. Marjoribanks still held his ground, although Hampton had come up to the rescue of the cavalry. Kirkwood's Delawares now made an impetuous rush with the bayonet, to revenge their fallen companions, and succeeded in expelling the British from this strong position. But Marjoribanks retired slowly, still holding on to the thickets, and making for a new position, of nearly equal strength, behind the palisades of the garden.

Here the British army had partly rallied, though nothing could well exceed the terror in its encampment. Everything was given up for lost. The commissaries destroyed their stores; and the numerous retainers of the army, mostly loyalists and deserters, who dreaded falling into the hands of the American, seizing the horses wherever they might be found, fled in terror, carrying consterna-

tion where they went, even down to the gates of Charleston. Their alarm might not have been groundless, had it not been for the misfortunes of the Americans, in the losses of Washington's cavalry, and the rash pursuit, by the infantry, of the disordered British.

By the time that Marjoribanks had gained the palisades, Major Sheridan had thrown his troops into the house; and some of the routed companies from the British left had made good their retreat into the picketed garden, from the intervals of which they could fire with security and effect.

The whole British line was now in full flight before the American bayonet. The retreat of the enemy lay directly through their own encampment, where their tents were all standing, and a thousand objects scattered around in grateful profusion, which, to the famished troops of Greene, were too tempting to be withstood. Fatigued, and almost naked, panting with heat, and suffering from thirst—at the same time believing their victory to be secure—the pursuing Americans fell into acts of insubordination, to which the fire of the British from the contiguous buildings eminently contributed. The shelter of the tents from this fire became an excuse of which these brave men did not scruple to avail themselves: and here happened one of those miserable reverses which so often baffle equally the calculations of wisdom and the deeds of valor; here the American line got into irretrievable confusion. Its officers, nearly abandoned by their soldiers, became conspicuous marks for the British in the house, who now poured their fire with deadly aim from its windows. In vain did they seek to rescue their men from the baneful consequences which had followed their entrance into the encampment: they had dispersed without order among the tents, had broken open the casks of rum, and drunk so freely, that they became lost to all sense of discipline, and utterly unmanageable.

The British officers promptly availed themselves of this miserable condition of things. Marjoribanks and Coffin made simultaneous movements; the one from his thicket on the left, the other with his dragoons from the wood on the right of the American line. General Greene saw the danger which threatened him, and strove to avert it by ordering Lee to fall upon Coffin. That officer, however, not being within reach, having probably disappeared in pursuit of fugitives, his subordinate, Major Eggleston, hurried up with a few troopers of the legion, and made an onset upon the enemy's cavalry; but his force was too small to make the desired impression, and he was driven back by Coffin, who immediately after hastened to charge the rear of the Americans, now dispersed among the tents. Here, however, he encountered Hampton, who was advancing to the relief of Eggleston, and by him was successfully charged and beaten in turn. After a severe struggle, the British cavalry was forced back to its cover within the wood.

A moment after, the command of Colonel Hampton was almost annihilated by a fire from the picketed garden, where Marjoribanks had concealed himself. This

skilful officer, to whom the British army chiefly owed its safety, having dispersed the cavalry of Hampton, proceeded to the performance of another movement, which was decisive of the strife.

The British artillery, which had been captured by the Americans when they swept the field, had been brought up and opened upon the brick house, where the enemy were strongly sheltered. Unfortunately, in the hurry of the fight, the pieces had been brought too near the house, and were commanded by its fire, which very soon killed or disabled all the artillerists. As soon as Marjoribanks had scattered Hampton's cavalry, he sallied into the field, recaptured the pieces, and hurried them under cover. Then, being reinforced by parties from the house and garden, he charged the Americans, scattered among the tents, drove them before him, and bayoneted some of the soldiers who were still clinging to the rum-casks lying about. The fugitives found safety only in the cover of the wood, where the army of Greene had rallied; and the British, too much crippled to venture into conflict beyond the shelter of the house and outbuildings, slowly fell back upon their position.

General Greene, having possessed himself of the field of battle, left a strong picket-guard there, and withdrew with the rest of his troops to the encampment (since there was no nearer place to find water), some seven miles distant, whence he marched in the morning.

Thus ended the severe engagement of the Eutaw, in which both parties claimed the victory. There is no difficulty, however, in settling the question of dispute between them: the advantage remained with the patriots. The British were driven from the field of battle at the point of the bayonet, and took refuge in a fortress. So closely had they been pressed, and so narrow was their escape, that a forward party of the Americans was only prevented from entering with them by a sudden closing of the doors in the face of some of their own officers and men, who were taken prisoners in consequence, and interposed by the captors as shields for the protection of their persons while retreating under the mouths of the musketry which lined the windows. The results of the action are undoubtedly as we have given them, but the details are subjects of considerable question. "The partisans of the South," says Simms, "were especially dissatisfied with the reports of the affair. That they did their duty well is undeniable. They make, however, an unfavorable report of the performances of other parties of whom the official report speaks favorably. It is very certain that, in the management of the conflict, there were many mistakes, if not much bungling."

The loss on both sides was very heavy. The Americans lost about five hundred (a fourth of their whole force), including sixty officers! Among the killed was the brave Colonel Campbell, of Virginia, who fell as he was leading on his brigade. Like the great Wolfe at Quebec, under similar circumstances, he asked with his expiring breath, "Who flies?" and when told that the British were giving way, he exclaimed, "I die content!"

The loss of the enemy was about eleven hundred, comprising nearly one half of their entire force! The loss of British officers was also very severe, but not so great as that of the Americans. Colonel Stewart himself was wounded, and Major Marjoribanks, who had so highly distinguished himself during the day, died of fever during the march to Charleston. The spot where he lies buried is still shown by the roadside. To the descendants of his enemies he is indebted for a tomb covering his remains.

General Greene carried off no less than four hundred and fifty British prisoners. Among these was Major Barry, "a dapper little gallant," and the secretary of Balfour, the commandant of Charleston. His capture is thus humorously related by the biographer of Greene:—

"Barry fell into the hands of Lieutenant Manning, of Lee's legion. Manning, finding the upper windows [of the brick house] to be full of British musketeers, about to measure his person with their muzzles, did not scruple to seize Barry, and, before the astonished Briton could conceive his purpose, to hoist him upon his shoulders. Thus covered with the scarlet of a British uniform, with the person of one of their officers completely covering his own, the lieutenant reasonably calculated that he should interpose a sufficient physical as well as moral reason why he should not incur the penalty of a shower of British bullets. It was in vain that Barry interposed in the language of offended dignity: 'Sir!' said he, 'sir, I am Henry Barry; I am deputy-adjutant of the British army; captain in his majesty's fifty-second regiment; secretary to the commandant of Charleston,' &c.; 'major of,' &c.—'*The very man I was in search of*,' answered Manning. 'I am delighted to make your acquaintance! Fear nothing, Adjutant Barry, fear nothing. It is my policy to take care of you, and I am determined you shall take care of me: we must, in times like these, take care of each other.' And so saying, the stalwart lieutenant strode off with his captive to the American line."*

If further proof were needed to establish the claim of the Americans to victory, it was found in the events of the day succeeding the engagement. Colonel Stewart, leaving his dead unburied, and seventy of his wounded to the humanity of General Greene, breaking the stocks of one thousand muskets, and destroying his stores, abandoned his position, and retreated with precipitation before his enemy. **Sept. 9.**

The Americans advanced within five miles of him to Ferguson's swamp, where he made his first halt. It was Greene's intention to have renewed the action the next day; and he despatched Marion and Lee to watch the line of communication between the Eutaws and Fairlawn, where the British had a strong force, under Colonel M'Arthur, so as to prevent the junction of this body with the enemy's main army. The simultaneous movement of the two corps of Stewart and M'Arthur enabled them to meet at mid-distance, and to outnumber the American detachment. By this movement, their junction was secured on the evening of the day after the

* Simms.

battle, and their retreat immediately continued.

General Greene pressed the pursuit during the whole of one day, but without success. The escape of Stewart was secured for the time, and the American general was compelled to forego his object, and yield his earnest attention to the prisoners and wounded in his hands.

Sept. 10.

The British wounded narrowly escaped capture by Marion. This vigilant partisan, learning that they had been shipped at Fairlawn for Charleston, descended the country rapidly by night, and would have intercepted them, but for a slave of one of the plantations, who gave intelligence of his movements to the British. This brought out a strong detachment against him from the camp, and he was obliged in turn to steal away and avoid interception.

Returning from the pursuit of Colonel Stewart, Greene recrossed the Santee, and resumed his position at the hills. His militia soon left him. Only one hundred of the North-Carolinians now remained, and their term of service had nearly expired. Marion, Pickens, and Hampton, with the South-Carolina militia, were necessarily detached to cover the country; and with his continentals alone he had to perform all the painful and fatiguing services required by six hundred wounded, half of whom were prisoners. There was also much sickness in camp; and ten days after the battle of Eutaw the American general would have found it impossible to muster, at headquarters, a thousand men fit for action.

Sept. 18.

In the meanwhile, intelligence reached the South that Cornwallis contemplated a return from Virginia to the Carolinas by land; and Colonel Stewart, having recruited his army from below, and made his cavalry far superior to that of his opponents, once more advanced to the Eutaws, driving Marion and Hampton across the Santee. But in this movement the enemy exhibited little vigor, and the detachments of the patriots soon presented themselves tauntingly before their posts, but failed to bring them forth. Subsequently, while the British lay at Monk's Corner, Captain Maham, of Marion's brigade, captured one of their positions, and took eighty prisoners, in the face of their whole army.

During the illness of Colonel Stewart, who was still suffering from his wound received at Eutaw, the command devolved upon Major Doyle (afterward a general in the British service in India), who took post at Fludd's plantation, three miles above Nelson's ferry, with more than two thousand men, exclusive of the three hundred under M'Arthur at Fairlawn. This force, so superior to that of Greene, gave to the enemy the undivided command of the country to the south of the Santee and Congaree, and westward to the Edisto.

But this superiority did not long continue. Greene's army was recruited by Colonels Shelby and Sevier with five hundred riflemen from the mountain region, and a hundred and sixty infantry came from North Carolinia. The artillery destroyed at Eutaw had been replaced from Virginia, and the cavalry (so essential in such a country) was greatly augmented.

In two months from the battle of Eutaw, the American general was in a capacity to act. Marion, with Sevier, Shelby, Horry, and Maham, was ordered to operate between the Santee and Charleston; Sumter, with his brigade of state troops, and some companies of militia, was ordered to take post at Orangeburg, and defend the country against the loyalists from the city; while Pickens, with two regiments, maintained the frontier from the Indians, and covered it against the predatory warfare still raging in that quarter.

In the beginning of November, Sumter and Marion crossed the rivers and moved against the enemy. The former soon encountered a strong body of tories, under General Cunningham, who had advanced upon Orangeburg; and one of his officers, a Major Morris, fell into an ambuscade, in which he sustained some loss. The forces of Sumter and Cunningham, being nearly equal, operated as mutual checks upon each other. The latter, who had issued from Charleston on a predatory expedition into the country, was obstructed in his progress; while the former, to continue this restraint upon his enemy, and secure himself, fell back for the present upon a strong and well-selected position.

About this period a foray was undertaken by William Cunningham, who, by his savage ferocities, had acquired the *nom de guerre* of "*Bloody Bill*," which is generally known in Carolina tradition as "*The Bloody Scout.*" Cunningham, with two or three hundred men, made his way from Charleston to the interior. Rendezvousing at *Rogues' ford*, on the Edisto, his followers spread themselves on every hand, and committed the most horrible excesses against persons and property. In most cases, they found only defenceless people in their houses. No mercy to age or sex was shown by these wretches. The men were commonly shot or cut down; the women experienced various brutalities; boys of fifteen were hewn to pieces; the horses and all moveable property carried off, and, when not moveable, burnt. "The horrid massacres, on Cloud's creek, of Turner's troop," says Simms, from whom we gather the closing details of the southern campaign, "at Edgehill, of Hayes' party, where scores of men were butchered at the same moment after capture, are still reported with shuddering by the people of the regions where these terrible atrocities were committed..... The detailed crimes of this 'bloody scout,' as still dwelt upon by the preserving tradition, would crowd a volume." But his banditti was finally dispersed and destroyed, few escaping the red hand of the avenger. The miscreant leader survived the war, and returned to Europe; but, in all the region of country thus ravaged, he remains to this day the proverbial monster. His atrocious deeds were indignantly repudiated by the British General Leslie, and also by General Cunningham, the representative of a remote branch of the same family.

In the meanwhile, Colonel Stewart was busy ravaging the low country, laying in provisions for sustaining a siege in Charleston, and accumulating that plunder with which the enemy's fleet of three hundred sail was laden when they afterward took flight from the waters of Cooper river. In the space of a few weeks, Major Doyle

had succeeded in stripping the country on the Santee and Congaree of every negro, and of almost everything else in the shape of property that could be carried away, and would have extended his ravages beyond those rivers, but that Marion and Hampton guarded their opposite banks.

The intelligence of the surrender of Yorktown reached Greene's headquarters about the last of October, and the day was observed as a jubilee in the camp, and the grateful tidings increased the desire of the American general to cross the rivers which separated him from the enemy, and drive them down to the sea.

Nov. 18. The camp at the High hills of the Santee was at length broken up, and the American army again put in motion. As the route led away from the support of Marion, who was to guard the left wing on the march, Captain Eggleston, with the legion and a detachment of Virginians, was sent to strengthen him. The main army proceeded by the way of Simmons's and M'Cord's ferries, through Orangeburg, to Riddlespurger's; thence by the Indianfield road to Ferguson's mill, where that road crosses the Edisto — the intention of Greene being apparently to gain a position on Four Holes, in order to cover the country beyond him, and control the movements of the enemy on his right. Another object was to intercept the flight of the British to Savannah, intelligence having been received by Marion, from Charleston, that such was their design.

About this time, to the astonishment of all, the mountaineers, in the absence of Colonel Shelby, deserted the camp, after a service of only three weeks. They had been placed under the command of Marion, who sought to give them sufficient employment; but, though his numbers were much inferior, he found it impossible to bring the British into the open field. Detachments of about two hundred of the mountain-men, however, supported by Maham's cavalry, had moved against the redoubts at Wappetaw, which were abandoned at their approach. The same body attacked Fairlawn, while the enemy lay at Wantoot. In passing the latter post, Marion showed himself, but did not succeed in decoying the British cavalry into the field. At Fairlawn, the attack by Colonel Shelby was successful: the place surrendered at discretion; and the whole garrison, with some three hundred stand of arms, stores, and provisions, fell into the hands of the Americans. The house with its contents, and the *abattis*, were committed to the flames.

The sudden desertion of the mountaineers greatly weakened the army of General Greene, but he had advanced too far to recede; Marion had passed the Santee, and any disaster to him would have compelled an immediate retreat. Greene resolved to act with boldness, and if possible force the British commander to retire into Charleston. With this object, he left the army, on its march, under the command of Colonel Williams, of Maryland; and, at the head of two hundred cavalry, and as many infantry, moved briskly toward Dorchester. The cavalry consisted of Lee's and Washington's, and one hundred men drawn from the command of Sumter. The infantry were those of the

legion, and some of the Virginia and Maryland troops. The command of this detachment was given to Colonel Hampton.

Greene flattered himself that he should be able to surprise the post at Dorchester; but the enemy, hearing of his approach, lay upon their arms all night. A party which had been sent out to obtain intelligence was cut to pieces by Hampton's advanced guard, and the survivors hotly pursued close to the enemy's post. The whole British cavalry and a strong force of infantry now issued forth to charge the pursuers, and Greene with pleasure saw their approach; but they recoiled and fled from the fierce onset of Hampton's horse. Twenty or thirty were slain, wounded, or captured; and such an alarm did the presence of Greene in person inspire among them, under the belief that his whole army was at hand, that the garrison at Dorchester destroyed everything during the night, threw their cannon into the river, and made a rapid retreat to Charleston. The panic of the enemy increased, their outposts were all abandoned, and their whole force concentrated at the quarter-house, six miles from the city. At this point, where the isthmus is narrow, the fugitives halted, and were joined by Colonel Stewart, who meantime had been hurrying toward the town by another route.

General Leslie now succeeded Stewart, and prepared for immediate attack. His force was nearly five thousand men, exclusive of the negroes which he embodied in regiments, while Greene could not muster in all more than eight hundred, but the fears of the fugitives had magnified his force to more than three thousand.

Thus driven in from all their outposts, the British were confined in their operations to the city, the neck, and the neighboring islands. The object of General Greene, and all that he could effect, in the feeble condition of his army, was attained; and in January, after an interregnum of nearly two years, Governor Rutledge convened the legislature of the state at Jacksonborough, a little village on the Edisto river, about twenty miles from the sea, and thirty from Charleston. The army, in the meantime, took post at the plantation of Colonel Skirving, some six miles below Jacksonborough, and on the road leading to the city. 1782.

But few military movements occurred during the season. A vain attempt was made to dislodge the British from John's island. In a skirmish on the Combahee, the brave Colonel John Laurens fell. He was succeeded in the command of the light-troops near Charleston by Kosciusko.* General Wayne had been sent into Georgia, where he forced the British to abandon their outposts, and Aug. 27.

* After the American war, this illustrious Pole returned to his native country, where he lived in retirement till 1789, when the diet appointed him a major-general. In the brief struggle of 1792 he behaved with distinguished valor; but as soon as the fate of Poland was sealed, he retired into voluntary exile. He kept up, however, a correspondence with the friends of liberty in his native land; and when, in 1794, the Poles resolved to make one more effort to break their chains, they placed Kosciusko at their head. He began his career by defeating the Russian general, Denisoff, at Raslavice. But the enemy poured in on all sides, and at length, after having for six months delayed the fall of Poland, he was wounded and taken prisoner, on the 4th of October, at the battle of Maceiowice. He was sent to St. Petersburg, and incarcerated until the accession of the emperor Paul, who visited him in prison, embraced him, and set him at liberty. His latter years were spent in America, France, and Switzerland, but chiefly in France. He died at Soleure, in Switzerland, October 17, 1817, aged seventy-one years.

finally to evacuate Savannah, the garrison retiring to Charleston. In September, Sir Samuel Hood arrived, with a convoying fleet, to cover the departure of the British.

Meanwhile, General Leslie pressed his preparations for the final evacuation of Charleston. Greatly constrained by the cordon which the American general had contrived to maintain around his foe, Leslie, in order to eke out his provisions, suffered numerous loyalists to leave the city and make their peace with their countrymen, a privilege of which hundreds readily availed themselves. He also expelled from the town all those who were alleged to favor the American cause.

Having levelled the walls of the town and of Fort Johnson, the British commander opened a communication with General Greene, apprizing him of the intended evacuation, and proposing terms, in order that his departure might be a peaceable one. An arrangement accordingly followed, by which the Americans were to take possession as the enemy's rear-guard retired; the former pledging themselves to forbear all hostile attempts upon the movements of the British, on condition that they should do no injury to the city.

On Saturday, the 14th of December, 1782, this event took place. The morning gun was the signal for the British rear-guard to abandon its advanced redoubts. General Wayne, at the head of three hundred infantry, the cavalry of the legion, and a detachment of artillery, with two six-pounders, having been sent from the American army, had crossed Ashley river the previous night, and was stationed in readiness to follow up the enemy.

At the sound of the morning gun, the two parties were put in motion, at an assigned distance asunder of two hundred yards. They moved down the King-street road, till they had passed the lines, when the British filed off to Gadsden's wharf, where they embarked in boats that awaited them. "It was a grand and pleasing sight," says General Moultrie in his memoirs, "to see the enemy's fleet, upward of three hundred sail, lying at anchor from Fort Johnson to Five-Fathom Hole, in a curve-line, as the current runs; and what made it more agreeable, they were ready to depart."

The reluctance of the one party to leave, and the impatience of the other to succeed them in the possession of the city, led the British, now-and-then during the march, to cry aloud to General Wayne that he was pressing too rapidly upon them—a proceeding highly characteristic of "*Mad Anthony*," who fully sympathized with the natural impatience of the Carolinians to behold those dear homes from which they had been so long exiled.* Wayne moved forward, and halted on the south side of Broad street, nearly opposite to Church. Next to the American advance came Governor Rutledge and General Greene, escorted by two hundred cavalry, and followed by the council and long troops of officers and citizens on horseback, amid the acclamations of the populace.†

* At the close of the war, General Wayne retired to his native state of Pennsylvania. In 1787, he was a member of the state convention which ratified the constitution of the United States. In 1792, he succeeded to the command of the western army on the defeat of St. Clair, and gained a complete victory over the savages at the battle of the Miamis, in 1794. He died in 1796, at the age of fifty-one.

† Simms.

CHAPTER CIV.

Lord Cornwallis from Portsmouth to Yorktown.—Description of Yorktown.—Its Defences.—Confidence of his Lordship.—A Change.—Arrival of a French Fleet.—Skilful Manœuvres of Lafayette.—Contemptuous Indifference of Cornwallis.—Arrival of Count de Grasse.—Landing of Troops.—Junction with Lafayette.—Cornwallis shut up by Sea and Land.—A Desperate Expedient.—Hopeful of Aid.—Washington's Plans.—Proposed Attack upon New York.—The Scheme abandoned.—A Ruse.—The March to Virginia.—The British at New York kept in the Dark.—March of the Allies.—Entrance into Philadelphia.—Appearance of the American Troops.—The "Gay and Glorious" French.—Admiration of the Ladies.—A Grand Review.—The French Minister.—A Public Dinner.—Good News.—"Long live Louis XVI.!"—The Grumbling Americans.—Out of Pocket.—A Windfall.—Progress of the March southward.—Arrival at the Head of the Elk.—Washington at Mount Vernon.—Old Virginian Hospitality.—Washington at Williamsburg.—The Allies before Yorktown.

1781. Lord Cornwallis having, in accordance with the instructions of Sir Henry Clinton, again landed at Portsmouth the detachment of troops about to sail for New York, moved his whole force, consisting of about seven thousand men, to Yorktown. This small place, situated on York river, was selected as a good defensive post, and one capable of affording protection to ships-of-the-line. Sir Henry, with this purpose in view, had suggested Yorktown, or Old Point Comfort, as a *point d'appui* for the coming campaign in Virginia. By the advice of his naval officers and engineers, the earl chose the former. On the north and opposite side of the river, which was a mile wide, and of sufficient depth for large vessels, was Gloucester Point, which, like Yorktown, had a high and commanding position. His lordship now proceeded to fortify both places (at the former of which was stationed Colonel Tarleton and a part of his legion), and with such satisfactory progress, that, confident of his security, he soon wrote to Sir Henry Clinton, offering to send a detachment of a thousand men to the aid of New York, then threatened, as was supposed, by an attack from Washington.

Aug. 22.

Earl Cornwallis was, however, suddenly aroused from his sense of security by the arrival in the Chesapeake of Admiral Count de Grasse, with a French fleet of twenty-eight sail-of-the-line and several frigates, having upward of three thousand troops on board. The young marquis Lafayette, aware of Washington's designs against the enemy in Virginia, and prepared by early intelligence for this arrival of his countrymen, had in the meantime skilfully manœuvred to co-operate with them. His object was to cut off the escape of Cornwallis by land, while the French fleet should close up his egress by sea.

Aug. 30.

Lafayette had made every disposition of his force necessary to his purpose without exciting the suspicion of Cornwallis, who, intent upon his fortifications, regarded his young antagonist almost with contemptuous indifference. Having sent the

Pennsylvania troops, commanded by General Wayne, to the south side of James river, under the feint of attacking Portsmouth, and collected a large militia-force, the marquis himself marched to Williamsburg, in order to form a junction with the French troops as soon as they should land.

On the arrival of Count de Grasse, he was met off Cape Henry by an officer despatched by Lafayette to inform him of the exact state of affairs in Virginia. De Grasse, guided by this information, immediately sent four ships-of-the-line to blockade York river, and to convey the land-troops to James river, where Lafayette was awaiting them. Nothing occurred to mar these designs so skilfully laid. Cornwallis found himself shut up by sea, and obstructed on land by the combined forces of Lafayette and the marquis de St. Simon, who, taking post at Williamsburg, kept close watch upon his lordship. The earl was at last conscious of his danger, and would have striven to break through the toils which had been so artfully woven, and to force his way into North Carolina, had he not hoped that such aid would soon reach him from Sir Henry Clinton as to render so desperate an expedient unnecessary. In the meantime, Washington, in his camp in New Jersey, was sealing the fate of his unconscious lordship. Let us now turn to the North.

When intelligence was first received of the intention of Count de Grasse to sail from the West Indies to the United States with his powerful fleet, Count de Rochambeau, who had also received despatches from the French court, requested a personal interview with Washington, to concert a plan of action for the approaching campaign. The latter suggested Weathersfield, in Connecticut, as the place of meeting, and the 22d of May as the time. Accordingly, the commander-in-chief set out from headquarters, at New Windsor, accompanied by Generals Knox and Du Portail, and met Rochambeau and the marquis de Chastellux at the time agreed upon. A French frigate had recently arrived at Boston, having on board the count de Barras, who was appointed to succeed the deceased Admiral de Ternay in the command of the French fleet at Newport, and he was expected to join the conference at Weathersfield, but the appearance of a British squadron off Block island prevented his attendance. May 18.

At that interview, the respective commanders, being as yet ignorant of the invasion of Virginia by Lord Cornwallis, discussed the propriety of a joint expedition to the Carolinas. The difficulties of such an expedition, at that time of the year, when the sickly season was about to set in at the South, were fully considered, and it was agreed that an effective blow might be made by the combined armies for the recovery of the city of New York, which would at the same time relieve the southern states. It was finally determined, as a preliminary step toward opening the campaign, that the entire land-force of the French (whose infantry had remained in repose at Newport for nine months), with the exception of about two hundred, who were to be left as a guard over their heavy baggage at Providence, should march with all despatch to

join Washington's army at the Highlands of the Hudson, and at a proper time the united force was to move toward New York.

The commander-in-chief at once sent letters to Governor Livingston, of New-Jersey, and the executive authorities of New England, urging them to provide immediately the quotas of men and supplies which had been voted by their respective states. General Rochambeau, in the meanwhile, despatched a messenger to the West Indies, to inform the count de Grasse of the proposed attack upon New York, and to solicit the co-operation of his fleet.

Toward the close of June, while the French troops were moving through the western part of Connecticut, on their way to the Hudson, Washington made strong preparations to oppose the British on York island and in Westchester county. He planned a joint expedition against Colonel Delancey's corps of loyalists stationed at Morrisania, and the military works on the upper end of the island. The duke de Lauzun, with his fine cavalry-legion, was to conduct the former; and General Lincoln, with detachments from the main army, had charge of the latter. But the enemy were on the alert.

Lincoln, with a force of eight hundred men, went down from the camp at Peekskill, in boats propelled by muffled oars. At the same time, leaving his baggage, Washington followed on land with the main army, and encamped at Phillipsburg, near Dobbs's ferry, nearly twelve miles from the north end of York island. Lincoln, accompanied by one or two officers, crossed to Fort Lee, on the western bank of the Hudson, to reconnoitre Fort Washington from the cliffs of the Palisades, when he discovered a British encampment on the upper end of the island, and a vessel-of-war lying in the river, off Spuyten-devil creek. He at once saw that a surprisal of the enemy's forts was impossible; and, accordingly, landing his troops, he took possession of the high grounds lying to the northeast of Harlem river, with the intention of offering aid to the duke de Lauzun.

July 1.

July 4.

In this position, Lincoln was attacked by a foraging-party, numbering about fifteen hundred men. A desultory skirmish followed; and De Lauzun, who had just arrived at Eastchester, hearing the sound of cannon, hastened forward to meet his American ally. Washington likewise advanced, and the British, believing that the whole force of the Americans was approaching, fled to their boats, and retired in haste to their camp. The surprise of Delancey's corps being regarded as improbable, Washington withdrew to Dobbs's ferry, at which place he was joined by General Rochambeau.

July 6.

The American and French forces now encamped among the verdant and beautiful hills of Greenburg, near Tarrytown, about thirty miles from New York. The former, who lay in two lines, had their right resting on Dobbs's ferry, and extending eastward toward the Neparan or Sawmill river; and the latter encamped in a single line upon the hills still farther to the east, with their left resting on the river Bronx. In this position they re-

mained upward of three weeks, without making any movement of importance.

In the meantime, the invasion of Virginia by Lord Cornwallis had caused great alarm throughout that and the adjoining states; and the American chief received urgent letters, earnestly imploring him to advance southward with a powerful force, and expel the earl and his followers. The time for such an expedition, however, had not yet come.

Washington, accompanied by Rochambeau and other French officers, now proceeded to the summit of the Palisades, for the purpose of reconnoitring the British posts on the north end of York island. On the following day, they took a view of those at Kingsbridge; and it was resolved that a force of five thousand Americans and French, commanded by Generals Lincoln and De Chastellux, should occupy a line across the entire county of Westchester from the Hudson to the East river, in order to cover an extended reconnoissance, break up the haunts of the tories, and confine Colonel Delancey's corps of marauders within the British lines.

July 18.

This important movement was begun with great secresy on the evening of the 21st, the three separate columns moving simultaneously toward York island, while detachments of infantry scoured the fields between the lines of march. Before daybreak the entire force confronted the British on the upper end of the island. The flashing of the arms of the allies in the beams of the morning sun was the first intimation which the enemy had of the movement.

July 22.

While the British were held in check by this strong force, Washington and Rochambeau, with their respective attendants, effected a complete reconnoissance from the Hudson to Long-island sound; and in the meantime the American light-troops, and De Lauzun's lancers, broke up every post of the loyalists and refugees. Having made a thorough and scientific reconnoissance of the whole ground, the allied troops returned to their respective encampments among the Greenburg hills.

Sir Henry Clinton became alarmed at this movement, and despatched a message to Lord Cornwallis, directing him to order three of the regiments in South Carolina to sail immediately for New York, and to hold a portion of his own troops in readiness for the same destination. On hearing of this requisition, Washington made the following comment in a letter to Lafayette: "I think we have already effected one part of the plan of the campaign settled at Weathersfield; that is, giving a substantial relief to the southern states, by obliging the enemy to recall a considerable part of their forces from thence."

July 30.

With great anxiety, and some degree of impatience, the commander-in-chief had waited for the recruits and supplies which had been voted by several of the state legislatures; and again he addressed a circular letter to the governments of the New-England states, imploring them in the most urgent manner to be prompt and generous in sending on the required aid, for without it the enemy must triumph, and the allies become disappointed and disgusted. "It

August 2.

will be no small degree of triumph to our enemies," added Washington, "and will have a very pernicious influence upon our friends in Europe, should they find such a failure of resource, or such a want of energy to draw it out, that our boasted and expensive preparation end only in idle parade."

About this time, intelligence was received from Lafayette that "thirty transport-ships, full of troops, most of them red-coats, and eight or ten brigs with cavalry on board," had arrived in Hampton roads. A despatch was also received from Admiral Count de Grasse, stating that he expected to sail from St. Domingo on the 3d of August, with nearly thirty ships-of-the-line and a considerable land-force, directly for Chesapeake bay, and that his stay must be short.

On receiving this information, Washington changed his plans. The scheme against New York was abandoned, as being too perilous without the aid of the expected French fleet and troops. Be-

August 3. sides this, early in the month, Sir Henry Clinton had received a reinforcement of nearly three thousand troops, British and Hessians. Strengthened by this arrival, the baronet, as we have seen, countermanded his orders for Lord Cornwallis to send a portion of the southern troops northward, as he deemed his own force amply sufficient for the defence of New York.

It was therefore resolved by Washington and Rochambeau to concur with the plans of De Grasse, and, proceeding with the allied armies southward, strike a blow against the British in Virginia. Robert Morris, the great financier, and Richard Peters, the active secretary of war, were at headquarters at the time. Af-

Aug. 17. ter informing them of his resolution, Washington turned to Peters, and asked, "What can you do for me in aid of this expedition? I may want," he added, "a month's pay in advance for some of the troops."—"*With money, everything—without it, nothing*," quickly replied Peters, at the same time casting a significant glance at Robert Morris. The financier comprehended the meaning of that look, and said, "Let me know the sum you desire." Washington soon completed his estimates; and when the troops passed through Philadelphia, not long afterward, Morris, upon his own responsibility, borrowed twenty thousand dollars in specie from Rochambeau, promising to replace it by the first of October. With assurance of aid, the commander-in-chief prepared immediately for the southward march.*

This change of purpose was, however, carefully concealed from the enemy; and, to keep up the idea that New York was still his object, Washington wrote misleading letters, which he intended should be intercepted; had ovens built, fuel collected, and a large encampment marked out for his army in New Jersey, near Amboy, and opposite to Staten island. In the meantime, the allied armies, having completed their preparations to move to Virginia, began their march. The

Aug. 19. pretence of an attack upon New York was kept up to the last moment. Reconnoitring and pioneer parties were sent forward to examine and clear the

* Lossing.

roads from the encampment at the Greenburg hills toward Kingsbridge; and when the troops were paraded for the march, they faced in that direction. They were, however, much to the surprise and perplexity of their own officers, who were in ignorance of the chief's designs, immediately ordered to the right about, and proceeded up the Hudson to King's ferry at Verplanck's Point, where they crossed to New Jersey.

The secret of Washington's design was kept as strictly from his own army as from the enemy. "Our destination," as Thacher records, "has been for some time matter of perplexing doubt and uncertainty. Bets have run high, on one side, that we were to occupy the ground marked out on the Jersey shore, to aid in the siege of New York; and, on the other, that we are stealing a march on the enemy, and are actually destined to Virginia, in pursuit of the army under Lord Cornwallis." Seven years later, Washington wrote a letter to Noah Webster, in which, after admitting the finesse employed to "misguide and bewilder Sir Henry," he added, "Nor were less pains taken to deceive our own army, for I had always conceived when the imposition does not completely take place at home, it would never sufficiently succeed abroad."

Leaving General Heath in command of a sufficient guard for the posts in the Highlands, the allied armies began their movement across New Jersey, under the general charge of Lincoln, the American troops marching one day in advance of the French. They proceeded by different routes, and were far on their way in rapid march toward the Delaware before Sir Henry Clinton suspected their destination to be other than Staten island and New York.

Aug. 25.

On the seventh day after leaving the Hudson, the Americans crossed the Delaware, and entered Philadelphia, followed on the next day by the French.

Sept. 3.

"The streets being extremely dirty," says Thacher, "and the weather warm and dry, we raised a dust like a smothering snowstorm, blinding our eyes and covering our bodies with it. This was not a little mortifying, as the ladies were viewing us from the open windows of every house as we passed through this splendid city.... Our line of march, including appendages and attendants, extended nearly two miles. The general officers and their aids, in rich military uniform, mounted on noble steeds elegantly caparisoned, were followed by their servants and baggage. In the rear of every brigade were several fieldpieces, accompanied by ammunition-carriages. The soldiers marched with slow and solemn step, regulated by the drum and fife. In the rear followed a great number of wagons, loaded with tents, provisions, and other baggage, such as a few soldiers' wives and children; though a very small number of these are allowed to encumber us on this occasion."

The entry of the French troops was characteristically gay and glorious. Having halted a short distance from the city, in order to furbish up their uniforms "of white broadcloth, faced with green" (the colors of the old house of Bourbon), they marched in, with a full band of music pre-

ceding them, to the manifest admiration of the people who crowded the streets, and of the ladies who "appeared at the windows in their most brilliant attire."

Sept. 4. A grand review took place on the following day, when "at least twenty thousand persons, and a vast number of carriages, remarkable for their lightness and elegance, added to the lustre of this exhibition — which was still heightened," adds the ardent Frenchman* who describes the scene, "by the pleasantness of the situation and the remarkable serenity of the day."

The day "was destined for favorable omens," continues the same warm colorist. "M. le chevalier de la Luzerne, who on this occasion received his countrymen with the dignity and generosity of the representative of a great monarch, and the frankness and cordiality of an individual, after the review invited all the officers to dine with him. Hardly were we seated at the table, when an express arrived. A disquieting silence immediately seized every guest; our eyes were fixed on the chevalier de la Luzerne, every one endeavoring to guess what the message would turn out to be. 'Thirty-six ships-of-the-line,' said he, 'commanded by Monsieur le comte de Grasse, are arrived in Chesapeake bay, and three thousand men have landed, and opened a communication with the marquis de Lafayette.' Joy and good humor immediately resumed their place on every countenance." The news soon spread throughout the city, and the people hurried in crowds to the residence of the minister of France, shouting, "Long live Louis XVI.!"

The American army, however, did not share fully in this gay enthusiasm. The New-England troops grumbled at being marched at such a distance to the South while their pay was in arrears. As before related, a loan of twenty thousand dollars was obtained from Rochambeau's military chest, on a promise of repayment on the first of October, which gave temporary relief. Fortunately, at this moment, Colonel John Laurens, who had been sent to France as American agent to solicit a loan, returned with abundant supplies and half a million of dollars in specie. Moreover, he brought intelligence of a successful negotiation with France and Holland for a large sum in addition. The zeal and ability with which the negotiation was conducted by the American envoy deserve more than a passing allusion.

Colonel John Laurens, a son of Henry Laurens (ex-president of Congress, who was long confined in the Tower of London), was made a prisoner on the surrender of Charleston to the British, and released on parole. He arrived in Paris in the spring of 1781, and immediately entered upon the duties of his mission with all the ardor of his nature. He soon became impatient of the delays which he experienced on the part of the French ministry. In earnestly pressing his suit one day with Count de Vergennes, that adroit diplomat reminded him that perhaps he had forgotten that he was not delivering the orders of his commander-in-chief, but addressing the minister of a

* Quoted by Thacher.

monarch who had every disposition to favor his country. Laurens withdrew to the opposite side of the room, and replied with emphasis: "Favor, sir! The respect which I owe to my country will not admit the term. Say that the obligation is mutual, and I cheerfully subscribe to the obligation. But, as the last argument I shall offer to your excellency, the sword which I now wear in defence of France, as well as of my own country, unless the succor I solicit is immediately accorded, *I may be compelled within a short time to draw against France, as a British subject!* I must now inform your excellency that my next memorial will be presented to his majesty in person." This bold reply had a great effect upon Vergennes, for the reconciliation of Great Britain and the United States was an event he most dreaded. True to his promise, Laurens attended at the audience-chamber of the king the next day, and presented his memorial in person to his majesty. It was handed to Count Segur, and on the following day Laurens was officially informed that the required aid should be given. That succor, as we have seen, now came to hand at a most important crisis, and in two short months, by the aid of French funds, and French soldiers and seamen, Lord Cornwallis was to be captured, and the death-blow given to British power in America.*

While in Philadelphia, Washington received despatches from Lafayette, informing him of the destination of Cornwallis's flotilla seen in Hampton roads, with the assurance that he should make every exertion to prevent the earl from moving into the interior. The French minister had as yet received no intelligence of the count de Grasse, and Washington in consequence felt much anxiety. Yet he did not hesitate to advance. Both armies left Philadelphia in the morning, for the Head of Elk. Toward evening Washington was met by a courier, bringing the glad tidings that the French admiral with his great armament had arrived in the Chesapeake. The messenger reached the chevalier de Luzerne, at Philadelphia the same evening, as before related, while his guests were at the banquet-table. **Sept. 5.**

The commander-in-chief arrived at the Head of Elk (the narrow, upper end of Chesapeake bay, which is called Elk river) in the evening, with the intention of embarking the troops, ordnance, and stores, at that point, and sending them down the bay. There was a great lack of transports for the purpose, and the troops were therefore brought to a halt. While the armies were thus delayed, Washington improved the opportunity of making a flying visit to Mount Vernon. Accordingly, attended by Rochambeau, he rode to Baltimore, where the two chiefs were greeted with a public address, and honored by bonfires and illuminations in the evening. **Sept. 6.** **Sept. 8.**

Early the next morning, Washington set out for Mount Vernon with a single aid-de-camp (Colonel Humphreys), with the determination of reaching his home that night, for upward of six years had passed since he had been beneath its roof. "The journey was accomplished," writes Lossing, "and great was the joy at Mount

* Lossing.

Vernon when the news spread over the estate that the master had come home. The servants flocked in from the fields to see him, and among them came Bishop, the venerable body-servant, who had lived with Washington since the bloody battle of the Monongahela, twenty-six years before, but who was now, at the age of almost fourscore years, too decrepid to follow his master to the field."

Sept. 9. "It was a late hour," says Irving, "when Washington arrived at Mount Vernon; where he was joined by his suite at dinner-time on the following day, and by the count de Rochambeau in the evening. General Chastellux and his aids-de-camp arrived there on the 11th, and Mount Vernon was now crowded with guests, who were all entertained in the ample style of old Virginian hospitality. On the 12th, tearing himself away once more from the home of his heart, Washington with his military associates continued onward to join Lafayette at Williamsburg." On this occasion he was attended by Mrs. Washington's son, John Parke Custis, who now for the first time went to the field, as one of the chief's aids.

CHAPTER CV.

Hoodwinking of Sir Henry Clinton.—Aroused too late.—Fair Promises.—Arrival of Sir Samuel Hood.—A British Fleet.—Arrival off the Capes of Virginia.—Sight of the French Ships.—Eagerness of the Count de Grasse.—Admiral Graves gives Battle.—Manœuvring.—De Grasse returns to the Chesapeake, and Graves to New York.—Diversion by Sir Henry Clinton.—Expedition against New London, in Connecticut.—General Arnold in Command.—Fort Griswold.—Colonel Ledyard.—Spirited but Vain Resistance.—Fall of the Fort.—No Mercy.—Massacre.—Murder of Ledyard.—Losses.—New London in Ashes.—Last Act of Arnold.—His Departure for England.—Impatience of De Grasse.—Magnanimity of Lafayette.—Arrival of Washington.—The Ville de Paris.—Meeting of the Allied Commanders.—Arrival of the Combined Troops at Williamsburg.—Their Orderly March.—A New and Threatening Danger.—De Grasse is induced to remain.—The Siege of Yorktown commenced.

1781. WASHINGTON, by his skilful manœuvring, had succeeded in so completely hoodwinking Sir Henry Clinton, that the combined armies, as previously shown, had proceeded on their march as far as the Delaware before he was persuaded that Earl Cornwallis at Yorktown was their object. Sir Henry, in fact, had been so impressed with the delusion that an attack upon New York was intended, that even after Washington and Rochambeau had crossed the Hudson into New Jersey, he believed that this move was only a feint to divert him from their real purpose. When he was fairly conscious of the truth, it was too late for him to send the desired assistance to Cornwallis, although at the last moment he wrote to his lordship, declaring that he would do his utmost for his relief.

A prospect of aid was, however, presented by the arrival of Sir Samuel Hood at New York from the West Indies, with fourteen ships-of-the-line. Hood was now

joined by five ships then lying in the harbor, under Admiral Graves, who, being the senior officer, assumed the general command, and bore away without delay, with the intention of first intercepting the count de Barras, with the French squadron from Newport, and then attacking Admiral de Grasse, in the Chesapeake. As Graves sailed down the southern coast, he first looked into the Delaware, but, finding no enemy there, continued his course to the capes of Virginia, where he discovered the French fleet, lying just within Lynn-Haven bay. Count de Grasse, slipping and even cutting his cables, in his eagerness, came out at once; and when his fleet of twenty-four ships showed itself, Graves, who had only nineteen vessels to oppose him, and knew that De Barras could not be far off with the Newport squadron, became nervously anxious. The English admiral, however, gave the signal for battle, and his ships stretched in; but when his rear was nearly even with the enemy's van, he made the signal for the whole fleet to wear, by which he got upon the same tack with his antagonist, and to windward almost parallel with him. The two fleets now steered to the eastward, and, as they got clear of the capes of Virginia, Graves bore down upon De Grasse. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the action commenced, but did not become general, as only a few of the vessels were engaged, and at night the fleets separated. The French, whose advance-ships had suffered considerably, bore away to get in a line with their centre. Graves kept the weather-gage during the night; but, as some of his ships had been severely damaged, he was obliged to lay to for repairs. The Terrible, of seventy-four guns, leaked so badly, that in a day or two after she was abandoned and burnt. It was also with great difficulty that the Ajax was kept afloat, as she made water rapidly.

Aug. 31.

Sept. 5.

The two fleets remained at sea for five days, without renewing the action, when De Grasse again bore away for the Chesapeake, taking two English frigates on his return, and having the satisfaction on arriving at his old anchorage to find Count de Barras safely moored there with his Newport squadron of seven ships-of-the-line and fourteen transports, laden with artillery and stores. Graves looked into the bay, and, seeing the increased strength of his enemy, returned with his crippled fleet to New York, for he feared the equinoctial gales, that might be daily expected, more than the guns of his powerful adversary. In this action, the loss of the French was two hundred and twenty men, and that of the English three hundred and thirty.

When Sir Henry Clinton discovered the real intentions of Washington, he strove to divert him from his purpose by an attack upon New London, in Connecticut. Two British regiments, a battalion of loyalist volunteers from New Jersey, and a detachment of Hessian riflemen *(yagers)*, numbering about twenty-three hundred in all, were embarked at New York for the service; and the command of this marauding expedition against the state which had given him birth was intrusted to the arch-traitor, *Benedict Arnold*, as being an enterprise not only suited to his military

genius, but also to the malevolence of his heart.

Arnold accordingly sailed up the river Thames, and appeared off New London, only fourteen miles south of Norwich, the birthplace of the traitor. Here, dividing his forces, he debarked one division, under Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre, to attack Fort Griswold, on the east side of the harbor; and landed with the other, under his own command, on the west side, where stood Fort Trumbull, a redoubt, and, three miles below, the town of New London itself. The fort and redoubt were abandoned, on the first approach of Arnold, by the few militiamen in them, who crossed the river to Fort Griswold, on Groton hill. The renegade pushed on, and quickly possessed himself of the town, being opposed only by a scattered fire here and there from small parties of the inhabitants who were hastily collected in defence of their homes.

Sept. 6.

Fort Griswold, which was a strongly-built, square fortification, with all the accessories of a regular work, and contained a garrison of nearly two hundred men, commanded by the spirited Colonel William Ledyard, offered a resistance which was not so easily overcome. The defenders were inexperienced militiamen, who had been so hastily mustered, that many of them were unprovided with firearms. But, under the inspiration of their brave leader, they fought with great resolution. Colonel Eyre, however, led on his regulars and loyalists to the assault on three sides with a determination to carry the works at any sacrifice. His men were for a time staggered by the persistent courage of the gallant little garrison. Eyre himself was mortally wounded; but Major Montgomery, his second in command, continued the assault with equal resolution. His men thronged into the ditch, scrambled over the ramparts, and made their way through the embrasures, until, by the force of numbers, they carried the works, though not without a heavy cost. Montgomery was shot dead as he was entering one of the embrasures, and the loss of the enemy amounted in all to forty-six killed and one hundred and forty-three wounded.

The Americans had only about half a dozen killed when the enemy thronged into the fort. The assailants, exasperated by the obstinate resistance which they had encountered, and their heavy loss, now showed little mercy. Major Bromfield, a New-Jersey loyalist, who succeeded to the command on the death of Eyre and Montgomery, on entering the fort, asked fiercely, "Who commands?" Colonel Ledyard replied, "I did, sir, but you do now," giving up his sword as he spoke, which Bromfield took, and with it ran him through and killed him! The Hessians and tories, following the example of their miscreant leader, immediately began an indiscriminate massacre of the disarmed garrison, and the slaughter which ensued increased the American loss to eighty-five killed and sixty wounded. Seventy only were taken prisoners. This horrible butchery justly excited the indignation of the republicans throughout the land, and disgusted the more conservative and humane portion of the loyalists.

Arnold, on reaching New London, re-

duced the town to ashes. Several vessels in the harbor were also burnt, while the rest escaped up the Thames. Large supplies of West-India produce, together with an immense quantity of military stores, were consumed in the general conflagration, which not only ruined most of the inhabitants, but proved a serious loss to the public.

In its spirit and execution, the whole expedition was unworthy of Sir Henry Clinton, but entirely in consonance with the character of the traitor-knave who conducted it. "It has been said," writes his biographer, "that Arnold, while New London was in flames, stood in the belfry of a steeple, and witnessed the conflagration; thus, like Nero, delighted with the ruin he had caused, the distresses he had inflicted, the blood of his slaughtered countrymen, the anguish of the expiring patriot, the widow's tears, and the orphan's cries. And what adds to the enormity is, that he stood almost in sight of the spot where he drew his first breath; that every object around was associated with the years of his childhood and youth, and revived those images of the past which kindle emotions of tenderness in all but hearts of stone."*

Arnold, having gratified his malignant spirit, and committed all the evil which lay in his power, returned with his Vandal mercenaries to New York. It was, fortunately, one of the closing acts of his career in America, being the last military service of any consequence in which he was employed; and it served only to render still darker the shades which his foul treason had thrown over his name. He soon went to England,* and quitted the United States for ever, where his memory will probably outlive that of good men; for nations, like individuals, are more constant in hate than in love.

* Sparks.

The marauding expedition to Connecticut, however, as we have seen, utterly failed in its object, since Washington was not for a moment stayed in his course by these outrages, but pressed forward to Virginia.

On the return of Admiral Graves from the coast of Virginia to New York, Count de Barras, at the request of Lafayette, despatched transports up the Chesapeake to bring down the allied troops which, it will be remembered, were detained at Annapolis and the Head of Elk for the want of vessels. Meanwhile, in the evening, Washington and Rochambeau, with their respective attendants, on their way from Mount Vernon, arrived at the quarters of Lafayette, at Williamsburg, twelve miles above Yorktown. **Sept. 14.**

Admiral De Grasse had been so impatient of delay, that, with St. Simon, who commanded his land-force, he urged Lafayette to co-operate with him in an attack on Lord Cornwallis before the arrival of Washington and Rochambeau, and thus secure a victory for the republicans and imperishable renown for himself. But the young marquis, with a generous and humane spirit, repressed his natural ardor for glory, and declined the proposition of the count; for he saw that such an at-

* See page 274 of this volume. "To Arnold," says Horace Walpole, "no countenance was denied by the king or ministers. The public, more equitable, despised him."

tempt, even if successful, would involve a great sacrifice of life. He perceived, moreover, that a victory at this crisis of the war would in all probability give a finishing blow to the contest. Yet, with characteristic magnanimity, he resolved to leave that victory to be achieved and all honors to be won by Washington!

As soon, however, as the commanders-in-chief of the allied land-forces arrived, Count de Grasse solicited an interview. Washington, therefore, accompanied by Rochambeau, Chastellux, Generals Knox and Du Portail, sailed from Williamsburg in the Queen Charlotte for the Ville de Paris, the magnificent flag-ship of De Grasse, then lying in Lynn-Haven bay. They were received on board at noon the next day, when the admiral, a tall, fine-looking man, heartily embraced Washington, with the exclamation, in broken English, "*My dear little general!*" This adjective, applied to the stalwart form of Washington (who was over six feet in height, and weighed at this period upward of two hundred pounds), was quite ludicrous; and, while the polite and courteous Frenchmen concealed their feelings, the fat sides of jolly Knox, it is said, shook with his laughter.*

Sept. 17.

Sept. 18. A council of war was now held on board the flag-ship, and measures were immediately concerted for reducing Earl Cornwallis in Yorktown with the utmost promptness, on the arrival of the allied army, as the French admiral declared that he could not remain long on the station. All the arrangements having been completed in a satisfactory manner, Washington and his companions returned to Williamsburg.

The last division of the allies finally reached the general rendezvous at Williamsburg. The march of this army through a fertile country, from the banks of the Hudson to central Virginia, a distance of more than five hundred miles, was remarkable for its order and discipline. "It was at a season," remarks Ramsay, "when the most delicious productions of nature, growing on and near the public highways, presented both opportunity and temptation to gratify the appetite. Yet so complete was its discipline, that in this long march scarcely an instance could be produced of an apple or a peach being taken without the consent of the inhabitants." The French were particularly scrupulous. At Rhode island, "the Indians," writes De Rochambeau, in his narrative, "expressed their astonishment at nothing but to see still laden with fruit the trees that overhung the tents which the soldiers had occupied for three months."

Sept. 25.

In the meantime, news arrived which threatened to frustrate all Washington's plans. Graves at New York had been reinforced by Admiral Digby, with six ships-of-the-line. De Grasse, confident that every effort would now be made for the relief of Cornwallis, and that the combined fleet might soon be expected off the Chesapeake, wrote to Washington that, in order to meet Graves and Digby, he should put to sea with all his fleet, excepting a few frigates which he would leave behind to blockade York river. Fearful lest in the absence of the French, the English

* Custis's Recollections of Washington.

might slip into their places, and thus wrest Earl Cornwallis from his grasp, Washington earnestly besought De Grasse not to leave the Chesapeake. The French admiral, by the joint entreaties of the American chief and Lafayette, was finally persuaded to remain, and the siege of Yorktown was begun without delay.

CHAPTER CVI.

Advance of the Allied Force.—Washington and De Rochambeau before Yorktown.—A Bivouac.—Position of the Americans.—Position of the French.—Despatch from Sir Henry Clinton.—Concentration of the British Force.—Confidence of Lord Cornwallis.—Labor on the Works.—Description of the Defences.—The Besiegers take Possession of the Outworks.—A Skirmish.—Death of Colonel Scammel.—De Lauzun's Legion.—Conflict with Colonel Tarleton.—Scarcity of Forage.—Dead Horses.—Tarleton unhorsed.—His Retreat.—Investment of Yorktown.—The French.—Their Troops and Position.—The Americans and their Position.—Governor Nelson's Patriotism.—Coolness of Washington.—The Breaking Ground.—The First Parallel.—General Lincoln has the Honor.—Opening Fire.—Washington at the Guns.—The Cannonade.—First Salutation to Cornwallis.—Hot Shot.—Fire among the Ships.—A Sublime Spectacle.—The Second Parallel.—Redoubled Fury.—Assault on the Redoubts.—Rivalry of the French and Americans.—Colonel Alexander Hamilton in the Van.—Fall of the Redoubts.—"D'Auvergne sans Tache."—The British Fire.—Washington in Danger.—"Billy, my Horse!"—Desperate Situation of Cornwallis.—No Relief.—Sortie of the Guards.—Bold Expedient of his Lordship.—Its Failure.—Propositions to surrender.—Capitulation of Yorktown.—Close of the War.

1781. At length, the combined armies, numbering twelve thousand strong, under Washington and De Rochambeau, moved by different roads from their encampment near Williamsburg. General de Choisé, with the duke de Lauzun and his legion, the marines from De Barras's fleet, and a brigade of Virginia militia, under General Weedon, proceeded to invest Gloucester; and the main allied forces, marching to the right, posted themselves toward evening within two miles of the outer works at Yorktown. Washington remained upon the ground with his staff during the whole night, sleeping under the cover of a mulberry-tree, and resting his head upon its root for a pillow.

Sept. 28.

Early the next morning, the besiegers cautiously closed in toward the outer works: the Americans, forming the right wing, taking their post on the east side; and the French, forming the left, taking theirs on the west. The British pickets and some squads of horse slowly retired as they approached, but not a gun was fired.

In the evening, an express arrived in the British camp with despatches from Sir Henry Clinton at New York, dated on the 24th of September, informing Lord Cornwallis that, at a council of war held that day, it was resolved to send upward of five thousand troops, with a fleet, to the relief of his lordship; and that, as Admiral Digby had just arrived at New York with a squadron of twenty-three ships, the reinforcements for Yorktown might be expected to sail by the 5th of October. That night, the earl

Sept. 29.

withdrew his army from the outer works, and concentrated it within his fortifications nearer the town, where he confidently awaited the issue of the siege. In his reply to Sir Henry Clinton, he boastfully declares: "I have ventured, these last two days, to look General Washington's whole force in the face in the position on the outside of my works, and have the pleasure to assure your excellency that there is but *one wish throughout the army, which is, that the enemy would advance*..... I shall retreat this night within the works; and have no doubt, if relief arrives in any reasonable time, York and Gloucester will be both in possession of his majesty's troops."

Lord Cornwallis had been diligent in the construction of his works, which were extensive, though not entirely complete. Seven redoubts and six batteries, connected by intrenchments, surrounded Yorktown on the land-side; while field-works stretched beyond, with redoubts and *abatis* along the ravines, the creeks, and the York river. Gloucester Point, situated on the tongue of land on the northern and opposite side to Yorktown, was also fortified, and occupied by Colonel Tarleton and Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas, with a detachment of six or seven hundred men. The communication between the two posts was commanded by batteries on either side, and also by the small British squadron at anchor, under the land-guns, in the river, which, although only a mile wide at this point, was of sufficient depth for the largest vessels.

Sept. 30. Next morning, the besiegers hastened to possess themselves of the outworks, which had been imprudently abandoned by his lordship, according to some military critics; but, in his own opinion, the fortifications were too extensive and too weak to be held by his comparatively small force of little more than seven thousand men. As a detachment of American light-infantry, with a few French troops, were proceeding to take possession of the abandoned field-works, Colonel Alexander Scammel advanced to reconnoitre, and was attacked by a small party of Hessians. Finding himself outnumbered, he surrendered, but was shot, though not instantly killed, and carried into Yorktown, whence he was allowed, at the request of Washington, to be conveyed to Williamsburg, where he died. An active and spirited officer, his loss was universally mourned by his comrades, and particularly by the commander-in-chief, whom he had served as an aid-de-camp.

While the main body of the allies was investing Yorktown, the forces under the duke de Lauzun and General de Choisé had proceeded across the river, to keep watch on Dundas and Tarleton at Gloucester Point. A collision soon occurred. Forage had become so scarce with the enemy, that they were obliged to kill their horses in great numbers, the carcasses of which were "almost continually floating down the river." Dundas determined, in spite of the vigilance of his enemy, to make a bold push for relief, and accordingly sallied out with a part of his garrison to forage the country adjoining. He had succeeded in gathering a good supply of Indian corn, and was returning to the post with his wagons and horses laden

with the spoil, when De Lauzun and a party of French hussars suddenly sprang upon him. Colonel Tarleton, with his dragoons, formed the rear-guard of the British, and, coming to the rescue, a severe struggle ensued, in which the loss of the French was two officers and fourteen privates, and that of the enemy one officer and eleven men. Tarleton was unhorsed in the engagement, and obliged to sound a retreat, but soon mounted again, and renewed the conflict; when, seeing De Choisé coming up with a reinforcement, he retired within his works at Gloucester.

Sept. 30. Yorktown was now completely invested by the allies, whose lines, with the French on the left and the Americans on the right, extended around the southern and land-side of the town in a semicircle, at a distance of nearly two miles from the British works, and with each extremity resting upon York river. The French wing, under the general command of De Rochambeau, was composed of the West-India regiments, under the marquis de St. Simon, and the French light-infantry, under the baron de Viomenil, assisted by Montmorenci, Deuxports, Custine, and other Frenchmen of rank and military experience. The American wing, under the command of General Lincoln, was composed of the Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania troops, commanded by the baron Steuben; the New-York, Rhode-Island, and New-Jersey brigades, including the sappers and miners, under General James Clinton, of New York; and the light-infantry, under Lafayette. The French artillery was posted in the centre, near the quarters of Washington and Rochambeau. On the right, across a marsh, was the American artillery, under General Knox, assisted by Colonel Lamb and other skilful officers. The count De Grasse, with his fleet, remained below, in Lynn-Haven bay, to beat off any naval force that might come to the aid of the British commander.

Governor Nelson, of Virginia, had also brought into the field a goodly number of the state militia, who might have failed in their duty to their country on that occasion, had it not been for the generous patriotism of their commander. The treasury of the state was empty, and the militia were threatening to disband for want of pay, when "Nelson learned that an old Scotchman, named R——, had a considerable sum in gold, which like most other moneyed persons of that period, he kept carefully concealed. The governor waited upon the man of gold, a *rara avis* in those times, and begged and prayed for a loan on behalf of the state. R—— was inexorable, saying, '*I ken naething o' your goovernment, but if ye wull hae the siller for yoursel', general, deil tak' me but every bawbee of it is at your service!*' Nelson accepted the offer, and obtained on his own bond, and by his own personal influence, a loan for the state of Virginia, when that prominent state had neither a coin in her treasury nor credit to obtain one. The governor received the gold, and quickly did its circulation give a new and cheering aspect to our destinies at that momentous period. And now," continues Mr. Custis, "it would be naturally asked, 'Who paid the bond and its accumulated interest?' Posterity would answer, 'A grateful and

admiring country, surely.' Say, rather, *the impoverished family of the patriot.*"*

Oct. 2. The erection of two redoubts during the night, by the Americans, drew upon them a heavy cannonade from the enemy next morning. While the chaplain, Mr. Evans, was standing by the side of Washington, a ball struck the ground so near as to throw the sand upon his hat. Removing it from his head, the parson exclaimed, in great agitation, "See here, general!"—"Mr. Evans," quietly answered the chief, "you had better carry that home, and show it to your wife and children."

After a delay of several days in landing the heavy artillery and military stores from the French ships, the allied armies began to break ground, as the town was now fully invested. Upon Major-General Lincoln devolved the honor of opening

Oct. 6. the first parallel. Under cover of a dark and stormy night, he silently advanced to the ground with a large detachment. The armed troops led the way, followed by the working-parties bearing fascines and intrenching-tools on their shoulders, horses drawing cannon, and wagons loaded with bags filled with sand for constructing breastworks. Undisturbed by the foe, the troops worked laboriously that night; and, before daylight, they had nearly completed the first parallel line of almost two miles in length, besides laying the foundations of two redoubts within six hundred yards of the enemy's works.

Oct. 9. On the afternoon of the third day, several batteries of eighteen and twenty-four pounders were prepared to open upon the town, "when his excellency General Washington put the match to the first gun, and a furious discharge of cannon and mortars immediately followed," giving Earl Cornwallis his first salutation.* This cannonade was continued through the night, and early the next morning the French

Oct. 10. opened three batteries upon the enemy. For eight hours the roar of the big guns was continuous, and hundreds of bomb-shells and round-shot were hurled upon the British work. So tremendous was the bombardment, that very soon the cannon of the besieged were nearly silenced. At night the French discharged red-hot shot at the British squadron lying at anchor in the river, setting fire to the Charon, a forty-four gun ship, and to three transports. The flash and thundering of the artillery, the burning of the vessels, the plunge of the balls into the river, followed by great spouts of water, produced, we can well believe, as a spectator declares, "one of the most sublime and magnificent spectacles which can be imagined."

Throughout the night the allies kept up their cannonade, and the next morning another British vessel was

Oct. 11. set on fire by a red-hot ball, and was consumed. From the 9th to the 16th the siege continued; and in the meantime the French and Americans increased the number of their batteries, and maintained "a tremendous and incessant firing," during which Lafayette, Hamilton, Laurens, Ogden, Gibbs, Stevens, Carrington, and other American officers, as well as many

* Recollections of Washington, p. 337.

* Thacher.

of their French comrades, distinguished themselves by their bravery.

On the night of the 11th, the second parallel was opened, and batteries were erected within three hundred yards of the British works. Both besiegers and besieged now began to fire with redoubled fury. The enemy uncovered new embrasures, and were thus enabled to return a more effective cannonade. Two of their advance-redoubts flanked the second parallel, and so greatly annoyed the working-parties of the besiegers, that it was determined to take them by assault.

Oct. 14. Two detachments were accordingly marched out in the evening, one composed of American light-infantry, under Lafayette, to attack the redoubt on the left; and the other of French grenadiers and chasseurs, commanded by the baron de Viomenil, to assail the redoubt on the right of the British lines. The advanced corps of the American detachment was led by Colonel Alexander Hamilton, long the favorite aid-de-camp of the commander-in-chief, but now restored to his rank and duty in the line.*

Lafayette had, in the first instance, honored his own aid, Colonel Gimat, by giving him the command. Hamilton, however, had insisted that, as it was his tour of duty, he was entitled to the position. Upon referring the question to Washington, he decided in favor of his former aid-de-camp; and it was finally agreed that Gimat's should take the advance of Hamilton's battalion, but that the latter officer should take the precedence in command.

At a given signal, the detachments advanced to the assault. The Americans made an impetuous rush for the redoubt on their side, pulling up the *abattis* with their hands, knocking down the palisades, leaping over the ditch, and scrambling up the walls into the enemy's works. Hamilton was the first on the parapet — availing himself, however, of the aid of one of his soldiers, upon whose shoulder, as the man knelt, the little colonel stepped, and was thus raised to the requisite height for mounting. Not a gun was fired, and the redoubt was taken by the push of the bayonet alone. The assault was so rapidly effected, that the loss of the Americans was trifling, amounting only to nine killed and thirty-two wounded. Major Campbell, in command, with seventeen of his garrison, were taken prisoners. Eight

* In the February preceding, General Sullivan had recommended the appointment of Colonel Hamilton as secretary of the treasury. "It was at this time," says Lossing, "that a misunderstanding occurred between Washington and Colonel Hamilton, which caused the withdrawal of the latter from the military family of the commander-in-chief According to Hamilton's account, the rupture was caused by his being charged with disrespect by Washington. He was passing Washington on the stairs, when the general told Colonel Hamilton that he wished to speak to him. The latter answered that he would wait upon him immediately. He went below, delivered a message to one of the aids, and stopped a minute on his way back, to converse with Lafayette on matters of business. The general met Hamilton at the head of the stairs, and said, 'Colonel Hamilton, you have kept me waiting at the head of the stairs these ten minutes. I must tell you, sir, you treat me with disrespect.' Hamilton replied, 'I am not conscious of it, sir; but, since you have thought it necessary to tell me so, we part.' Washington rejoined, 'Very well, sir, if it be your choice.' In less than an hour afterward, one of Washington's aids waited upon Hamilton with a tender of reconciliation. This the offended young gentleman would not accept. He seems, by his letter of explanation to General Schuyler, to have been anxious to leave his position in Washington's family, and have the command of a regiment. In that letter he says, 'I was always determined, if there should ever happen a breach between us, never to consent to an accommodation.' This is the key to the whole matter. The affront, of itself, was too slight to have caused the rupture."

were killed in the heat of the assault, but not a man was touched after he ceased to resist. A New-Hampshire captain threatened to shoot Campbell, in revenge for the death of Colonel Scammel, who was from his native state; but Colonel Hamilton interposed, and saved the major's life.

"As the Americans were mounting the redoubt," says Custis, "Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens, aid-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, appeared suddenly on their flank, at the head of two companies. Upon Major Fish* hailing him with—'Why, Laurens, what brought you here?' the hero replied, 'I had nothing to do at headquarters, and so came here to see what you all were about.' Bravest among the brave, this Bayard of his age and country rushed with the foremost into the works, making with his own hand Major Campbell, the British commandant, a prisoner-of-war. The cry of the Americans as they mounted to the assault was, 'Remember New London!' But here, as at Stony Point, notwithstanding the provocation to retaliate was justified by the inhuman massacres of Paoli and Fort Griswold, mercy perched triumphant on our country's colors."

The French were not so expeditious in their assault. They were determined to do the thing according to the most approved rules of art, and would not advance till their pioneers had "regularly" cut down the *abattis*. In the meantime, they were exposed to a galling fire. The marquis de Lafayette, with the Americans, having accomplished his duty, sent Major Barbour, his aid, to inform De Viomenil that "he was in his redoubt, and to ask the baron where *he* was." Barbour found the French commander, while his pioneers were "systematically" clearing away the *abattis*, waiting to begin the assault. "Tell the marquis," he said, in answer to Lafayette's message, "that I am not in mine, *but will be in five minutes!*"

The assault, once begun, was made with a gallant dash. The regiment of the *Gatinais*, mindful of the promise of De Rochambeau, fought with great spirit. The French general, who had formerly served as colonel of the D'Auvergne regiment, out of which the *Gatinais* had been formed, had promised them to get back from the king their old name of "*D'Auvergne sans tache*," if they proved themselves worthy of it on that night. The name was restored. The loss of the French was considerable. Count de Deuxponts received a wound, and Count Charles de Lameth was shot by a musket-ball which passed through both his knees; while nearly a hundred of the privates were either killed or wounded.

The British kept up an incessant cannonade from all their works during the assaults upon the two redoubts. Washington, with Generals Lincoln and Knox, and their suites, having dismounted, stood watching the result. One of Washington's aids, observing that his position was an exposed one, became solicitous for his safety, and remarked: "Sir, you are too much exposed here. Had you not better step a little back?"—"Colonel," replied the chief, "if you are afraid, you have

* Major Nicholas Fish, of the New York line, and father of Hamilton Fish, late governor of the state of New York.

liberty to step back." Soon afterward, a musket-ball, after striking a cannon, rolled at Washington's feet, when General Knox, grasping his arm, ventured to remark, "My dear general, we can't spare you yet."—"It is a spent ball—no harm is done," was the simple reply. When the last redoubt was taken, Washington turned to Knox and said, "The work is done, and *well* done," and then called to his servant—"Billy, bring me my horse."*

"Washington, during the whole of the siege," says Custis, "continued to expose himself to every danger. It was in vain his officers remonstrated. It was in vain that Colonel Cobb, his aid-de-camp, entreated him to come down from a parapet, whence he was reconnoitring the enemy's works, the shot and shells flying thickly around, and an officer of the New-England line killed within a very few yards. During one of his visits to the main battery, a soldier of Colonel Lamb's artillery had his leg shattered by the explosion of a shell. As they were bearing him to the rear, he recognised the chief, and cried out, 'God bless your excellency! save me if you can, for I have been a good soldier, and served under you during the whole war.' Sensibly affected by the brave fellow's appeal, the general immediately ordered him to the particular care of his own surgeon, Doctor Craik. It was too late; death terminated his sufferings after an amputation was performed."

The captured redoubts being now included in the second parallel, which was almost completed, and the heaviest of the guns from the French ships mounted upon the batteries, together with the artillery that had been taken, the besiegers were enabled to act with tremendous effect upon the town. The situation of Earl Cornwallis was becoming desperate. His works were crumbling to pieces, and nearly all the guns on his left were dismounted or silenced. It was now ten days since the time appointed by Sir Henry Clinton for the sailing of the fleet and troops from New York to his lordship's relief; and yet there was not a sign of their approach, or a single word received to account for the torturing delay. Cornwallis, however, still struggled against fate. To retard the progress of the second parallel, now nearly completed, and to gain still a little time, his lordship ordered a sortie of three hundred and fifty men, composed of guards and light-infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie, against two of the French batteries, almost finished. **Oct. 15.**

The assault began a little before daybreak. Abercrombie divided his force into two detachments, sending the guards against one battery and the light-infantry against the other. Both attacks were made with a gallant dash: the French were driven out, with the loss of a hundred killed and wounded, and all their guns spiked. **Oct. 16.**

A support, however, soon came up from the trenches, and drove the British out of the batteries again. The cannon had been so hurriedly spiked, that the spikes were readily withdrawn; and before the ensuing night the batteries were finished, and now opened with great effect upon the town.

* Lossing.

Oct. 16. On this day, Lord Cornwallis began to despair of being longer able to hold his position. His crumbling works could hardly show a mounted gun; he was almost reduced to his last shell; and his troops were so worn by their incessant watching, exposure, and severe labor, that the hospitals were filled with the sick and wounded. Hopeless now of receiving aid from Sir Henry Clinton in time to save himself, his lordship was reduced to the alternative of surrendering or attempting an escape. The latter was a bold and hazardous expedient, but the earl bravely chose it.

Looking across York river, and to the wide-spreading country beyond, his lordship hoped to save at least a portion of his troops by a daring and rapid movement. He would secretly cross the river in the night, before break of day attack General de Choisé (who had completely invested Gloucester), cut to pieces or surprise his force, seize the French cavalry-horses and those he could find on his route, mount his infantry, make with all speed for the fords of the Rappahannock, Potomac, and other great rivers, and force his way through Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, thus effecting a junction with the British commander-in-chief at New York. The artillery, military stores, baggage, and the sick and wounded, would have to be left behind; but his lordship had determined even upon this sacrifice, in order to save himself the mortification of a surrender.

Oct. 16. Accordingly, at a late hour on the same night, the light-infantry, the greater part of the guards, and a portion of the twenty-third regiment, were embarked in boats, and landed on Gloucester Point. So secretly was this effected, that the besiegers on neither side of the river were conscious of the movement. The rest of the army was ready to follow, when a violent storm of wind and rain arose, which prevented the boats from returning, and ruined the whole project. Cornwallis now abandoned all hopes of escape, and recalled the troops from the other side. The day, however, was considerably advanced before they were able to return, when they were seen by the besiegers, and exposed to their fire.

The allies, in the meantime, had kept up their destructive cannonade. At daybreak, several new batteries in the second parallel were opened, Oct. 17. by which a more terrible tempest of shell and round-shot was poured upon Yorktown than had yet been sent. It was on this occasion that Governor Nelson, who commanded the first battery, made a most noble and touching display of patriotism. The incident is best related in the words of Lafayette, himself a prominent actor in the scene, who thus narrated it to Custis, on his last visit to Mount Vernon, in 1825:—

"I had just finished a battery," said the nation's guest, "mounted with heavy pieces; but, before I opened on the town, I requested the attendance of the governor of Virginia, not only as a compliment due to the chief magistrate of the state in which I was serving, but from his accurate knowledge of the localities of a place in which he had spent the greater part of his life. 'To what particular spot would

your excellency direct that we should point the cannon?' I asked. 'There,' promptly replied the noble-minded, patriotic Nelson, 'to that house. It is mine, and is, now that the secretary's is nearly knocked to pieces, the best one in the town; and there you will be almost certain to find Lord Cornwallis and the British headquarters. Fire upon it, my dear marquis, and never spare a particle of my property so long as it affords a comfort or a shelter to the enemies of my country.' The governor then rode away, leaving us all charmed with an instance of devotional patriotism that would have shed a lustre upon the purest ages of Grecian or Roman virtue."*

"The first headquarters of Earl Cornwallis," adds Custis, "were in the house of Mr. Secretary Nelson, a relative of the governor, and a gentleman attached to the royal cause. It was a very large and splendid brick mansion, and, towering above the ramparts, afforded a fine mark for the American artillery, that soon riddled it, having learned from a deserter that it contained the British headquarters. His lordship remained in the house until his steward was killed by a cannon-ball while carrying a tureen of soup to his master's table.

"The British general then removed his headquarters to the house of Governor Nelson, and finally to apartments excavated in the bank on the southern extremity of the town, where two rooms were wainscotted with boards, and lined with baize, for his accommodation." The cave, whose entrance was concealed by an old house, was probably made for the hiding of valuables. "It was in that cavernous abode that the earl received his last letter from Sir Henry Clinton. It was brought by the Honorable Colonel Cochran, who, landing from an English cutter on Cape Charles, procured an open boat, and threading his way, under cover of a fog, through the French fleet, arrived safely, and delivered his despatches. They contained orders for the earl to hold out to the last extremity, assuring him that a force of seven thousand men would be immediately embarked for his relief.

"While taking wine with his lordship after dinner, the gallant colonel proposed that he should go up to the ramparts and take a look at the Yankees, and upon his return give Washington's health in a bumper. He was dissuaded from so rash a proceeding by every one at the table, the whole of the works being at that time in so ruinous a state, that shelter could be had nowhere. The colonel, however, persisted; and, gayly observing that he would leave his glass as his representative till his return, which would be quickly, away he went. Poor fellow! he did return, and that quickly, but he was borne in the arms of his soldiers, not to his glass, but his grave."

* "When I visited Yorktown a few years ago," says Lossing, "Governor Nelson's house was yet standing, and was occupied by his grandson. It was a large, two-storied brick building, fronting the main street of the town, a short distance from the river bank. It bore many scars of the cannonade and bombardment alluded to; and in the yard, in front, lay an unexploded bombshell, cast there at the time of the siege. A few feet from the door was a fine laurel-tree, from whose boughs a handsome civic wreath was made, on the occasion of Lafayette's visit there, in 1824. The wreath was placed upon the brow of the nation's guest, when he instantly removed it and laid it upon that of Colonel Nicholas Fish, of the Revolution, who accompanied him, remarking that no one was better entitled to wear the mark of honor than he."

Oct. 17. Under the terrible and incessant cannonade of the besiegers, with which the earth trembled for a great distance around, the British works were so knocked to pieces, that hardly a gun could be fired from them. Yorktown had now become so evidently untenable, that Lord Cornwallis felt that it would be madness to await an assault. After consulting his engineers and officers, he accordingly beat a parley about noon, and proposed a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours, and the appointment of commissioners on either side, to settle the terms of a surrender. His lordship's object was to gain time, as he was in hourly expectation of the arrival of a naval force from New York.

Washington, in reply, objected to the long delay; for he, too, had information of the expected arrival of succor for Cornwallis, and he was fearful his prey might escape. He therefore expressed the desire that the earl, previous to the meeting of the commissioners, would state in writing his proposals, for which purpose a suspension of hostilities for two hours would be granted. His lordship complied with the request, and sent back his written propositions. These, however, not being considered admissible, Washington rejoined with a statement of his own terms, which were agreed to by the earl, and made the basis upon which the capitulation was finally adjusted.

Colonel John Laurens and Viscount de Noailles (the latter Lafayette's brother-in-law) were appointed the two commissioners in behalf of General Washington, and Colonel Ross and Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas on the part of Lord Cornwallis. The commissioners met in the morning, and discussed the terms of the surrender, on which they could not fully agree, and the entire day was spent in conferences and negotiations. Oct. 18.

Washington would not allow any further delay, and early the next morning he sent a fair transcript of rough articles to Cornwallis, with a letter, in which he informed his lordship that he should expect them to be signed by eleven o'clock that day, and that the troops of the garrison would march out to surrender by two o'clock in the afternoon. To this the earl was obliged to submit. The articles were signed by the respective parties (at the house of Mr. Moore, in the neighborhood), and, at the hour appointed, the garrisons at Yorktown and Gloucester, the shipping in the harbor, and all the ordnance, ammunition, and stores, belonging to the British at Yorktown, were surrendered to the land and naval forces of France and the United States, after a siege of thirteen days. Oct. 19.

The following is an abstract of the articles of capitulation: I. The garrisons at York and Gloucester to surrender themselves prisoners-of-war; the land-troops to remain prisoners to the United States—the naval forces to the naval army of the French king. II. The artillery, munitions, stores, etc., to be delivered to proper officers appointed to receive them. III. The two redoubts captured on the 16th to be surrendered, one to the Americans, the other to the French troops. The garrison at York to march out at two o'clock, with shouldered arms, colors cased, and drums

beating; there to lay down their arms, and return to their encampment. The works on the Gloucester side to be delivered to the Americans and French; the garrison to lay down their arms at three o'clock. IV. The officers to retain their side-arms, papers, and private property. Also, the property of loyalists found in the garrison to be retained. V. The soldiers to be kept in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, and to be subsisted by the Americans. British, Anspach, and Hessian officers, allowed to be quartered near them, and supply them with clothing and necessities. VI. The officers allowed to go on parole to Europe, or to any part of the American confederacy; proper vessels to be granted by Count de Grasse to convey them, under flags of truce, to New York, within ten days, if they choose; passports to be granted to those who go by land. VII. Officers allowed to keep soldiers as servants; and servants, not soldiers, not to be considered prisoners. VIII. The Bonetta to be under the entire control of Cornwallis, to go to New York with despatches, and then to be delivered to Count de Grasse. IX. Traders not considered close prisoners-of-war, but on parole, and allowed three months to dispose of their property, or remove it. X. Loyalists not to be punished on account of having joined the British army. (Considering this matter to be of a civil character, Washington would not assent to the article.) XI. Proper hospitals to be furnished for the sick and wounded, they to be attended by the British surgeons. XII. Wagons to be furnished, if possible, for carrying the baggage of officers attending the soldiers, and of the hospital-surgeons when travelling on account of the sick. XIII. The shipping and boats in the two harbors, with all their appendages, arms, and stores, to be delivered up unimpaired after the private property was unloaded. XIV. No article of the capitulation to be infringed on pretext of reprisal; and a fair interpretation to be given, according to the common meaning and acceptation of words.

These articles were signed, on the part of the British, by Lord Cornwallis, and by Thomas Symonds, the naval commander in York river; on the part of the allied armies, by Washington, Rochambeau, De Barras, and De Grasse.

The ceremony of the surrender presented a scene of imposing interest. News of the defeat and expected capitulation of the British earl had spread throughout the adjoining country, and the inhabitants by thousands flocked to the allied camp. Doctor Thacher, who was an eye-witness, estimated that the spectators on the occasion were in number equal to the military who were to capitulate.

General Lincoln was appointed by the commander-in-chief to conduct the surrender, which was upon the same terms as those prescribed to that officer the previous year at the capitulation of Charleston. Lincoln doubtless felt a natural satisfaction in being thus made the instrument in this "humiliation of those who had made him pass under the yoke."

Oct. 19. At about twelve o'clock, the combined army was drawn up in two lines, extending more than a mile in length. The Americans were posted on

the right side of the road leading from Yorktown to Hampton, and the French on the left. At the head of the former, Washington, mounted on his noble steed, took his station, attended by his aids-de-camp.* At the head of the latter was the count de Rochambeau, on a splendid bay horse, accompanied by his suite. The French troops, in complete uniform, presented a martial appearance. The Americans, too, though not all in uniform, and many of them shabbily clothed, exhibited a soldierlike bearing. The immense crowd of spectators looked on in silence, but with a manifest expression of joy on their faces. It is also related that when the British soldiers were about to march out and lay down their arms, Washington said to his troops, "My boys, let there be no insults over a conquered foe! When they lay down their arms, don't huzza: *posterity will huzza for you!*"

At two o'clock, the captive army came out of the intrenchments, and began to advance between the lines of the allies. Every eye gazed eagerly upon that procession, to catch a sight of the renowned and long-dreaded Cornwallis, the terror of the South, in this the hour of his adversity; but all were destined to disappointment. His lordship, who so often had boldly confronted the Americans in battle, lacked the courage to meet them on this day of their triumph. Despondning and humiliated, the earl, affecting indisposition, appointed General O'Hara to deliver up his sword to Washington, and to conduct the vanquished army to the place of surrender. O'Hara, handsomely mounted, walked his horse at the head of the column of conquered troops, as they moved slowly along with shouldered arms, colors cased, and drums beating a British march. On observing Washington, however, he immediately rode up to where the chief was standing, in order to present the sword of his superior, and, taking off his hat, apologized for the absence of Lord Cornwallis. Washington courteously referred him for directions to General Lincoln, who took the sword from O'Hara, and then politely handed it back, to be returned to the earl. The British troops were now conducted by Lincoln into a spacious field which had been selected for them to ground their arms.

As they advanced, "it was remarked that the British soldiers looked only toward the French army on the left, whose appearance was assuredly more brilliant than that of the Americans, though the latter were respectable in both their clothing and appointments; while their admirable discipline, and the hardy and veteran appearance of both officers and men, showed they were no 'carpet-knights,' but soldiers who had seen service, and were inured to war.

"Lafayette, at the head of his division, observing that the captives confined their

* "On the day of the surrender, the commander-in-chief rode his favorite and splendid charger, named Nelson, a light sorrel, sixteen hands high, with white face and legs, and remarkable as being the first 'nicked' horse seen in America. This famous charger died at Mount Vernon many years after the Revolution, at a very advanced age. After the chief had ceased to mount him, he was never ridden, but grazed in a paddock in summer, and was well cared for in winter; and as often as the retired farmer of Mount Vernon would be making a tour of his grounds, he would halt at the paddock, when the old war-horse would run, neighing, to the fence, proud to be caressed by the great master's hands."—CUSTIS'S *Recollections of Washington.*

admiration exclusively to the French army, neglecting his darling light-infantry, the very apple of his eye and pride of his heart, determined to bring 'eyes to the right.' He ordered his music to strike up *Yankee Doodle.* 'Then,' said the good general, 'they did look at us, my dear sir, but were not very well pleased.'"*

The royal army was in bright array. Every soldier wore a new uniform, for Cornwallis had opened his stores and supplied each man with a new suit just before the capitulation. "But in their line of march," says Thacher, "we remarked a disorderly and an unsoldierlike conduct; their step was irregular, and their ranks frequently broken. But it was in the field, when they came to the last act of the drama, that the spirit and pride of the British soldier was put to the severest test; here their mortification could not be concealed. Some of the platoon-officers appeared to be exceedingly chagrined when giving the word '*Ground arms!*' and I am a witness that they performed this duty in a very unofficerlike manner; and that many of the soldiers manifested a sullen temper, throwing their arms on the pile with violence, as if determined to render them useless. This irregularity, however, was checked by the authority of General Lincoln."

"When ordered to ground arms," says Custis, "the Hessian was content. He was tired of the war; his pipe and his patience pretty well exhausted, he longed to bid adieu to toilsome marches, battles, and the heat of the climate that consumed him. Not so the British soldier: many threw their arms to the ground in sullen despair. One fine veteran fellow displayed a soldierly feeling that excited the admiration of all around. He hugged his musket to his bosom, gazed tenderly on it, pressed it to his lips, then threw it from him, and marched away dissolved in tears."

One of the most painful events to the captives was the surrender of the twenty-eight regimental flags. For this purpose, twenty-eight British captains, each bearing a flag in a case, were drawn up in line. Opposite to them, at a distance of six paces, twenty-eight American sergeants were placed to receive the colors, and an ensign was appointed by Colonel Hamilton, the officer of the day, to conduct the ceremony. When the ensign gave an order for the captains to advance two paces, and the American sergeants to advance two paces, the former hesitated, saying that they were unwilling to surrender their flags to non-commissioned officers. Hamilton, sitting upon his horse at a distance, observed this hesitation; he rode up, and, when informed of the difficulty, ordered the ensign to receive all the colors, and hand them over to the sergeants.

This ceremony being concluded, and the arms and accoutrements laid down, the captive troops were conducted back to their lines, under a sufficient guard. The number of men thus surrendered as prisoners amounted to seven thousand and seventy-three, of whom five thousand nine hundred and fifty were rank and file. These, added to two thousand sailors, fifteen hundred tories, and eighteen hundred negroes, made the total British loss

* Custis's Recollections of Washington.

nearly twelve thousand. Their loss during the siege in killed, wounded, and missing, was five hundred and fifty two. The allied force consisted of about seven thousand regular American troops, more than five thousand French, and four thousand militia, forming a total of sixteen thousand. The loss of the allies in the siege was only about three hundred. The artillery, and military stores and provision surrendered by the British, were of very considerable amount. There were seventy-five brass and one hundred and sixty iron cannon; seven thousand seven hundred and ninety-four muskets; twenty-eight regimental standards (ten of them English, and eighteen German); a great quantity of mortars, bombs, cannon and musket balls, carriages, etc. The military chest contained nearly eleven thousand dollars in specie.

Oct. 20. "The day after the surrender," says Custis, "Earl Cornwallis repaired to headquarters to pay his respects to General Washington and await his orders. The captive chief was received with all the courtesy due to a gallant and unfortunate foe. The elegant manners, together with the manly, frank, and soldierly bearing of Cornwallis, soon made him a prime favorite at headquarters, and he often formed part of the suite of the commander-in-chief in his rides to inspect the levelling of the works previous to the retirement of the combined armies from before Yorktown.

"At the grand dinner given at headquarters to the officers of the three armies, Washington filled his glass, and, after his invariable toast, whether in peace or war, of '*All our friends*,' gave '*The British army*,' with some complimentary remarks upon its chief, his proud career in arms, and his gallant defence of Yorktown. When it came to Cornwallis's turn, he prefaced his toast by saying that the war was virtually at an end, and the contending parties would soon embrace as friends; there might be affairs of posts, but nothing on a more enlarged scale, as it was scarcely to be expected that the ministry would send another army to America. Then, turning to Washington, his lordship continued: 'And when the illustrious part that your excellency has borne in this long and arduous contest becomes matter of history, fame will gather your brightest laurels rather from the banks of the Delaware than from those of the Chesapeake.'....

"Colonel Tarleton, alone of all the British officers of rank, was left out in the invitations to headquarters. Gallant and high-spirited, the colonel applied to the marquis de Lafayette to know whether the neglect might not have been accidental. Lafayette well knew that accident had nothing to do with the matter, but referred the applicant to Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens, who, as aid-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, must of course be able to give the requisite explanation. Laurens at once said: 'No, Colonel Tarleton, no accident at all; intentional, I can assure you, and meant as a reproof for certain cruelties practised by the troops under your command in the campaigns of the Carolinas.'—'What, sir!' haughtily rejoined Tarleton, 'and is it for severities inseparable from war, which you are

pleased to term cruelties, that I am to be disgraced before junior officers? Is it, sir, for a faithful discharge of my duty to my king and my country, that I am thus humiliated in the eyes of three armies?'—'Pardon me,' continued Colonel Laurens, 'there are modes, sir, of discharging a soldier's duty; and where mercy has a share in the mode, it renders the duty the more acceptable to both friends and foes.' Tarleton stalked gloomily away to his quarters, which he seldom left until his departure from Virginia.*

"Upon the surrender of the post of Gloucester, Colonel Tarleton, knowing himself to be particularly obnoxious to the Americans from his conduct in the South, requested a guard for his person. This was afterward dispensed with; but he was destined to be sadly humiliated upon his arrival in Yorktown, being dismounted in the street from a beautiful blood-horse that was claimed by a Virginian gentleman as his property. The colonel was on his way to dine with the baron de Viomenil; and, but for a French officer who was passing, dismounting an orderly, and giving his steed to the unfortunate colonel, this celebrated cavalier, badly calculated for a pedestrian, from a defect in one of his feet, must have trudged it to the baron's quarters, a distance of more than a mile."

Oct. 20. In the orders of the day succeeding the capitulation, Washington expressed his approbation of the conduct of both armies, making special mention of several officers, among whom were Knox and Du Portail, of the artillery, who were each promoted to the rank of major-general. Thanks were also rendered to Governor Nelson; and, that every one might share in the general joy, all offenders under arrest were ordered to be set at liberty. Washington closed his order with a notice that on the morrow (which was the sabbath) divine service would be held in the several brigades and divisions; and he earnestly recommended that the troops, not on duty, should universally attend, "with that seriousness of deportment and gratitude of heart which the recognition of such reiterated and astonishing interpositions of Providence demanded of them."

Lieutenant-Colonel Tilghman was sent express to Philadelphia with Washington's despatches to Congress, and, as he spread intelligence of the great event on his way, the country became vocal with rejoicings. It was midnight when he entered Philadelphia. He made his way directly to the house of President M'Kean, and delivered his despatches. Soon afterward the whole city was in commotion. The watchmen everywhere in proclaiming the hour, added, in loud voices, "*and Cornwallis is taken!*"* That annunciation, ringing out upon the frosty night-air, aroused thousands from their beds. Lights were soon seen moving in every house; and before daylight the streets were thronged with people. Anxiously they had awaited this hoped-for intelligence from Yorktown, and now

* On his return to England, the inhabitants of his native city (Liverpool) elected him their representative in the house of commons. In 1798 he married the daughter of the duke of Ancaster, and in 1817 became a major-general in the British army. Upon the coronation of George IV., in 1820, General Tarleton was created a baronet. He died in 1833, at the age of seventy-nine years.

* Lossing.

their joy was complete. The old statehouse bell rang out its notes of gladness, and the first blush of the morning was greeted with the roar of cannon.

At an early hour Congress assembled, and the members of that grave body were highly excited when Secretary Thompson read Washington's despatches. During the reading they could scarcely repress huzzas; and at its conclusion they resolved to go in procession at two o'clock that day, "and return thanks to Almighty God for crowning the allied armies of the United States and France with success." The thanks of Congress were presented to Washington, Rochambeau, and De Grasse, and the officers and men under their respective commands. They also resolved that two stands of colors* taken from Cornwallis should be presented to Washington, in the name of the United States; that two pieces of the field-ordnance captured at York should be presented to each of the French commanders, Rochambeau and De Grasse; that a horse should be presented to Lieutenant-Colonel Tilghman by the board of war, in the name of the United States; and that a marble column should be erected at Yorktown, in commemoration of the surrender. Congress likewise appointed the 30th of December as a day of general thanksgiving and prayer throughout the Union.

Oct. 24.

On the very day of Earl Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, the British fleet of twenty-five ships-of-the-line, two fifties, and eight frigates, under Admiral Graves, sailed from New York with Sir Henry Clinton and seven thousand of his choicest troops on board. On reaching the capes of Virginia, they stood off the mouth of the Chesapeake until the 29th, when, finding that it was too late to be of any service to Cornwallis, they returned to New York.

Oct. 19.

After the surrender of Yorktown, Washington strove to persuade De Grasse to co-operate with General Greene in an expedition against Charleston or Wilmington. The French admiral, however, refused compliance, on the ground of different orders from his government.* The

* "I found in the Philadelphia *Sunday Despatch*," says Mr. Lossing, "in one of a series of articles on the '*History of Chestnut Street*,' from the pen of one of the editors, the following extract from an old paper, entitled the '*Allied Mercury, or Independent Intelligencer*,' of the date of 5th November, 1781, which relates to the British banners surrendered at Yorktown:"—

"On Saturday last (November 3, 1781), between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, arrived here twenty-four standards of colors taken with the British army under the command of Earl Cornwallis. The volunteer cavalry of this city received these trophies of victory at Schuylkill, from whence they escorted and ushered them into town amidst the acclamations of a numerous concourse of people. Continental and French colors, at a distance, preceded the British, and thus they were paraded down Market street to the statehouse. They were then carried into Congress and laid at their feet.

> The crowd exulting, fills with shouts the sky;
> The walls, the woods, and long canals, reply:
> 'Base Britons! tyrant Britons! knock under—
> Taken 's your earl, soldiers, and plunder.
> Huzza! what colors of the bloody foe,
> Twenty-four in number, at the statehouse door!
> Look: they are British standards; how they fall
> At the president's feet, Congress and all!'"

* François Joseph Paul, Count de Grasse, a native of France, was born in 1723. He was the junior, in service, of Count de Barras, but was made his superior in command, with the title of lieutenant-general. His flag-ship, the Ville de Paris, was a present from the city of Paris to Louis XVI. She rated a hundred and ten guns, and carried thirteen hundred men. "On her arrival in the Chesapeake," says Custis, "flowers and tropical plants were interspersed upon her quarter-deck, amid the engines of war; while her sides, covered with bright varnish, gave to this superb vessel a most brilliant and imposing appearance." On the 5th of November, De Grasse left the Chesapeake for the West Indies. On the 12th of April, 1782, he was attacked and totally defeated by Admiral Rodney. The Ville de Paris was reduced al-

American army (with the exception of a body of men under General St. Clair, who marched southward to reinforce Greene) set out for the North, leaving Count de Rochambeau and three thousand French troops at Williamsburg, in Virginia.

Within a fortnight, Yorktown was evacuated by both victors and vanquished. A portion of the prisoners were removed to Winchester, in Virginia, and some to Fort Frederick and Fredericktown, in Maryland. The latter were finally marched to Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, and guarded by continental troops. The favor granted to Lord Cornwallis, of being allowed to send the Bonetta sloop-of-war to New York unsearched, gave his lordship an opportunity of sending off a number of tories to the protection of Sir Henry Clinton, as he could not prevail upon his conquerors to guaranty their safety. The earl himself,* with other British officers, went by sea to New York, on parole, and were finally all exchanged.* Soon afterward, Henry Laurens was liberated from the Tower of London, and exchanged for General Burgoyne, who, though at large in England, and constantly debating in the house of commons against the ministry, was still held as a prisoner on parole.

The success of the allies at Yorktown virtually closed the war. No one doubted that the United States had not only won its independence, but the tardy acknowledgment of it from Great Britain. A treaty of peace was not signed, however, until the beginning of 1783, **Jan. 20.** the British retaining their hold upon New York until the 25th of November following, although not an action occurred in the meantime (excepting the campaign in South Carolina, already detailed) of sufficient moment to deserve a record among the "BATTLES OF AMERICA."* Our narrative, therefore of the Revolutionary War, closes with the decisive triumph of Washington over Cornwallis, the greatest of the English generals.

most to a wreck by the Canada, commanded by Captain Cornwallis, brother of the earl, who seemed determined to avenge his kinsman's fate at Yorktown. Still, De Grasse refused to yield to any ship carrying less than an admiral's flag. He finally struck to the Barfleur, of ninety-eight guns, commanded by Sir Samuel Hood, having but two men left alive on the quarter-deck! Four of the prizes taken by the British (the Ville de Paris, Centaur, Glorieux, and Hector, and the English-built ship Ramilies) foundered at sea. On arriving at Portsmouth, the English sailors mounted De Grasse on their shoulders, and carried him in triumph to his lodgings. His later years were unhappy, through the bad conduct of his second wife and the neglect of the king. He died early in 1788, aged sixty-five years.

* CHARLES, marquis of, and son of the first Earl CORNWALLIS, was born in 1738, and entered the army as soon as he had completed his education at Cambridge. In America, as we have seen, he acted a conspicuous part. In 1786, he was made governor-general and commander-in-chief in India. In 1798, he was sent to Ireland as lord-lieutenant; and, in the trying and terrible scenes of the rebellion, he so conducted himself as to gain the good opinion of the public, while vigorously upholding and vindicating the laws. In 1804, he was a second time appointed governor-general of India. He died the following year, aged sixty-seven.

* The operations of the American navy, after the exploits of Paul Jones (who had been made a rear-admiral in the Russian service), were so limited, that we need give them but a passing notice. In June, 1780, the twenty-eight gun ship Trumbull, commanded by Captain Nicholson, attacked the British ship Watt, of much greater force, and was disabled, but not captured. She lost thirty-two in killed and wounded; the enemy ninety-two. In October, the sixteen-gun sloop Saratoga, Captain Young, captured a British ship and two brigs, but, while convoying them into port, was overtaken by the Intrepid, a seventy-four, and the prizes were retaken. The Saratoga escaped. On the 2d of April, 1781, the Alliance, Captain Barry, captured two Guernsey privateers; and, soon after, she captured two British men-of-war, one of which was retaken on its way to America. In June, the Confederacy, Captain Harding, was taken by two armed British vessels. In August, the Trumbull was captured by three British cruisers off the Delaware capes; and on the 6th of September, the Congress, Captain Geddes, captured the British ship Savage, but the prize was subsequently retaken.

In England, the intelligence of the capitulation of Yorktown produced a powerful effect, and greatly perplexed the king and his ministers. On the assembling of Parliament, its first business was a consideration of American affairs. News of Cornwallis's surrender had reached the ministry at noon on Sunday, the 25th. Wraxall, in his *Memoirs*, says he asked Lord George Germain how Lord North "took the communication." —"As he would have taken a cannon-ball in his breast," Lord George replied; "for he opened his arms, exclaiming wildly, as he paced up and down the apartment for a few minutes, '*O God! it is all over!*'— words which he repeated many times, under emotions of the deepest consternation and distress."

Nov. 27.

Violent debates upon the subject immediately ensued in the house of commons, and Charles James Fox even went so far as to insinuate that Lord North was in the pay of the French! The minister indignantly repelled the insinuation, and vainly attempted to defend the war on the ground of its justice, and the proper maintenance of British rights. Upon this point, however, he was fiercely assailed by Edmund Burke, who exclaimed: "Good God! are we yet to be told of the rights for which we went to war? O excellent rights! O valuable rights! Valuable you should be, for we have paid dear at parting with you. O valuable rights! that have cost Britain thirteen provinces, four islands, one hundred thousand men, and more than seventy millions of money!" The younger Pitt distinguished himself in this debate against the ministry. The opposition now proposed the bold measure (last adopted during the Revolution of 1688) of withholding supplies till the ministers should give a pledge that the war in America should cease. This motion, however, was lost by a vote of nearly two to one. But every day the war grew more and more unpopular in England; and at length a resolution offered in the new Parliament by General Conway, in February, which was preliminary to an act ordering a cessation of hostilities, was lost by only one vote. Encouraged by this, the opposition urgently pressed the subject; and on the 4th of March, Conway moved that "the house would consider as enemies to his majesty and the country all those who should advise, or by any means attempt, the further prosecution of offensive war on the continent of America." This resolution was carried without a division, and the next day a plan for a truce with the Americans was introduced by the attorney-general. After an administration of twelve years, Lord North now resigned the seals of office. Orders were accordingly issued to the respective British military and naval commanders in America for a cessation of hostilities.

Nov. 30.

1782.

END OF PART II.

PART III.

THE WAR OF 1812.

FROM 1812 TO 1815.

PART III.

THE WAR OF 1812.

CHAPTER I.

War between England and France.—The United States a Participator in the Evils.—Energy of the American People.—First Blow against America.—Blockade.—Berlin and Milan Decrees.—Orders in Council.—No Trade for Neutrals.—United States a Great Sufferer.—Gratitude to the French.—Hatred to the English.—Suspicion of England.—Right of Search.—Extent of Outrage.—Threats of War.—English Persistency in Insult.—The Chesapeake and Leopard.—Collision.—Correspondence.—A Blunt Answer.—Popular Indignation.—A Mutilated Apology.—Rankling Feeling.—Vindication of Sovereignty.—Embargoes and Non-Intercourse.—Suffering of New-England Commerce.—Two Great Parties.—Democrats and Federalists.—Party Spirit.—President Jefferson.—Enforcing Act.—Liberty is dead.—Excitement in New England.—Action of the Massachusetts Legislature.—Flags at Half-Mast.—Fears of Disunion.—Opinion of John Quincy Adams.—Exaggeration or Credulity.—Bellicose Policy of the Democrats.—Clamor for War.—Action of the President and Little Belt.—Indignant Feeling.—Mutual Recrimination.—Who 's to blame?

While England and France were waging a relentless war against each other, the United States, without provocation on their part, were made to share in the evils so ruthlessly inflicted by the belligerent powers. Naturally a commercial people, the Americans had no sooner won their independence, than, with the energy characteristic of the race, they sought with ceaseless ardor to give full scope to their boundless enterprise. Every harbor along their extended seacoast rapidly gathered its swift-winged ships for a flight over the waters to the uttermost parts of the world. Under the benign influence of freedom and peace, American commerce was rapidly developing, when Napoleon, then the autocrat of France, and Great Britain, in their mad contest, aimed blindly at each other a blow which fell with staggering effect upon the United States, innocent of all share in the quarrel.

Great Britain, in "that terrible contest, distinguished by a degree of rancor and violence on both sides unparallelled in modern warfare,"* was the first to strike an ungenerous blow against neutrals, by declaring the coasts of France and Holland, from Brest to the Elbe inclusive, in a state of blockade. Napoleon retaliated by his Berlin and Milan decrees, which declared the British islands in a state of blockade, and authorized the seizure and condemnation of any vessel on the high-seas bound from any British harbor, and the seizure of all British goods, wherever they could be found. The English government, not to be outdone, rejoined with its famous orders in council, declaring "all

* Alison.

1806. the ports and places of France and her allies, from which, though not at war with his majesty, the British flag is excluded, shall be subject to the same restrictions, in respect of trade and navigation, as if the same were actually blockaded in the most strict and rigorous manner; and that all trade in articles, the produce or manufacture of the said countries or colonies, shall be deemed unlawful, and all such articles declared good prize."

With these French decrees on the one hand, and British orders in council on the other, it was scarcely possible for a neutral vessel to carry on any trade with Europe. The United States, with their quick sense of commercial enterprise, availing themselves of every advantage of commerce, had succeeded in obtaining almost the whole carrying-trade of the world, while their great commercial rival was exhausting her resources in the long and absorbing struggle with Napoleon. The United States were thus the chief sufferers from these arbitrary French decrees and British orders in council. A just indignation was in consequence felt by the American people at these ruthless aggressions upon their maritime rights. France and England were alike to blame; but the popular disposition in the United States was, to complain more of the latter than the former. The American people had not forgotten who, during their struggle for independence, had been their friends, and who their enemies. Their gratitude to the French still survived, as did their hatred of the British. These natural feelings on the part of the masses were, moreover, strengthened by the Gallic tendencies of President Jefferson, which he had succeeded in imparting to the dominant political party, of which he was the recognised leader.

Great Britain, too, was suspected of harboring designs against that independence of America which she had been so lately and so reluctantly compelled to acknowledge. The American posts upon the northern frontier, still held by British garrisons contrary to the stipulations of the treaty of 1783, gave force to this suspicion. There were not wanting those, moreover, who were ready to accuse the British government of instigating the savages to war against the United States. "Her invisible arm," wrote Mr. Dallas, then secretary of state, in his able vindication of the war of 1812 against Great Britain, "was felt in the defeat of General Harmar and General St. Clair, and even the victory of General Wayne was achieved in the presence of a fort which she had erected, far within the territorial boundaries of the United States, to stimulate and countenance the barbarities of the Indian warrior."

The wrong, however, which stirred the popular indignation above all, was the imperious British claim of the right of search of American vessels, and the impressment of their sailors. American seamen had been thus dragged on board British ships-of-war, with the evidence of citizenship in their hands, and by violence compelled to serve until conclusive testimonials of their birth could be obtained. To such an extent had this outrage been carried, that the American minister at the court

of London had in nine months, during the years 1796 and 1797, made applications for the discharge of two hundred and seventy-one seamen who had in most cases exhibited such evidence as to satisfy him that they were real Americans, forced into the British service, and persevering generally in refusing pay and bounty. It was computed, though the estimate may have been somewhat exaggerated, that in the course of a few years not less than six thousand mariners who claimed to be citizens of the United States, and who were denied all opportunity of proving their claims, had been impressed by British cruisers from American merchant-vessels. The United States did not fail to remonstrate, again and again, against this insolent exercise of power, and to declare that, if the wrong should be persisted in, war would be inevitable. Great Britain, however, listening to no remonstrance, and heeding no consequence, still persevered in her outrages. British ships-of-war, in hostile display, hovered upon the coast; blockaded the ports of the United States, so that no vessel could enter or depart in safety; penetrated the bays and rivers, and even anchored in the harbors, of the republic, to exercise a jurisdiction of impressment; threatened the towns and villages with conflagration; and wantonly discharged musketry as well as cannon upon the inhabitants of an open and unprotected country.*

1807. These British aggressions, still persisted in against all law and in contempt of every national right, reached their climax in an outrage upon an American man-of-war, which offended the patriotic pride of every citizen of the United States, and impelled him to desire satisfaction for the insult. The whole country was stirred with indignation, and called loudly for retribution.

June 22. Early one morning in the beginning of summer, the Chesapeake, a thirty-eight gun ship, commanded by Captain Gordon, but bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Barron, got under way from Hampton roads, bound on a peaceful mission to the Mediterranean. At the same time, a British squadron of four men-of-war lay near by, at anchor. Among these was the Leopard, a fifty-gun ship, Captain Humphreys. As the Chesapeake was weighing her anchor, the Leopard anticipated her, and bore away seaward in advance; and, although the wind was light from the northwest, she was soon out of sight, hidden by Cape Henry. About noon, the Chesapeake having come up with the intervening cape, the Leopard was again seen, a short distance to windward, moving slowly with a light breeze. The wind, however, soon shifting to the southward and eastward, blowing fresh, both vessels were enabled to tack briskly off the land. In the course of their manœuvres, the Chesapeake and Leopard gradually closed in with each other, but this occurrence excited no suspicion, as there was nothing unusual in the movement of either ship.

About three o'clock, however, the Leopard, having continued to close in, bore down near enough to the Chesapeake to hail her, when the British commander stated that he had despatches for Commo-

* Dallas

dore Barron. The commodore immediately replied that he would heave to, and receive a boat. Although some of the officers of the Chesapeake noticed that the Leopard had her lower ports triced up, and the tompions out of her guns, there was no suspicion of any hostile purpose, as it was not unusual for men-of-war to exchange the courtesy of bearing despatches for each other.

The Leopard's boat was soon alongside the Chesapeake, with a British lieutenant, who, upon coming on board, was shown into the cabin, where he handed Commodore Barron a letter from Captain Humphreys, enclosing the following order from Vice-Admiral Berkeley, on the Halifax station:—

"Whereas, many seamen, subjects of his Britannic majesty, and serving in his ships and vessels, as per margin, while at anchor in the Chesapeake, deserted, and entered on board the United States' frigate, called the Chesapeake, and openly paraded the streets of Norfolk, in sight of their officers, under the American flag; protected by the magistrates of the town and the recruiting-officer belonging to the above-mentioned American frigate, which magistrates and naval officer refused giving them up, although demanded by his Britannic majesty's consul, as well as the captains of the ships from which the said men had deserted—

BELISLE,
BELLONA,
TRIUMPH,
CHICHESTER,
HALIFAX,
ZEMBIA (cutter).

"The captains of his majesty's ships and vessels under my command are therefore hereby required and directed, in case of meeting with the American frigate, the Chesapeake, at sea, and without the limits of the United States, to show the captain of her this order, and to require to search his ship for the deserters from the before-mentioned ships, and to proceed and search for the same; and if a similar demand should be made by the Americans, he is to be permitted to search for any deserters from their service, according to the customs and usage of civilized nations on terms of peace and amity with each other."

The captain of the Leopard, in his communication, courteously expressed the hope that every circumstance respecting the deserters might be adjusted in such a manner "that the harmony subsisting between the two countries may remain undisturbed."

Commodore Barron answered with the blunt directness of an honest sailor. "I know," he wrote, "of no such men as you describe. The officers that were on the recruiting-service for this ship were particularly instructed by the government, through me, not to enter any deserters from his B. M. ships, nor do I know of any being here. I am also instructed never to permit the crew of any ship that I command to be mustered by any other but their own officers. It is my disposition to preserve harmony, and I hope this answer to your despatch will prove satisfactory."

While Barron was consulting with Captain Gordon, and writing his reply, the English lieutenant was necessarily so long detained, that the captain of the Leopard became anxious, and summoned him back by a signal. On his departure, Commo-

dore Barron ordered Captain Gordon to get the gun-deck clear, which was lumbered with uncoiled cables, cabin-furniture, baggage of passengers, and various small stores. The commodore was, however, unsuspicious of any hostile intention, until, taking a look at the Leopard from the starboard gangway, he observed undoubted preparations for action. He now urged upon Captain Gordon all haste in clearing the gun-deck, and gave orders to go to quarters. The drum was tapped for a moment, but silenced immediately after by the commodore, who ordered the people to their quarters with as little noise and show as possible, to prevent suspicion on the part of the Leopard, and thus gain time.

The officers and crew went silently but vigorously to work, and the deck was soon cleared for action. The guns were all loaded and shotted, but at the last moment it was discovered that there was a scarcity of those indispensable requisites — rammers, wads, matches, gun-locks, and powder-horns! The commodore was still at the post he had taken at the gangway, anxiously watching the Leopard. The English lieutenant had got back to his ship in about five minutes, when his boat was dropped astern; and the captain of the Leopard, having perused Commodore Barron's emphatic note, at once hailed the Chesapeake. Barron answered that he did not understand the hail; when the Englishman rejoined with a shot ahead of the American frigate, and almost immediately afterward discharged a full broadside, wounding Commodore Barron and his aid, Mr. Broom, who stood by his side at the gangway, and doing considerable damage to the ship. Hails were now mutually exchanged; but such was the confusion and uproar, that not a word could be understood.

The Leopard, in the meantime, having the weather-gage, was pouring in her broadsides with damaging effect; while the Chesapeake could not fire a gun, as she was not only deficient in priming, but without the necessary matches, locks, and loggerheads. Thus his ship remained at the mercy of his insolent antagonist for nearly a quarter of an hour, when Barron, finding that three of his men lay dead and eighteen wounded, his sails and rigging cut to pieces, his masts tottering, and his hull riddled with twenty-one balls, determined to give up his vessel. The commodore, however, repeatedly begged that one gun at least might be fired before striking; and, at the last moment, a spirited officer succeeded in giving the Leopard a shot, by bringing a coal from the galley-fire, and applying it with his fingers.

As Barron hauled down his ensign, he lowered and sent a boat to the Leopard, with word to the British commander that the Chesapeake was at his disposal. The latter immediately despatched an officer with a party of men to muster the American crew. Four men, claimed to be deserters, were then pounced upon and carried on board the British man-of-war. Barron now sent a formal note to Captain Humphreys, in which he stated that he was prepared to give up his ship. The Englishman having declined the proffer, Barron called a council of his officers;

June 22. and, upon their resolution, the Chesapeake returned that night to Hampton roads.

This event produced a great sensation in the United States, and inflicted a wound on the national pride which was long in healing. Barron and his chief officers became the objects of popular dissatisfaction. A court-martial was held, and the commodore condemned, and sentenced to be suspended for five years. Captain Gordon and the commander of the marine corps were let off with the merely nominal punishment of a private reprimand. The gunner, however, was cashiered, as it was owing to his disobedience of orders that the priming-horns had been found empty of powder when wanted.

The British government, after some delay, disavowed the act of its naval officers; but, while it recalled Vice-Admiral Berkeley from the American station, it ungraciously weakened its apology to the United States by promoting him. The word of reparation was passed, but the spirit was wanting. The American people neither forgot nor forgave the insult until they had washed away the stain with blood.

With these aggressions upon their maritime rights, and this direct insult to their nationality, it was impossible for the United States to remain long without making an effort to vindicate their sovereignty. Embargoes were laid, and acts of non-intercourse passed, with the view of retorting upon Great Britain and France the evils inflicted by the orders in council of the one, and the Berlin and Milan decrees of the other. These measures of the American government proved, however, as mischievous to the young republic as to Europe, and served to engender as much hostility at home as abroad.

The interests of American commerce, then centred chiefly in New England, suffered greatly, both by the embargo and the non-intercourse act. The usual result followed: private and selfish considerations biased public opinion. New England, with almost a single voice, opposed these political acts which interrupted her profitable trade. Finding their ships rotting at the wharves, their sailors unemployed, and their merchants bankrupt, the commercial districts of the country loudly protested against every measure, whether that of embargo, non-intercourse, or war, however provoked by foreign aggression or insult.

The country became divided into two great parties. One, yielding to popular impulse, clamored for retaliation upon Great Britain for its repeated wrongs and insults. The other, influenced by the interests of trade and commerce, advocated the conciliation of that powerful nation, whose navy ruled all the seas and domineered over every coast. To the former gathered the partisans of the so-called DEMOCRACY; to the latter those of FEDERALISM. Party spirit raged high. The democrats, being in the ascendant, had succeeded in giving effect to their views by carrying through Congress the acts of embargo and non-intercourse. 1808. These were met with determined resistance on the part of New England, where disobedience to them was not only recommended, but sustained. Jefferson, who

was then president, enjoined upon the governors of the several states to enforce obedience by military authority.

The "enforcing act" aroused the independent spirit of New England. The Boston federalist journals darkened their columns with black lines of mourning, and in great capitals emphatically announced that "LIBERTY IS DEAD!" Many of the officials resigned their offices, rather than perform the function of executing the odious law. Crowded meetings were held in every town. Boston men gathered strong, and declared in reference to the act that they would "not voluntarily assist in carrying it into execution; and that all who should do so ought to be considered as enemies of the constitution of the United States, enemies of the state of Massachusetts, and hostile to the liberties of the people."*

The legislature of the state, in response to the urgent appeals of the "democratic" lieutenant-governor, Lincoln, to obey the law, boldly declared that, "on such occasions, passive obedience would, on the part of the people, be a breach of their allegiance; and, on our part, treachery and perjury." Petitions showered in from every city and hamlet of Massachusetts, demanding relief from the hateful "enforcing act." A memorial to Congress against the embargo was adopted by the legislature; and a bill was passed, prohibiting the search of dwellinghouses, unless by warrant issued on complaints sustained by oath. The "democratic" lieutenant-governor (then the executive chief, in consequence of the death of his superior), having vetoed the bill, however, the excitement in New England increased. An order at this time to the commandant of the fort in the harbor of Boston, not to permit a vessel to pass, still further embittered the feeling against the federal government. The ship-masters manifested their dissatisfaction by hoisting their flags at half-mast.* So intense was the excitement, and so resolute the opposition, that fears of disunion were entertained; and John Quincy Adams declared to the president that "a continuance of the embargo much longer would certainly be met by forcible resistance, supported by the legislature, and probably by the judiciary of the state; that if force should be resorted to by the government to quell that resistance, it would produce a civil war, and in that event he had no doubt the leaders of the party would secure the co-operation of Great Britain. That their object was, and had been for several years, a dissolution of the Union, and the establishment of a separate confederacy, he knew from unequivocal evidence, though not proveable in a court of law; and that in case of a civil war, the aid of Great Britain to effect that purpose would be as surely resorted to as it would be indispensably necessary to the design." Adams, however, is reasonably suspected of having been either frightened into excessive credulity by the alarming signs of the times, or tempted to exaggerate by his fondness for startling effect.

Such was the situation of the country at the close of Jefferson's administration. Soon after the accession of Mr. Madison

* Hildreth's History of the United States.

* Hildreth.

1809. to the presidency, he was assured by Mr. Erskine, the British minister at Washington, that the English orders in council, so far as they affected the United States, should be repealed by the 10th of June. The president consequently proclaimed that commercial intercourse with Great Britain would be renewed on that day. The British government, however, disavowed the acts of its minister. The

Aug. 10. orders in council were therefore not repealed, and non-intercourse with England was again proclaimed.

While the government of Great Britain thus persevered in its unjust and restrictive policy toward the American Union, that of France continued almost equally

Mar. 23. injurious and unfriendly. Early in the spring of 1810, Napoleon issued a decree of a decidedly hostile character, by which all American vessels and cargoes, arriving in any of the ports of France, or of those countries occupied by French troops, were ordered to be seized and condemned. A little later, however, the policy of France became greatly modified; and in the following November the French emperor revoked all his hostile decrees, and commercial intercourse was renewed between France and the United States. England, nevertheless, still continued her aggressive course; and, for the purpose of enforcing her hostile decrees, stationed before the principal ports of the United States her ships-of-war, which intercepted the American merchantmen, and sent them to British ports as legal prizes.* On one occasion, however, as we shall presently see, the insolence of a British man-of-war received a well-timed and merited rebuke.

While the "federal" party, taking its tone from New England, was protesting against and resisting every measure of the general government hostile to Great Britain and fatal to commerce, the "democratic" party, sustained by the warlike feeling in the southern and western states, became more resolutely bent on its bellicose policy. An occurrence on the coast, bringing an American and a British man-of-war into collision, served greatly to inflame the belligerent disposition of those who clamored for war.

1811. Commodore Rogers, as senior officer, being in command of the small American navy afloat, having been informed that a man had been impressed from an American brig near Sandy Hook, by the British frigate Guerriere, as was supposed, determined to investigate the affair. He accordingly set sail

May 10. from Annapolis, on board his flagship, the President, Captain Ludlow, for New York.

When six days at sea, and within eighteen or twenty miles of the land south of New York, the President, discovering at noon a sail which, from its rig, was evidently a vessel-of-war, hoisted her broad pennant and ensign, and stood for it. After a long chase, and some protracted manœuvring to get the weather-gage, the President, at half-past eight o'clock in the evening, succeeded in coming up and bringing to within a hundred yards to the windward of the stranger. "What ship is that?" hailed Commodore Rogers. "*What ship is that?*" echoed the other ves-

* Willson.

sel. Rogers repeated his question, and received in answer a shot, which buried itself in the mainmast of his ship. The President followed with a single gun, when the stranger rejoined, first firing three shots, and immediately after a full broadside, together with a volley of musketry. Rogers now hesitated no longer, but fired a broadside in return. Finding, however, that his antagonist was of much less force than he had supposed, he soon ordered his guns to be silenced.

The stranger, nevertheless, rashly renewed the fight, when the President gave him another volley; but, finding her adversary apparently so damaged as to be unmanageable, she soon ceased her fire. Commodore Rogers now hailed, and was answered. All that could be heard, however (as the wind was blowing fresh), was, that she was a British vessel-of-war. Her name was inaudible. Rogers, having given the name of his own ship, moved a short distance to the leeward, and, displaying lights, determined to lay near the English vessel until morning, in order to give any aid that might be required.

May 11. At the break of day, Commodore Rogers sent the first-lieutenant, Creighton, in a boat, with the offer of services to the Englishman, who, in the course of the night, had drifted to a considerable distance. It was then for the first time discovered that the stranger was the Little Belt, a vessel mounting only twenty-two guns, but with her light spar-deck having the aspect at a distance of a small frigate. Though she had been greatly damaged, with eleven of her men killed and twenty wounded, Bingham, her captain, proudly refused all offers of assistance. The President, being a forty-four gun frigate, and well managed, of course inflicted much more injury than she received, having been struck by only two shots, which entered the main and fore masts, while none of the crew suffered, with the exception of a boy, who was slightly wounded.

This collision between the President and the Little Belt served greatly to embitter the hostile feeling between the two countries. Each commander charged the other with having fired the first shot, and thus provoked the conflict. The Americans, for the most part, believed and exonerated their countryman, as the English did theirs. In the fury, however, of partisanship, which was then raging in the United States, there were many of the opponents of the government and its war-policy who denounced the conduct of Commodore Rogers, and justified that of the English commander.

CHAPTER II.

President Madison.—His Character and Policy.—The Claims of his Adherents.—Full Suit of American Cloth.—The Non-Bellicose Character of Madison.—His Personal Appearance.—His Compulsory Conduct.—Assembling of Congress in November, 1811.—A Warm Debate.—Youth against Age.—Henry Clay.—John C. Calhoun.—Felix Grundy.—The President's Message.—Belligerent, though timid.—Increase of the Army.—Porter, of New York.—Sketch of a Campaign.—The Eccentric John Randolph.—He acts on the Side of the Federalists.—His Eloquent Speech.—Gallicisms denounced.—English Prejudice.—Attila, "the Scourge of God."—A Torrent of Impulsive Oratory.—Henry Clay's Speech.—The Victory of Tippecanoe.—Tecumseh and his Brother.—The Effect upon the War-Feeling.—The War-Bill passed.—Excited Opinion.—Intrigues of an Irish Adventurer.—Madison more belligerent.—His Message.—An Embargo.—A War-Measure.—The Congress.—Clay, Livingston, and Randolph.—The Embargo passed.—Purchasing a Renomination.—A War-Message.—War declared.—Excitement in the United States.—The Feeling in New England.—Startled Orthodoxy.—The Pulpit.—French Infidelity.—A Murderer.

1809. WHEN the cautious and politic Madison, although a professed disciple of Jefferson, and an acknowledged leader of the democratic party, became president of the United States, there was hope on the part of even the most inveterate federalists and extreme peace-faction that his well-known moderation and practical statesmanship might divert the country from the war into which the headstrong and anti-English policy of his predecessor had been fast plunging it. Madison's democratic partisans, however, still strenuously claimed him as a devoted adherent to their great master, Jefferson. They took care to declare his adhesion to the so-called national policy. This policy, which was controlled by motives of love of country and hatred of its enemies, was nevertheless as fatal to the object of their affection as to that of their hostility. It was ostentatiously recorded, in proof of domestic attachments and foreign aversions, that the new president had made his first appearance on his inauguration "in a full suit of cloth of American manufacture, of the wool of merinoes raised in this country; his coat from the manufactory of Colonel Humphreys, and his waistcoat and small-clothes from that of Chancellor Livingston."*

Madison was not of a warlike spirit. His small and delicate person, thoughtful face, and shy manners, were the external indications of the man of contemplation rather than of action. He much preferred prolonged negotiation to a hasty blow. He strove thus, with undoubted sincerity, to avert war, and to settle the difficulties with England by diplomacy. He so far succeeded as to make an amicable adjustment with Mr. Erskine, the British minister at Washington. The non-intercourse act was suspended. New England was in raptures. Trade prospered again. The English government, however, having disavowed the act of its representative, as we have already observed, Madison was compelled, contrary to his own pacific impulses, to renew the policy of hostility toward Great Britain, and finally to yield

* National Intelligencer, quoted by Hildreth.

to the clamors of his party for war with that power.

Congress was summoned by proclamation to assemble in the autumn of 1811 a month in advance of the regular day. The elections had secured to the administration large majorities in both houses. The democrats, with their war-tendencies, were greatly in the ascendant. With the more violent of the old members, whose voices were "still for war," came a fresh band of youthful champions from the South and West, ready to dart their facile tongues, tipped with the fire of eloquence, against opponents at home and enemies abroad. The impulsive Henry Clay, of Kentucky, the acute John Caldwell Calhoun, of South Carolina, and the impetuous Felix Grundy, of Tennessee, stood foremost among these young orators and embryo statesmen.

Nov. 4.

Madison's cold and cautious nature was so far aroused by the warlike din of his party, that in his message he declared that the times "claimed from the legislative guardians of the national rights a system of more ample provision for maintaining them;" and recommended that the country should be put "into an armor and an attitude demanded by the crisis, and corresponding with the national spirit and expectations."

The committee of foreign relations reechoed the president's belligerent though somewhat timid suggestions with a trumpet-blast. After dwelling with bitter emphasis upon the aggressions of Great Britain, that body declared that the time had come for choosing between tame submission and resistance by all the means that "God has placed within our reach." It recommended that the existing regiments should be filled up; that ten thousand more men should be added to the regular army; that the president should be authorized to accept the services of fifty thousand volunteers, and to call out such a militia-force as the public service might require; that all the public vessels should be fitted out, and that merchant-vessels should be allowed to arm in their own defence.

Porter, of New York, the chairman of the committee, plainly declared that he and his colleagues entertained no hope of settling the difficulties with Great Britain by negotiation. He went still further, and ventured to sketch the plan of a campaign. He had no hope or even desire to cope with the English armaments on the sea by means of the feeble American navy; but he did not doubt that, "within six months after a declaration of war, the commerce and fisheries of Great Britain would be harassed, if not ruined, by hundreds of privateers." The North American possessions, however, were the vulnerable point of England. These, he declared, sick of her rule, would be ready, on the mere appearance of the republican troops, to throw themselves into our arms.

Grundy, of Tennessee, showed all the bellicose ardor natural to a high-spirited youth. He was for fighting, whatever might be the consequences, whatever the flowing of blood, the waste of money, or the shock to our new institutions.

The eccentric John Randolph, of Roanoke, with his usual inconsistency, though a professed democrat, sided with the fed-

eralists, and was among the most resolute advocates for peace. "Who would gain anything by war?" he cried out, with his peculiarly shrill voice, while he pointed his long finger about the house, as if singling out the examples. "Speculators, a few lucky privateering merchants, commissaries, and contractors, while the people's blood and money must flow to support it!.....Such a war might hold out inducements to gentlemen from Tennessee and *Genesee*," he continued, darting his brilliant black eyes at Grundy and Porter. "Western hemp would rise in the market, and western New York might grow rich by provisioning our armies, not to mention the political interest which that state has in the acquisition of Canada.....But this Canadian campaign, it seems, is to be a holyday matter. There is to be no expense of blood or treasure on our part. Canada is to conquer herself—is to be subdued by the principles of French fraternity! We are to succeed by this French method! Our whole policy, indeed, is French."

The evident partiality of the democratic party, under the guidance of Jefferson, for France, and its aversion to Great Britain, were the themes which invoked Randolph's highest eloquence of eulogium and invective. In regard to the English, he with unwonted ardor said: "Strange that we have no objection to any other people, civilized or savage! The great autocrat of all the Russias receives the homage of our high consideration. The dey of Algiers and his divan of pirates are very civil, good sort of people, with whom we find no difficulty in maintaining relations of peace and amity. Turks, Jews, and infidels; Melimelie, prince of Tripoli, or the Little Turtle, chief of the Miamis; barbarians and savages, of every clime and color, are welcome to our arms. With chiefs of banditti, negro or mulatto, we can treat and can trade. Name, however, but England, and all our antipathies are up in arms against her; against those whose blood runs in our veins; those in common with whom we can claim Shakespeare, and Newton, and Chatham, for our countrymen; against our fellow-Protestants, identified in blood, in language, in religion, with ourselves; whose form of government is the freest on earth, our own only excepted, and from whom all the valuable parts of even our own are borrowed—representation, trial by jury, voting the supplies, writ of *habeas corpus*—our whole civil and criminal jurisprudence."

Randolph retained all the bitter English prejudice against the French; and the disposition on the part of the American democratic party to favor their emperor in his struggle with Great Britain, drew from him his intensest scorn. "And shall republicans," he indignantly demanded, "become the instruments of him who has superseded the title of Attila to be called 'the scourge of God'? If, instead of being as I am," he continued, alluding to his unhappy hypochondriasm, "my memory clouded, my intellect stupefied, my strength and spirits exhausted, I had the completest command of my faculties, I should still fail to give utterance to that strong detestation which I feel toward such characters as Genghis, Tamerlane,

Kouli Khan, and Bonaparte, malefactors of the human race, who grind down men into mere material of their impious and bloody ambition! Yet, under all the accumulated wrongs, and insults, and robberies, of the last of these chieftains, we are about to become a party to his views, a partner in his wars."

Several of the youthful members, in reply to Randolph, poured forth a torrent of impulsive oratory. The dexterous Calhoun, waiving all immediate considerations, urged the necessity of repelling each insult to the honor of the nation, as a security for its future safety. The impetuous Clay rose and declared that war was inevitable, unless we tamely sacrificed the interests, rights, and honor of the country. The whole house listened in silence to the eloquent raptures of the youthful orator, as, in answer to those who had argued that a war would only be justified by an invasion, he demanded with excited action and resonant voice: "How much better than invasion is the blocking of your very ports and harbors, insulting your towns, plundering your merchants, and scouring your coasts? If your fields are surrounded, are they in a better condition than if invaded? When the murderer is at your door, will you meanly skulk to your cells, or will you boldly oppose him at his entrance?"

1811. The martial ardor of the advocates for war was further warmed by the victory of Harrison, at this time, over the Indians at Tippecanoe (in the present state of Indiana), led on by the celebrated Shawnee chiefs, the "Prophet" and his twin-brother Tecumseh. Both possessed wonderful influence over their savage and credulous followers. The one, a famous "*medicine-man*," whose wondrous powers were believed to be equal to making pumpkins as big as a wigwam spring out of the ground at his word, and fields of corn, one ear of which, equally nutritious with the miraculous loaves and fishes, would more than satisfy a dozen men, sustained himself by his cunning. The other, the renowned Tecumseh, the great Indian warrior, while he upheld the genuineness of his brother's miraculous gifts, with wily prudence exercised his savage followers with the rifle, the bow, the tomahawk, and the war-club, making them formidable antagonists, and attracted to their leader by admiration of his prowess, his wisdom in council, and his bravery and skill in battle.

In the autumn of this year, the Indians on the western frontier, who, since their terrible defeat by General Wayne in 1794 had generally remained peaceable if not friendly, had become hostile, as was supposed through British instigation. By the arts and influence of Tecumseh and his prophet-brother, a powerful combination of several of the more warlike tribes was formed against the American whites.

On learning the existence of this hostile confederacy, and the gathering of the warriors, General William Henry Harrison, who was then governor of Indiana territory (which had been separated from the Northwestern territory in 1800, and embraced the present states of Indiana and Illinois), collected a force, chiefly of militia, and marched against the assembled tribes on the Wabash. On his ap-

proach to the town of the Prophet, the principal chiefs came out and proposed a conference, and requested him to encamp for the night. Harrison, who well understood the duplicity of the Indian character, was fearful of treachery. He accordingly took every precaution against surprise, and ordered the troops to sleep on their arms in order of battle. His encampment was made near the western bank of Tippecanoe river, at its junction with the Wabash (in the northern part of Tippecanoe county, Indiana).

Nov. 6.

General Harrison's suspicions were but too well founded. Early on the following morning the camp was furiously assailed by the Indians, and a bloody and doubtful contest ensued. Incited and led on by their chiefs, the savages fought desperately; but the skilful and experienced riflemen, guided by their cool and intrepid commander, finally triumphed. After a heavy loss on both sides, the Indians were repulsed, and fled in dismay into the neighboring forests.

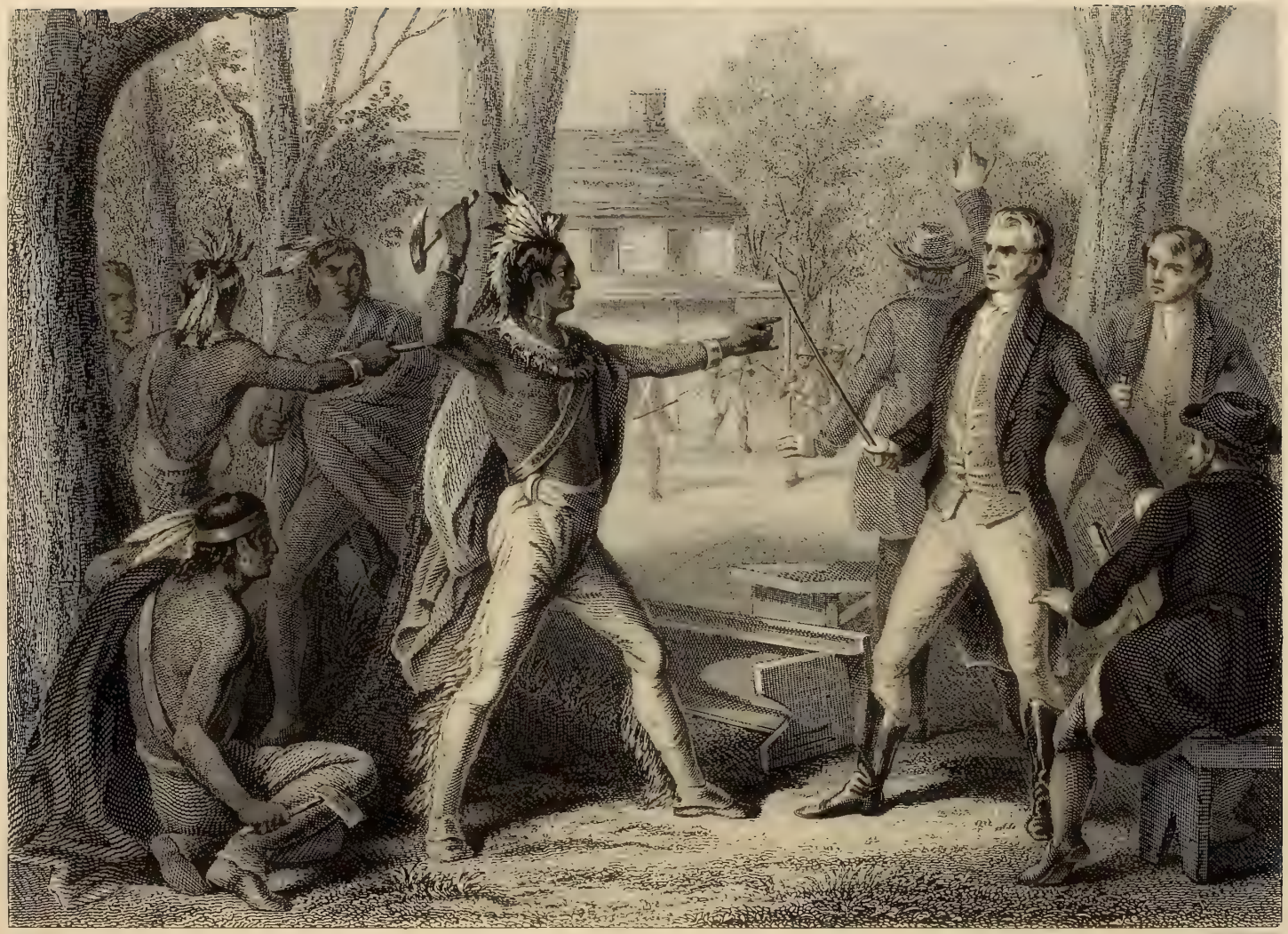
Nov. 7.

In Congress, General Harrison's victory was artfully gloried in as a triumph over the English, who were industriously denounced as instigators of Indian barbarities. The bill reported by the chairman of the committee on foreign affairs, in the house of representatives, finally passed by the vote of forty-four to thirty-four. The democrats of the senate were no less belligerent.

The war-question continued to be the subject of excited debate for months within Congress, and the topic of agitated discussion without. The bellicose party, in the midst of this agitation, became confirmed in its ascendency by the disclosure of the intrigues of an Irish adventurer of the name of Henry. This man, a cunning schemer of plausible address, had succeeded in opening a communication with Sir James Craig, the governor-general of Canada, to whom he declared that, in the event of a war with Great Britain, Massachusetts would separate from the United States and join the enemy. Sir James gave no great heed to his communications, but naturally encouraged them, and appointed Henry a secret agent of the government at Boston. The mercenary adventurer, on seeking compensation and being refused it by the British government, sold his services to the United States, and was paid fifty thousand dollars by Madison for revealing the pretended conspiracy! When the president laid the affair before Congress, the democratic orators eagerly seized upon this fresh theme for their rhetorical denunciations against New and Old England, and gave a renewed impulse to the pugnacity of the war-party.

Madison, yielding more and more to the influence of his political associates, hesitated no longer in assuming a belligerent attitude. In the beginning of April, he sent a secret message to Congress, recommending an embargo for sixty days on all vessels within the jurisdiction of the United States. This was received by the house with closed doors, and immediately responded to by a bill from the committee of foreign relations, embodying the president's suggestion. "Is the bill intended as a war-

1812.



measure?" anxiously asked a member of the house, in committee of the whole. "It is a *war* measure, and it is meant that it shall lead directly to it!" promptly and emphatically answered Grundy, one of the members of the committee on foreign relations. A member from New York having prudently expressed a desire to know the state of our defences, and quoted a letter of Judge Livingston, in which it was stated that the New-York forts had neither guns nor men, Henry Clay, who was speaker of the house, sprang from the chair, and, taking his position on the floor, in great excitement declared that he did not want the opinions of Livingston or any one else on this subject. Gentlemen who talked so much about want of preparations were really opposed to war. He considered the embargo as a war-measure, and should so support it; and war we should have in sixty days.

John Randolph, with more than usual earnestness and sobriety of manner, declared that, on so important an occasion, he could not remain silent. "Sir," said he, "we are now in conclave; the eyes of the surrounding world are not upon us. We are shut up here from the light of heaven, but the eyes of God are upon us. He knows the spirit of our minds. Shall we deliberate on this subject with the spirit of sobriety and candor, or with that spirit which has too often characterized our discussions upon occasions like the present? We ought to realize that we are in the presence of that God who knows our thoughts and motives, and to whom we must hereafter render an account for the deeds done in the body."

Clay, with his flexible oratory, assuming a tone and manner in sympathy with the gravity produced by the solemn appeals of Randolph to the conscience of the house, ingeniously turned the feeling to the interests of his own party. The consciousness, he declared, of the presence of that Being who watches and surrounds us, should awaken different sentiments from those which had been uttered. It ought to inspire us to patriotism. God was always with the right, and gave his protection to those who did their duty fearlessly, scorning the consequences.

The bill was passed that very night, by the majority of seventy to forty-one. The senate, with equal despatch, confirmed it by their vote in all its particulars, with the exception of the term of the embargo, which was increased from sixty to ninety days. The house concurred in the amendment; and the act, prohibiting the sailing of any vessel for any foreign port, except foreign vessels with such cargoes as they had on board when notified of the act, became a law. **April 4.**

Madison appeared to be still reluctant to involve the country in war, when his impulsive democratic partisans, led on by the ardent Clay, by a threat of abandonment in the coming election for the presidency, forced him to consent to a declaration of hostilities. The politic Madison could not resist this bait to his ambition, and, yielding himself up unresistingly into the hands of his party, secured his renomination.

Accordingly, on the 1st of June, the president fulfilled his part of the contract

1812. with his party by sending to Congress an emphatic war-message, in which, after recapitulating all the wrongs inflicted by Great Britain—her impressment of our seamen; her encroachments upon our maritime rights; her paper blockades; her violation, by the orders in council, of our rights as neutrals; and her instigation of the Indian wars—he closed with these impressive and belligerent suggestions: "Whether the United States shall continue passive under these progressive usurpations and accumulating wrongs, or, opposing force to force in defence of their natural rights, shall commit a just cause into the hands of the Almighty Disposer of events, avoiding all connections which might entangle it in the contests or views of other powers, and preserving a constant readiness to concur in an honorable re-establishment of peace and friendship, is a solemn question, which the constitution wisely confides to the legislative department of the government. In recommending it to their early deliberations, I am happy in the assurance that the decision will be worthy the enlightened and patriotic councils of a virtuous, a free, and a powerful nation."

The committee of foreign relations in the house, through John C. Calhoun, as its spokesman, immediately after re-echoing the sentiments of the message, reported a bill declaring war against Great Britain, which was passed by a majority of thirty votes.* On the 17th it passed the senate, by a vote of nineteen to thirteen. On the following day the president signed the bill; and on the second after its passage in the senate he issued a proclamation, by which the grave fact was published to the country that war with England had been declared.

June 4.

June 19.

Throughout the United States the intelligence produced the greatest excitement. The South and West glowed with martial ardor; the North and East became heated with indignation. The impulsive population of the former welcomed the prospect of renewing the glorious deeds of their Revolutionary fathers. The cool and calculating merchants and traders of the latter denounced an act which threatened them with bankruptcy and beggary. "The East," says Ingersoll, "commercial and navigating, for whose vindication the war was undertaken, opposed it: Massachusetts—then including Maine—New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, with a large part of New York and the majority of New Jersey. The West and South, with nothing but principles to fight for, together with the large central states, Virginia and Pennsylvania, supported it. Vermont, a frontier state, was the only one of New England for the war."

The New-England clergy, partly in defence of eastern interests, and partly in fright at the predominance of French principles among the democratic party, which was believed to be actuated in the declaration of war with Great Britain by sym-

* "Pennsylvania and the states south and west gave sixty-two votes for it to seventeen against it. The states north of Pennsylvania gave seventeen votes for it to thirty-two against it. The entire vote stood seventy-nine to forty-nine. Thirteen northern and two southern democrats voted in the negative. Quite a number who voted in the affirmative did so only from a reluctance to separate from their party."—HILDRETH.

pathy with France, manifested their abhorrence in no measured terms of denunciation. Orthodoxy was startled by apparitions of infidel Voltaires and Rousseaus stalking over the land. "Were not the authors of this war nearly akin to the deists and atheists of France," declared from the pulpit an earnest preacher—"were they not men of hardened hearts, seared consciences, reprobate minds, and desperate wickedness—it seems utterly incredible that they should have made the declaration."

The orthodox zeal of some of these pulpit orators became so intemperate in their alarms lest heretical French "social contracts" and blasphemous "philosophical dictionaries" should take the place of the Holy Scriptures and the "Confession of Faith," that they did not hesitate to commend to the faithful an open resistance to the war. "It is a war," defiantly exclaimed one, "unexampled in history, proclaimed on the most frivolous and groundless pretences. Let no consideration whatever deter my brethren, at all times and in all places, from execrating the present war. Mr. Madison has declared it—let Mr. Madison carry it on. The Union has been long since virtually dissolved, and it is high time that this part of the disunited states should take care of itself."

Again, mournfully exclaims another: "The strong prepossessions of so great a proportion of my fellow-citizens in favor of a race of demons [the French], and against a nation [the British] of more religion, virtue, good faith, generosity, and beneficence, than any that now is or ever before has been on the face of the earth, wring my soul with anguish, and fill my heart with apprehension and terror of the judgments of Heaven upon this sinful people. If, at the command of weak or wicked rulers, they undertake an unjust war, each man who volunteers his services in such a cause, or loans his money for its support, or by his conversation, his writings, or any other mode of influence, encourages its prosecution, that man is an accomplice in the wickedness—loads his conscience with the blackest crimes—brings the guilt of blood upon his soul, and in the sight of God and his law is a murderer!"*

* Quoted by Ingersoll in his "Historical Sketch of the Second War."

CHAPTER III.

A Bold Measure.—Condition of the Country.—Want of Preparations.—Remedies of Congress.—Increase of the Army and Navy.—The New Major-Generals.—The Brigadiers.—Confidence of Victory.—Randolph calls for Heroes.—Hull, of Michigan.—His Glorious Antecedents.—Great Expectations.—Hull on the March.—Meager Resources.—Oversight of the Government.—First Intelligence of the War.—Early News in Canada.—The Enemy on the Alert.—The Despairing Hull.—His Cautious Prudence.—Hull at Detroit.—At Sandwich.—Proclamation.—Strong Words and Feeble Deeds.—Easy Warfare.—Malden.—Hull calls for Big Guns.—Unusual Enterprise.—Success of Cass and Miller.—The Perverse Hull.—Sudden Activity.—March!—Retreat.—The Return to Detroit.—Fall of Michilimackinac.—A Terribly Energetic Enemy.

1812. THE declaration of war was a bold measure on the part of the United States. There was not only the want of unanimity in the country so necessary to give spirit to hostilities, but a total deficiency of the means for vigorously carrying them on. The whole force of the army amounted to only ten thousand men, of whom more than half were raw recruits. The entire navy consisted of but seventeen cruising-vessels on the ocean, of which nine were of a class less than frigates.* Congress, however, at the last moment, strove to remedy all deficiencies. The army was raised to thirty-six thousand seven hundred men, who yet only appeared in full force on paper.† Two new brigadier-generals and several staff-officers were appointed. Acts were also passed authorizing negotiations for a loan of seven millions of dollars, and the issue of five millions of treasury-notes; regulating privateers; and appropriating a million and a half of dollars for coast-defences, naval equipments, and other contingent expenses. Such were the meager preparations for war with the most formidable power of the globe.

Henry Dearborn, of Massachusetts, an officer of the Revolution, late secretary of war, and a political favorite of the government, was made first major-general, and given the command of the northern department. Thomas Pinkney, of South Carolina, formerly a federalist, and a candidate for the vice-presidency, was won over to the interests of the democratic party by his appointment, as second major-general, to the command of the southern department. The turbulent and assuming Wilkinson, who in the Revolutionary War had made himself so notorious in connection with the Conway cabal, was sent as senior brigadier to take the place of the impracticable Hampton at New Orleans. Bloomfield, of New Jersey; Winchester, of Tennessee; Hull, governor of the Michigan territory; Flournoy, of Georgia; Armstrong, of Pennsylvania; Chandler, of Maine; Morgan Lewis, of New York; and Alexander Smythe, of Virginia, were raised to the rank of brigadiers. Cushing was made adjutant-gen-

* Cooper's Naval History. † Hildreth.

eral; Alexander Macomb, a colonel; and Winfield Scott, Edmund P. Gaines, and Ripley, lieutenant-colonels.

However the country might be unprepared for war, the military enthusiasts did not bate a jot of their confident expectations of victory. They had resolved upon the conquest of Canada. Randolph might well ask, in his scornful way: "To whom will you commit the office of leading the flower of our youth to the heights of Abraham? Where is the Montgomery, or even the Arnold or the Burr, who is to scale those rugged steeps?" The administration did not want for a hero, who was expected to rival the great deeds of a Wolfe and a Montgomery, in Hull, governor of the Michigan territory. Having been appointed brigadier-general, he was chosen to lead the invaders into the Canadas.

William Hull, who in his youth had shared in the Revolutionary struggle, and won the reputation of a gallant soldier — who was foremost among the heroes at Saratoga and Stony Point — by his military precedents certainly justified the sanguine expectations of those who, in eager anticipation, hailed him as the conqueror of Canada. It is true that the ardor of youth had been subdued by the sobriety of age; but what he had lost in impulse would be compensated, it was not unreasonably believed, by what he had gained in judgment and experience.

The government of the United States, previous to the declaration of war, had placed within the Michigan territory a force for the defence of the northwestern frontier against the hostile Indian tribes, and "which, in the event of a rupture with Great Britain, would enable the United States to obtain the command of Lake Erie; and, with it, the means of more easily co-operating with such other corps as might be destined to the invasion of the Canadas."* The command of this force was given to Hull, who was then governor of the territory, and had been lately appointed a brigadier-general.

When war was imminent, and a campaign in Canada was proposed, General Hull demanded three thousand men as the smallest force for the purpose. He was answered, however, by the government, that "more than two thousand men could not be given." This was about the number of the troops then under his command, consisting of three companies of the first United States regiment of artillery, three regiments of Ohio volunteers, the Michigan militia, and one company of rangers.

About three weeks before the declaration of war, Hull reached Dayton, in Ohio, where the volunteers of that state, to the number of twelve hundred men, had assembled, but so ill prepared for the campaign, that they were "deficient in arms, equipment, and clothing, and even unprovided with either contract or commissariat for the supply of their food."†

On marching to Urbana, the general was joined by the fourth regiment of regular infantry, some three hundred in number, now commanded by Colonel Miller, but lately by Colonel Boyd, who had shared so gloriously in the victory of Tippecanoe the preceding November. Two hundred miles of **June 10.**

* President Madison's Message. † Hull's Memoirs.

forest-wilderness now stretched before them to Detroit. With indefatigable labor, trees were cut down, roads constructed, bridges thrown over the numberless creeks and rivers, and blockhouses erected and garrisoned to protect the rear, as the army slowly trudged on.

While thus laboring on his way, General Hull received a despatch from the government at Washington, urging him "to quicken his movements." The communication was dated only the day previous to the declaration of war, and yet, by some unaccountable oversight, not a word was said of that momentous event! In obedience to orders, Hull hurried on to the Maumee, where, for the sake of facilitating his movements, he despatched by water his baggage, military stores, intrenching-tools, and also his sick, on board the "Cuyahoga Packet" for Detroit, while he prepared to push on by land with his men for the same place.

June 17.

On the very day after he had thus confidently shipped his baggage and stores, Hull was startled with the first intelligence of the declaration of war. A letter announcing the fact came from Eustis, the secretary of war, dated the 18th of June, but was not received until the 2d of July; although the previous despatch, of the 17th of June, which unfortunately contained no allusion to the event, had arrived a week before. The latter, comparatively insignificant as it was, had been carefully expedited by a special messenger; while the former, with all its importance, had been negligently flung into the public mail for Cleveland, to be thence committed to such conveyance through a wilderness of one hundred miles "as accident might supply."*

The enemy had been more prompt in gaining information; and a shrewd confederate had ingeniously obtained from the American government a service, to its own wrong, which it was so slow (though manifestly entitled to its benefit) in rendering to itself. The fact of the declaration of war was expeditiously forwarded to the authorities in Canada, and received by them several days in advance of Hull, in envelopes franked by Gallatin, the secretary of the American treasury! The result was soon manifest. The enemy being on the alert at every frontier post, the British commander at Malden, with the contemptible force of "a subaltern and six men, in a small open boat," pounced upon the Cuyahoga Packet, as she was sailing past the fort (situated on the eastern bank of Detroit river, which connects Lake Erie with Lake St. Clair, fifteen miles south from the town of Detroit, and half a mile north of the village of Amherstburg), and seized upon all the baggage, intrenching-tools, and stores, which the unlucky Hull had so confidently intrusted to her care.

This misfortune greatly disheartened the American general. He no longer contemplated the campaign with the confident hope of success which had hitherto cheered him on his weary march. He had hoped to have caught the enemy off their guard; but he now found them not only up, but doing, before he himself was prepared to strike a blow. This unexpected

* Notices of the War of 1812, by John Armstrong.

activity seemed suddenly to magnify in his eyes the resources and power of his antagonists. They now appeared so formidable to his excited fancy, that he "employed himself in imagining and practising devices to avoid a battle, which all circumstances — time, place, and relative strength — made it his duty to seek."* Thanks to his cautious prudence, he arrived at Detroit in safety.

Detroit, then containing less than one thousand inhabitants, separated from the settlements in Ohio by a forest-wilderness of two hundred miles, surrounded by hostile Indians, and watched by an active enemy, whose forts and armed vessels commanded Lake Erie, was not a very favorable position whence to make the attempt of conquering Canada. The desponding Hull, however, having increased his force to nearly two thousand men by the addition of the militia of Michigan territory, and receiving orders to begin the invasion, crossed the Detroit river, and marched to Sandwich, two miles below the town of Detroit, and eighteen distant from the British post of Malden, or Amherstburg, which his instructions directed him to attack.

July 12.

General Hull, nevertheless, seemed in no haste to advance, but, encamping at Sandwich, first tried the effect of persuasion, by issuing a proclamation to the Canadians. Declaring confidently that he was in possession of a force "which will look down all opposition," the American commander strove to impress upon the colonists that it was to their interests to join his standard without delay. Nor was his appeal without effect, backed as it was by the presence of his soldiers. Hull himself became hopeful, and thus enthusiastically recorded the easy triumphs of his army: "All opposition seemed to fall before it. One month it remained in the country, and was fed from its resources. In different directions, detachments penetrated sixty miles into the settled parts of the province, and the inhabitants seemed satisfied with the change of situation which appeared to be taking place. The militia at Amherstburg were daily deserting, and the whole country under the control of the army asking for protection; while the Indians generally appeared to be neutralized, and determined to take no part in the controversy."

This easy warfare was evidently more to the taste of the general than more active hostilities. Malden, as previously observed, was but eighteen miles distant; a good road led to the post; the fort was a weak structure of earth and palisades; its garrison numbered but five hundred in all, of whom one hundred only were regulars, and the rest militia and Indians; and the whole American army, to a man, confident of victory, was eager for the attack. The commander, however, was reluctant. Having neither cannon nor howitzers of large calibre, suitably mounted for conveyance, he declared that he would not march without his big guns. The army accordingly lingered at Sandwich for three full weeks, while carriages were being constructed to bear the heavy cannon which the cautious Hull deemed so indispensable.

In the meantime, the general evinced

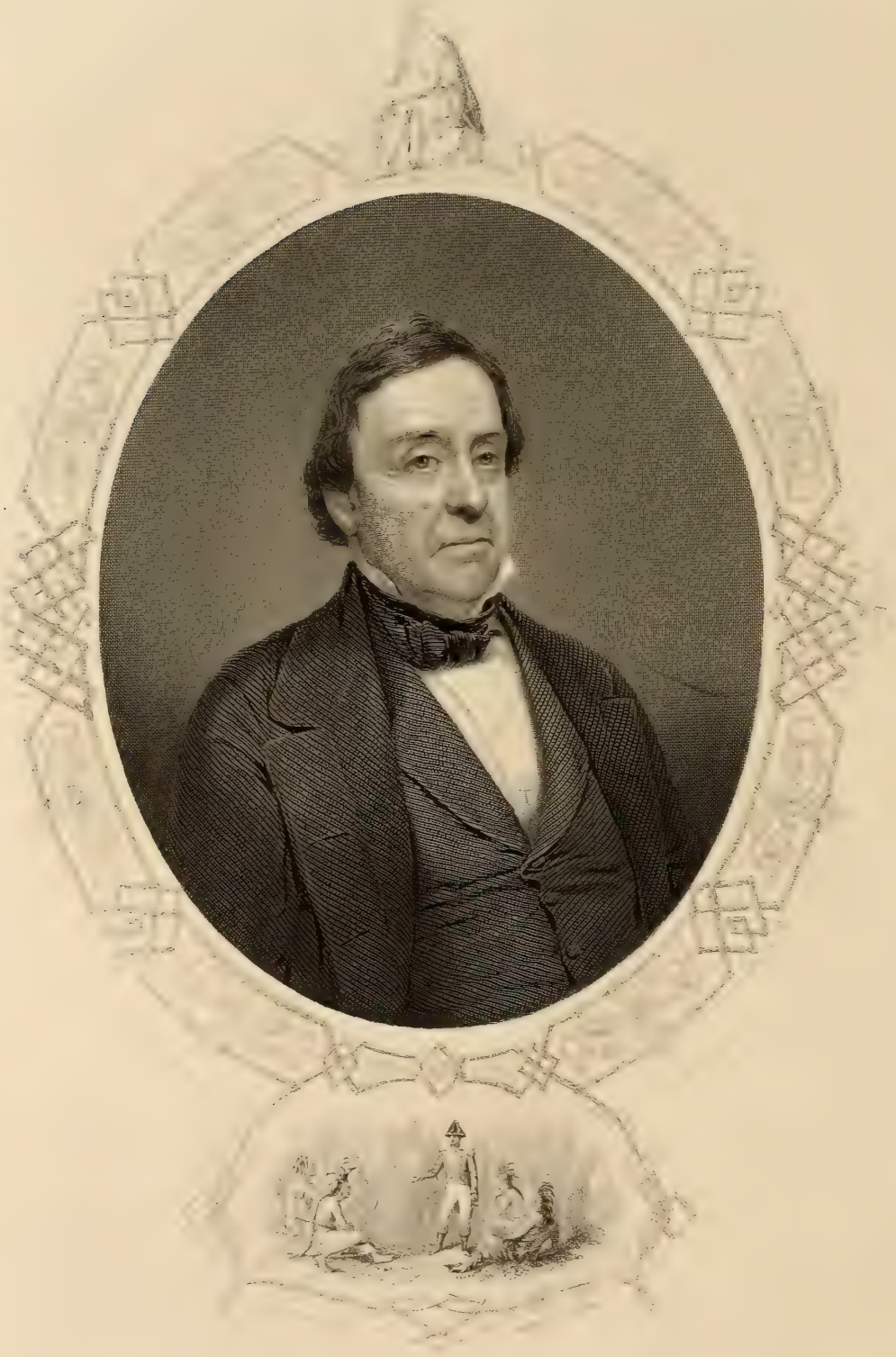
* Armstrong.

an unusual degree of military enterprise, by sending out Colonels Cass and Miller, with a detachment of two hundred and eighty men, to reconnoitre in the neighborhood of Malden. These spirited officers, having made their way to the bridge which crossed the river Canard, about four miles from Malden, and finding it guarded, promptly attacked the picket of British soldiers, and, after a brief struggle, drove it back to the fort. The enemy, believing that the whole American army was upon them, were in a great fright, which only ceased with the discovery that the attack had been made by a small reconnoitring-party. Thus was furnished a convincing proof of the ease with which Hull, with a little more military enterprise and vigor of execution, might, had he marched against Malden, have taken that weak and quaking post.

Colonels Cass and Miller sent back to Sandwich an exulting announcement of their success, and emphatically dwelt upon the importance to the prospective campaign of the position which they had secured. If it were not deemed expedient by General Hull to move his whole army to the place, they declared that they were ready to hold it themselves, provided they were so authorized, and strengthened by reinforcements and supplies. The perverse Hull, however, received the intelligence with an unaccountable ill humor, denounced the gallant conduct of his subordinates as an act of disobedience of orders, and promptly summoned back the detachment! Cass and Miller, conscious of the importance of the position which they had won, remonstrated with the general. He obstinately persisted, however, in his commands; although he declared that, provided the young officers were willing to assume the responsibility, he would allow them to remain with their present force, but he would guaranty neither supplies nor reinforcements. They, of course, declined the strange proposition.

General Hull, however, having finally mounted his heavy artillery, was suddenly aroused to an unusual degree of military ardor. Openly confessing his past mistakes, he boldly announced that he would immediately lead his eager troops against Malden. Great preparations were now made. The whole camp was stirred with a busy activity. The wagons were loaded with ammunition; floating batteries were mounted with cannon; and every man, confident of victory, eagerly made ready to march against the enemy —when the unwelcome orders came to march back again! Hull had suddenly determined to abandon for the present all hopes of foreign conquest. He accordingly recrossed the river to the fort and town of Detroit during the night, with his whole army, except a small detachment of one hundred and fifty men, left at Sandwich, to make a vain show of possession. This inglorious and disgraceful retreat caused the most bitter vexation to both officers and men, who could see no reason for abandoning the object of the expedition when victory was within his grasp. August 7.

But the motive of Hull's movement is easily explained. His unduly sensitive temperament had received a rude shock



by the intelligence of the fall of Michilimackinac. His imagination again conjured up preposterous visions of a terribly energetic and triumphant enemy. That enemy had, indeed, in comparison with the American general's slow, hesitating, and timid proceedings, shown a wondrous degree of activity.

CHAPTER IV.

Sir George Prevost.—His Character.—General Brock.—His Character.—Genius for Command.—A Youthful Veteran — His European Campaigns.—The March to Mackinaw.—Surrender of the Post.—Its Importance.—Fate of the Campaign.—Discouragement of General Hull.—Tecumseh and his Warriors.—Movements of the Enemy.—A Successful Ambuscade.—Disastrous Results.—Success of Colonel Miller.—Spirit of Tecumseh.—Hull discouraged by Victory.—His Improvidence and Inaction.—A Fool or a Knave.—His Inconsistent Conduct.—The Energetic Brock.—His Advance opposite to Detroit.—Apathy of Hull —Amazement and Interposition of his Officers.—Proposals.—Spirited Words of Hull.—Fire opened.—The Enemy cross the River.—No Resistance.—Nothing to fear.—The Americans ready.—The Guns pointed.—Orders awaited.—The White Flag.—Universal Indignation.—The Surrender.—Not a Faint Heart.—Liberal Concessions.—The Prisoners.—Mock Procession.—Release of Hull.—His Trial.—Guilty of Cowardice.—Sentenced to be shot.—His Pardon.—A Stained Memory.—Evacuation of Fort Dearborn.—An Indian Massacre.

1812. Sir George Prevost, recently appointed governor of Lower Canada (now Canada East), though a man of easy, indolent temper, had, immediately on his arrival, joined with him in the government of the province one who had all the qualities in which he himself may have been deficient. This was General Brock. He was one of those extraordinary men, according to the flattering estimate of his countrymen, who seem born to influence mankind, and mark the age in which they live. Though a severe disciplinarian, his amiable manners made him a favorite with his soldiers; and he was one of those rare officers who, possessed of the genius for command, could so far presume upon it as to extort any service or trial from his followers, without fear of exhausting their fidelity. Though only forty-two years of age, he was a veteran in military experience, having served from early youth in the army, and fought in many a European campaign. When, in 1801, Lord Nelson was bombarding Copenhagen, Brock landed with a detachment of British infantry, and led it gallantly on during the cruel assault upon the town. Brave, enterprising, vigorous, and handsome in person, he possessed those brilliant and obvious qualities which every one looks upon admiringly, and which never fail to secure the devotion of the rude and uncultivated. The common soldier thus not only loved and obeyed him, but the credulous Indian believed in him, and worshipped him as a superior being. Brock proved the master-spirit in every military enterprise undertaken by the Canadas at the commencement of the campaign of 1812.

Ever on the alert, General Brock was

early informed of the declaration of war. He immediately ordered Captain Roberts, who was stationed at a fortified blockhouse on the island of St. Josephs, in Lake Huron, to attack the American post at Michilimackinac (or Mackinaw), about forty miles distant. Roberts promptly obeyed orders. Hastily adding to his little force of thirty regulars a hundred and sixty Canadian *voyageurs*, and taking with him two old iron fieldpieces, he embarked in a flotilla of boats and canoes, convoyed by a brig belonging to the British "Northwest Company," and soon landed on the island of Mackinaw without the least opposition.

July 16.

This small island is situated a little east from the strait which connects Lake Huron with Lake Michigan, about two hundred and seventy miles northwest from Detroit. The fort and village of Mackinaw are located on the southeast side of the island. The garrison of sixty men being summoned to surrender, at once complied, and gave up the post without striking a single blow in its defence. Lieutenant Hancks, the officer in command, had been completely taken by surprise, not having been aware even of the declaration of war until the arrival of the enemy!

July 17.

Mackinaw being, from its favorable position, the grand *dépôt* for the American fur-traders, the key to the whole Northwestern territory, and the post by which the Indians of the upper lakes were held in check, was of great importance, not only to the trade but to the security and military operations of the United States. Its loss was a heavy blow and a great discouragement. It dispirited the Americans, while it gave increased confidence to the enemy. It probably decided the fate of the campaign in Canada, as it enabled the British to maintain their influence over the Indians, whose co-operation was of such signal service to their cause throughout the war.

It was not astonishing, therefore, that the loss of so important a post as that of Mackinaw should weigh heavily upon the by no means robust spirit of General Hull, and send him back across the frontier in despair of the conquest of Canada. To the fall of Mackinaw, too, was added another misfortune, which served still further to discourage Hull, and fix him in his cautious resolve to retreat. The energetic Brock, aware of the weakness of Malden, or Amherstburg, had despatched General Proctor to that post with reinforcements. This spirited officer, immediately on his arrival, detached Tecumseh, the brave Shawnee warrior, with a party of Indians and a few British, across the strait, to watch the road between Ohio and Detroit, and thus intercept the supplies for the American army. Captain Brush, with a detachment of Ohio volunteers, and a convoy of flour and cattle, on his way to the army, was thus suddenly brought to a stop on the river Raisin.

Three days before recrossing to Detroit, General Hull sent Major Van Horne, with the meager force of two hundred men, to open the communication, and relieve Brush. Van Horne, recklessly disregarding the information that three or four hundred Indians and some British were lying in ambush near

August 4.

Brownstown, in order to intercept him, incautiously pushed on, and, falling into the ambuscade, was thoroughly beaten and put to rout. The result was disastrous, the Americans having lost four captains, two subalterns, sixty privates, and the mail containing the despatches of Hull. With this complication of misfortunes, the unlucky general hastened to Detroit, so thoroughly prostrate in spirit, that he no longer thought of victory, and seemed to despair even of escape.

August 5.

On his arrival at Detroit, Hull, apathetic and improvident as he was, could not but awaken to the urgency of opening the road from Ohio, in order to secure the necessary means of subsistence for his army. He accordingly ordered another detachment, under the command of Colonel Miller, to proceed to Brownstown and dislodge the enemy. The general, however, persisted, contrary to the urgent remonstrances of his officers, in limiting the force to five hundred men; and it was only at the emphatic request of Miller that he consented to allow him to take with him one six-pounder and one five-and-a-half-inch howitzer.

August 8.

Colonel Miller set out on his march, and on the afternoon of the following day his advanced guard, under the command of Captain Snelling, on entering the wood at Maguaga (near the ground on which Van Horne had been defeated), between Brownstown and Detroit, was suddenly confronted, when only at pistol-shot distance, by the long line of the enemy. Covered in front by a breastwork of logs and brushwood, and strongly flanked by the river Detroit on one side and deep swamps and close thickets of brushwood on the other, they presented a formidable front. On Snelling's approach, the enemy opened upon him a galling fire, which was, however, steadily borne and spiritedly returned.

August 9.

Colonel Miller promptly came up to the rescue of his advanced guard, and, rapidly changing his order of march into an order of battle, brought up his whole front line in fighting array. While this manœuvre was being performed, however, the enemy from their cover kept up a deadly fire, and threatened to outflank him. Miller, seeing that his men were falling thickly about him, and that their surviving comrades began to falter, ordered his troops to charge with the bayonet. They caught up the order with loud hurrahs, and, gallantly pushing on, poured impetuously over the breastwork. The centre and right of the enemy, being broken by the charge, were driven before them in helter-skelter flight. On reaching a piece of open ground, the British and Canadians strove to form; but, on the approach of the Americans, they again broke and fled into the woods.

The left of the enemy, however, headed by the brave Shawnee chief Tecumseh, bore up against the onset of the American right more sturdily. Though driven from the breastwork, the Indian warrior led his savage followers to the covert of the adjoining thickets, where they could carry on the struggle more in accordance with their usual style of warfare. Van Horne, who commanded the right, finding himself thus baffled awhile by the

pertinacious resistance of Tecumseh, and doubtful of victory, sent forward a messenger to call Colonel Miller to his aid. The latter received the message while in the heat of his pursuit of the British and Canadians, whom he was driving before him. He, nevertheless, responded to the appeal; and, reluctantly ordering a halt, turned back to reinforce Van Horne. The major, however, having gallantly continued the fight in the meantime, had succeeded in putting Tecumseh and his warriors to flight before Miller came up. This gallant officer now hastened to renew his chase of the fugitives; but, on reaching the shores of Lake Erie, he found that he was too late. The enemy could still be seen, but were rapidly sailing, far out of reach, over the waters of the lake.

Miller, having encamped his troops on the field of battle which he had won, sent Captain Snelling to Hull, at Detroit, distant about twenty miles, with a report of his triumph, and a demand for provisions and reinforcements. The general, influenced by some strange infatuation, gave but little heed to the request. He declared that he had no men to spare, and only so far complied with the requisition for supplies as to send such a quantity of provisions as sufficed the hungry troops "for a single meal."

The prostrate Hull seemed to be beyond even the encouragement of victory, and spoke almost as despairingly of success as of failure. "Nothing," said he, speaking of Miller's triumph, "was gained by it but honor—the blood of seventy-five men had been shed in vain—it but opened the communications as far as their bayonets had extended." It was naught, after all, in the eyes of this military Jeremiah, but the most lamentable tragi-comedy! Colonel Miller sent a second messenger, with another demand for supplies, and with this emphatic announcement: "My communications with the river Raisin are now fully established." Lo! the eagerly-expected messenger returns—with supplies? No! With intelligence of coming reinforcements? No! With words of encouragement to the brave men to hold the advantage which they had so heroically won? No! "The immediate return of the detachment"! Such was the message sent back from their impotent commander-in-chief.

Sadly and reluctantly Miller led back his heroes to Detroit; nor could these brave men refrain from whispering that their general was either a fool or a knave. "A traitor to his country!" was the impelling thought of many, and the muttered suspicion of not a few.

With strange inconsistency, Hull had no sooner withdrawn the detachment under Colonel Miller, than he sent out another, under Colonels M'Arthur and Cass, to fight again for the very same advantage which had been so recklessly thrown away. The detachment set out on its destination, but after struggling day after day through almost impervious thickets and deep swamps, and with hunger which "the general had forgotten to satisfy," the only food of the soldiers being the green corn and pumpkins which they plucked in the fields on their march, it was forced to retrace its route toward Detroit.

Aug. 14.

The energetic Brock in the meantime, having prorogued the provincial Parliament, and thus obtained a temporary release from his civic duties as governor of Upper Canada (now Canada West), girded on his sword, and, mustering a few regulars and some Canadian militia, pushed on by forced marches to Amherstburg (or Malden, as it is now called), and prepared to conduct the campaign in person.

From Malden General Brock hastened to Sandwich (situated on the east bank of Detroit river, two miles below the town of Detroit), which, at his approach, was abandoned by the small American force left there by Hull. Here the British began to construct batteries on the banks, and collect their vessels in the river, to cover the transportation of the troops to the other side, where Brock had resolved upon attacking the American general on his own ground within the fortifications of Detroit.

While the enemy were thus deliberately preparing to cross the river, not an arm was raised and not a gun fired to oppose their operations. The American officers looked on with amazement at this apathy of their commander, and could not refrain from interposing. One entreated to be placed at the head of but a hundred men, that he might cross the river and spike the British cannon. Another begged to be allowed to erect batteries, and to dislodge or destroy the enemy's shipping; and a third made this earnest declaration: "If you will give permission, I will clear the enemy on the opposite shore from the lower batteries." —"Mr. Dalliba," answered the perverse general to the last officer, "I will make an agreement with the enemy, that, if they will not fire on me, I will not fire on them." And thus he resisted the importunate desires of his brave followers, who chafed grievously under the orders of their recreant commander.

A boat from the enemy now reached the American shore, bearing a flag. A British officer landed. He brought a demand from General Brock to General Hull for the immediate surrender of the fort, with a threatening suggestion in these significant words: "It is far from my inclination to join in a war of extermination; but you must be aware that the numerous body of Indians, who have attached themselves to my troops, will be beyond my control the moment the contest commences." To this summons Hull sent the following prompt and spirited reply: "The town and fort will be defended to the last extremity." **Aug. 15.**

The British now opened their batteries upon Detroit, and kept throwing their shells at the fort, but without much effect, from four o'clock in the afternoon until midnight. The next morning, at daylight, they resumed their fire, and under its cover crossed the river, and landed at Spring Wells, without resistance, three miles below Detroit. General Brock had but seven hundred regulars and Canadian militia, six hundred Indians, and five pieces of light artillery. Having formed this small force in column, he resolutely marched to the assault, and with such confidence, that he himself rode two hundred yards in advance of his column, which was not even **Aug. 16.**

protected by a vanguard—"so satisfied was Brock that he had nothing to fear from his enemy," significantly declared an American officer, who was present and beheld the strange scene.

It was noon when the British column reached the lower part of the town, within five hundred yards of the fort. Each American soldier stood firmly at his post, determined to dispute every inch of the ground. On came the British commander, still riding defiantly in front of his column. An American officer, in command of an advanced battery of twenty-four pounders charged with grape, had his guns pointed, and the artillerymen stood ready, awaiting the last order to fire, and to sweep the confident Brock and his British troops into eternity, when there suddenly came a message from General Hull, forbidding all resistance, and summoning every man within the fort, while a white flag was hoisted, in token of submission to the enemy!

The order was received by the men with a universal burst of indignation, and even the women blushed with shame at the cowardly act. Anderson, a young lieutenant, broke his sword over a gun, and gave vent to his rage in a passionate paroxysm of tears. Naturally confident of the strength of the post, and proudly reliant upon their own courage, the Americans had awaited the approach of the enemy with a sure anticipation of victory. The fort was solidly constructed, in accordance with every rule of military art. Surrounded by a wide and deep ditch, strongly fraised and palisadoed, and supported by an external battery of two twenty-four pounders; garrisoned within by four hundred brave American soldiers; guarded without by three hundred Michigan militia, who held the town, ready to defend their altars and firesides; with its approach flanked by four hundred skilful Ohio riflemen, under the cover of a high and strong picket-fence, the fort could have bidden defiance to the most audacious enemy. Hull's force, amounting to one thousand six hundred and sixty, including the three hundred Michigan militia and three hundred Ohio volunteers under Colonels Cass and M'Arthur (who were but a mile and a half on the right, and were hurrying up in the rear, ready to co-operate against the enemy), outweighed Brock's whole strength, including the Indians. Provisions and ammunition abounded; the men were courageous and hopeful; for there was not a faint heart among the Americans on that day, except that of the pusillanimous general-in-chief, to which a surrender under such circumstances would have ever suggested itself.

The terms of capitulation submitted to by Hull were in character with the readiness with which he had struck to the enemy. Sparing of blood, he was liberal in concession. He surrendered not only the town and fort of Detroit, his own garrison, but the detachment of M'Arthur and Cass, all the supplies with the convoy on the river Raisin, the detached posts, and in fact the whole territory of Michigan! The regulars and the volunteers became prisoners-of-war, although the militia, by the liberality of the enemy, were allowed to be freed on parole. Twenty-five pieces

of iron ordnance and eight brass cannon (trophies which had been won from the enemy in the Revolutionary War), an immense quantity of stores, and an armed brig bearing the honored name of John Adams, fell into the hands of the British. The enemy were as much astounded as the Americans at this unexpected result. General Brock, in writing to his superior officer, said, "When I detail my good fortune, you will be astonished."

General Hull, "the humbled and the fallen," with all the officers and men of his army, was led into Montreal in the evening, "in a triumphal though mock procession, amid the shouts of a scornful multitude, indignant at the savage threat of extermination he had breathed in his proclamation at the outset of his invasion." The chivalrous commander of the British forces, however, received him with a courteous regard to his rank, and allowed him to return to the United States on his parole; but his officers were, for the most part, sent to Quebec. General Hull was afterward exchanged for thirty British prisoners, and tried by court-martial. That tribunal declined giving an opinion upon the charge of treason, but found him guilty of cowardice and incapacity, and sentenced him to be shot. His Revolutionary services, and his age, however, induced President Madison to pardon him; but his name was ordered to be struck from the rolls of the army, and his memory, with all the efforts of fond relatives and partial friends to clear it, will ever be stained with the foulest blot on a soldier's character.

Sept. 6.

The day before the pusillanimous surrender of Detroit, there occurred another event to add a dark page to the sad chapter of this melancholy northern campaign. General Hull had no sooner heard of the fall of Mackinaw, than he sent orders for the immediate evacuation of Fort Dearborn. This was a military post on the southwestern extremity of Lake Michigan, then standing solitary and alone, with the wild prairie on one side and the unnavigated inland sea on the other, now the site of the busy and populous city of Chicago. Captain Heald, in command of Fort Dearborn, with a garrison of seventy soldiers, dismantled the fortress, destroyed the surplus arms and ammunition, and moved on toward Detroit, in accordance with his orders. Hoping to conciliate the savages who roamed over that wild region, Heald distributed freely among them the merchandise and stores contained in the fort. A few Miami Indians, having made warm protestations of friendship, were gratefully accepted as a guard to the rear of the small band, which included not only the seventy men of the garrison, but a number of women and children. They had hardly proceeded a mile on their march, when, being deserted by the faithless Miamis, they were ruthlessly attacked by five or six hundred savages, and, after a bloody struggle, in which fifty of Heald's men were killed and he himself wounded, the twenty survivors were compelled to surrender. The wounded were distributed among the Indians, and, after months of suffering, were finally ransomed, while the rest were left to struggle through the wilderness to their distant homes.

Aug. 14.

CHAPTER V.

Shock to the War-Party.—Federal Newspapers.—Military Boabdils.—Pride of the Nation.—The Navy.—British and American Naval Forces.—Neglect of the Government.—Nothing done.—Sneers of Quincy.—Speech of Joseph Story.—The Government Project.—Interposition of Bainbridge and Stewart.—Interview with the Secretary of the Navy.—Spirited Defence.—Military Favorites.—Contempt for the Navy.—Rotting Ships.—"Give us Victories!"—State of the Vessels.—Their Position.—Energy of Naval Officers.—Commodore Rogers on a Cruise.—The First Gun.—The President and the Belvidera.—An Untoward Accident.—Chase abandoned.—Escape of the Enemy.—The Jamaica Fleet.—Return of Commodore Rogers.—Prizes.—A British Squadron.—Capture of the Nautilus.—Cruise of the Constitution.—Sight of the Enemy.—Pursued by the British Squadron.—An Exciting Chase.—Prepared for an Emergency.—A Critical Moment.—Ship of Pride.—Ceaseless Watching.—Hard Work.—"All Hands."—A Puff of Wind.—Skilful Manœuvres.—A Broadside.—Boats out.—A Short Respite.—A Calm.—A Gaining Enemy.—A Light Breeze.—Flapping Sails.—Kedging.—A Bright Morning.—Clouds of Canvas.—The Constitution ahead.—A Squall.—Escape of the Constitution.—Captain Isaac Hull.

1812. THE disgraceful termination of the first expedition against Canada, which was the pet project of the administration, was a severe shock to the exulting spirit of the war-party, while it served to give point to the scorn and strength to the arguments of their opponents. The "federal" newspapers, with equal disregard of mercy and good taste, were unsparing in their coarse ridicule of the swollen promises and collapsed performances of the military Boabdils. The spirit of the people, unchecked by the restraints and uncorrupted by the interests of partisanship, burned, however, with a pure and patriotic desire of redeeming the honor of the country from the disasters on the Canada frontier.

While the pride of the nation was thus depressed by the disgrace of Hull's surrender, it was soon raised to exultation by the glorious triumphs of our little navy, which, on the declaration of war, counted only three first-class frigates, five of the second class, two sloops-of-war, five brigs, and one hundred and seventy gunboats.*

The naval defence of the United States, though maritime by nature and the commercial enterprise of the people, had been neglected by the party in power, with a

* "In 1812, the navy of Great Britain nominally contained a thousand and sixty sail, of which between seven and eight hundred were efficient cruising-vessels. France had no fleets to occupy this great marine; Spain was detached from the alliance against England; the north of Europe no longer required a force to watch it; and Great Britain might direct at once, toward the American coast, as many ships as the nature of the war could possibly demand.

"As opposed to this unexampled naval power, America had on her list the following vessels, exclusively of gunboats, viz.:—

Constitution...44	Essex..... ..32	Siren.....16
President.....44	Adams.....28	Oneida.....16
United States..44	Boston.....28	Vixen.....14
Congress.....38	John Adams..28	Nautilus,.....14
Constellation...38	Wasp.....18	Enterprise.....14
Chesapeake....38	Hornet.....18	Viper.....12
New York.....36	Argus.....16	

"Of these vessels, the New York, 36, and Boston, 28, were unseaworthy; and the Oneida, 16, was on Lake Ontario. The remainder were efficient for their rates, though the Adams required extensive repairs before she could be sent to sea."—*History of the Navy of the United States of America.* by J. FENIMORE COOPER.

disregard of consequences which no policy could justify and no circumstances extenuate. Our extensive coasts were unguarded, and our merchantmen were spread over every sea of the globe, while the government and its partisans were angrily raising their voices for war, though not a word in favor of increasing the navy would be listened to. Such a word, however, was often and loudly uttered. "You talk of going to war with England," sneeringly said Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, the robust and eloquent champion of the peace-party, "and that, too, while you have not resolution enough to meet the expenses of the little navy rotting here in the Potomac!" Joseph Story, who had withdrawn himself for a few weeks from those profound studies of the law of which he afterward became so distinguished an expositor, and filled a temporary vacancy in Congress, declared, in answer to an advocate of the administration, who spoke contemptuously of our sailors: "I was born among the hardy sons of the ocean, and I can not so doubt their courage or their skill. If Great Britain ever obtains possession of our present little navy, it will be at the expense of the best blood of the country, and after a struggle which will call for more of her strength than she has ever found necessary for a European enemy." This was a tribute to the skill and courage of our brave sailors which they have never failed to deserve.

It is believed that, on the declaration of war, the government entertained the project of laying up all the vessels in ordinary, with the view of preventing them from falling into the possession of the enemy. This notable scheme is said to have been defeated by the energetic interposition of Captains Bainbridge and Stewart, whose gallant deeds in the future responded faithfully to their spirited promises in the present. These two officers, having been shown the orders to Commodore Rogers, then the senior in command, not to quit New York, but to keep the vessels in port, for the defence of the harbor and their own security, immediately sought an interview with the secretary of the navy. That functionary, influenced by the representations of the two captains, obtained for them an interview with President Madison, who listened with attention to their glowing defence of the navy. "Eight times out of ten," said they, enthusiastically, "with equal force, we can hardly fail. Our men are better men, better disciplined; our midshipmen are not mere boys, only fit to carry orders, but young men, capable of reflection and action. Our guns are sighted, which is an improvement of our own the English know nothing of. While we can fire cannon with as sure aim as musketry or almost rifles, striking twice out of every three shots, they must fire at random, without sight of their object or regard to the undulations of the sea—shooting over our heads, seldom hulling us, or even hitting our decks. We may be captured, and probably shall be, even after taking prizes from them, because their numbers are much greater than ours. But the American flag will never be dishonored; seldom, if ever, struck to equal force."

The president seemed persuaded, and remarked that the experience of the Revolution confirmed their opinions. The cabinet was convened, but persisted in its former views. Bainbridge and Stewart, however, still clung tenaciously to their patriotic purpose, and addressed an emphatic and well-argued letter to the president, who was induced to change the plan on his own responsibility. It is said that one or two of the cabinet-officers acceded to this decision, on the ground that the ships would soon be taken, and that the country would thus be rid of the cost of maintaining them, and at more liberty to direct its energies to the army.*

The military men, who were for the most part more famous for their successes as political leaders than for their triumphs as martial heroes, by their ascendency in the councils of the predominant party succeeded in securing for their own ambition all the expected glory of the war. The navy was to have been contemptuously thrust aside; its ships allowed to rot as so much useless lumber, and its aspiring heroes to remain in inaction as so many wooden figure-heads, decked off for ornament, not for service. Fortunately, our little navy gained an opportunity to show its worth, and redeem the country from the disgraces into which the politico-military braggadocios, so skilled in partisan manœuvres and so ignorant of military tactics, had at first plunged it.

"You will give us victories, then, you think?" said Madison to Bainbridge and Stewart, as they earnestly pleaded for a fair trial of our ships and sailors. "We do, sir, most confidently," was the emphatic answer. They did "give us victories," and such victories as the American historian will ever record with the same glow of patriotic exultation which every American feels in listening to the story.

From the contemptuous disregard of its navy by the government, the few vessels which composed it were not, at the declaration of war, in a state to act at once with any degree of intelligent combination. All were scattered: some were laid up, too rotten to move; some were being repaired; and others were at a distance. Every naval officer, however, now no longer weighed down by the pressure of a political influence which would have made him a useless burden to the country and a perpetual shame to himself, was animated with a consciousness of his duty, and proudly strove to perform it. "Everything," says Cooper, was "virtually committed to the activity, judgment, and enterprise, of the different captains;" and they proved themselves equal to the responsibility which an inert government had allowed to be thrust upon them.

Commodore Rogers, chief in command by seniority, having received information of the appearance of the Jamaica ships off the coast, hastily put to sea in pursuit with the small squadron then gathered at New York. He succeeded in getting sight of a large British man-of-war, which proved to be the Belvidera, of thirty-six guns, Captain Byron. Rogers's own ship was the President, of forty-four. The wind having died away, the commodore found it impossible to get alongside of the Englishman. He there- **June 23.**

* Ingersoll; also Cooper.

fore determined, in order to cripple and check his headway, to open upon him his own bow-chasers. Rogers went forward to the forecastle and pointed the gun himself, which was the first shot fired at the enemy since the declaration of war. This was rapidly followed by two others, pointed alternately by Mr. Gamble, the second-lieutenant, and the commodore — all of which more or less damaged the stern of the Belvidera, and killed some of her crew. Mr. Gamble now fired the fourth cannon, which unfortunately burst, blowing up the forecastle-deck, throwing up into the air the commodore, who broke his leg as he fell, and killing or wounding sixteen of the crew.

This untoward accident compelled the President to cease her fire awhile. The enemy, taking advantage of the pause, poured in heavy discharges from four of her stern-guns, which did considerable damage, killing several. The President, now enabled to resume her fire, began to do so, with such effect that the Belvidera was forced to lighten, in order to get out of reach. Her anchors being cut away, many of her water-casks stove, and her boats thrown overboard, she succeeded in drawing ahead. As he was bound on a cruise, Rogers did not care to lighten his ship by destroying any of her supplies; and accordingly, when he found the enemy likely to escape, he fired three ineffectual broadsides, and gave up the chase.

The rest of the squadron now came up, and Rogers directed his course in search of the Jamaica ships. Shells of cocoanuts, oranges, and orange-peel, seen floating about in abundance near the banks of Newfoundland, gave proof that these tropical traders could not be far off; and more certain intelligence was obtained from a British privateer captured by th Hornet, one of the vessels composing the American squadron. **July 9.** The Englishman declared that he had seen the Jamaica ships on the previous day, and reported them eighty-one in number, with a convoy of four vessels-of-war.

Rogers pertinaciously continued the pursuit until the 13th of July, when, arriving within a day's sail of the English channel, and getting no further information, he returned with his squadron to the United States, and arrived at Boston after an absence of seventy days. Though unsuccessful in the main object of the cruise, the squadron had taken seven merchantmen and recaptured an American trader.

The enemy, stimulated by the danger which the Belvidera had barely escaped, now became exceedingly alert, and, gathering their ships in force, appeared off New York in July, in search of Rogers. This British squadron made a formidable show, with the Africa, of sixty-four guns, Captain Bastard; the Shannon, thirty-eight, Captain Broke, the senior officer; the Guerriere, thirty-eight, Captain Dacres; the Belvidera, thirty-six, Captain Byron; and the Æolus, thirty-two, Captain Lord James Townshend. Not succeeding in their object of falling in with Commodore Rogers, they continued to hover about the coast, with the hope of pouncing upon American vessels. Several captures fell a prey to them, among which was the little brig Nautilus, mount-

ing only fourteen guns, and commanded by Lieutenant Crane. On the very day after she put to sea from New York, she fell in with the enemy's ships; and, although her commander made a skilful and spirited attempt to escape, by throwing over the lee-guns, starting the tanks, and carrying every stitch of sail which she could bear, it was found that the little vessel buried so deeply in the water, that she was soon overtaken, and forced to strike to the formidable enemy. The British, taking out her officers and crew, and throwing in their own, the Nautilus was at once adopted into their service, and became one of the English squadron, which continued still to hover about the coast.

On the 12th of July, the Constitution, of forty-four guns, Captain Hull, sailed from Annapolis, in Maryland. On the fifth day after leaving port, as with a light breeze from the northeast, and under easy canvas, she was quietly moving through the waters, not far from the coast, but out of sight of the land, a sail was reported; again, another, and another—one, two, three, four, five in all! They were evidently bearing down in company. One only, however, was clearly made out to be a man-of-war, which soon proved to be the Guerriere, of thirty-eight guns, Captain Dacres. The Constitution made all sail, as the wind was light, beat to quarters, cleared the decks for action, and determined to speak her. **July 17.**

The two vessels continued to approach each other slowly, as the gentle southerly breeze was hardly strong enough to fill their sails, until ten o'clock at night, when the Constitution shortened sail and raised her signal-lights. Receiving no answer from the Guerriere, after waiting an hour, the lights were hauled down, and the ship again put under press of canvas. During the night, however, as the wind continued very light, the Constitution made little progress. Just as the morning watch struck, the Guerriere threw up a rocket, and fired two guns. Hull, eagerly on the lookout, now discovered, as the day broke, that seven sail had closed in upon him during the night. They had all English colors flying, and proved to be the British squadron under Captain Broke, which had been hovering about the coast, and had now, besides the little Nautilus, added another prize to its force. **July 18.**

As the mist of the summer dawn cleared away, and the sun shone brightly out, Captain Hull could clearly see the position and watch with accuracy the movements of the enemy. Two of the frigates were on his lee-quarter; a ship-of-the-line, two frigates, the brig, and the schooner, were astern. All were evidently doing their best to overhaul the Constitution, and the nearest had reached almost within gunshot distance. The wind had now completely died away; the sails hung limp from the yards, with hardly stir enough to flap; the sea was without a ripple, and its calm surface only rose and fell with that gentle and regular heaving of the great ocean when in repose. Hull, however, was all astir, and equal to the emergency. He determined that his vessel should not be captured by this combina-

tion of the enemy, without every effort on his part to save her.

The boats were immediately got out, and sent ahead to tow; and, lest the British should nevertheless succeed in gaining upon him, Hull made preparations to give them a warm reception. Guns were run from the spar-deck and forecastle aft; and two twenty-fours (cutting everything in the way, to make room for them) were thrust through the cabin-windows, in order to serve as stern-chasers. The Shannon, the nearest of the enemy astern, had her boats out also; and, as she had the use of those of some others of the squadron as well as her own, and apparently the advantage of a little more breeze than the Constitution, she was evidently gaining. Exulting in her progress, and to try the distance, she blazed away with her bow-chasers, which fell short, however. This could not long be so, for the Shannon was drawing nearer and nearer every moment.

Captain Hull, nothing daunted, and as skilful as he was brave, did not want for an expedient equal to this new emergency. Getting all the spare rope aboard, he attached it to kedge-anchors, and with a boat ran them out, one after the other, nearly a mile ahead of the ship. As soon as the kedge was dropped, and the signal given, all hands laid hold of the rope, and, pulling with a will, made the proud craft move again. Kedge after kedge was thus run out, and the Constitution was fast getting away, while her pursuers were puzzling themselves to discover the apparent mystery. They soon succeeded, however, in finding out the secret, and wisely profited by the Yankee's ingenious example. The Shannon now began to kedge too, and with such success, that about nine o'clock she had got so close there was imminent danger of her being able to use her bow-chasers with effect, and cripple the Constitution, when the latter would inevitably fall a helpless victim to the squadron. Hull, and every officer and man under him, however, were as resolute as ever, and, without yielding for a moment to despondency, coolly prepared to meet even the last extremity. The captain, if forced into action, still hoped to be able with his stern-guns to repel the Shannon, and keep at a distance from the rest of the squadron. He was, at any rate, determined to try it; and all his people, to a man, were ready to stand by him to the last in carrying out his brave resolve. The Shannon kept fast closing astern, and the Guerriere was also drawing near on the starboard quarter.

Not a breath of air stirred the calm sea, which, heaving only with the swelling tide, beat faintly against the sides of the ship, and seemed ominously to announce approaching death. The moment was critical. In an hour more, unless some change should occur, the final struggle must come. The brave men on board, to whose care the noble Constitution had been confided, proved themselves worthy of their trust. All were resolutely determined, if human effort could save her, to wrest the ship of their pride from the destruction which threatened her. The oarsmen continued to tug manfully with the two boats, and an eager watch from the deck was kept upon the closing ene-

my. Worn out with ceaseless watching and hard work, the officers and men were forced to relieve each other alternately at duty. The former threw themselves on the deck to catch a brief nap, and the latter slept by their guns.

Suddenly, "all hands" were piped to duty. A change has come — a wind! Each man gasps for the slight breath of air as if his own life depended upon it. "At nine minutes past nine," says Cooper, "a light air from the southward struck the ship, bringing her to windward. The beautiful manner in which this advantage was improved, excited admiration even in the enemy. As the breeze was seen coming, the ship's sails were trimmed; and as soon as she was under command, she was brought close up to the wind, on the larboard tack. Davits were run up, while the others were just lifted clear of the water, by purchases on the spare outboard spars, where they were in readiness to be used at a moment's notice. As the ship came by the wind, she brought the Guerriere nearly on her lee beam, when the frigate opened a fire from her broadside. While the shot of this vessel were just falling short of them, the people of the Constitution were hoisting up their boats with as much steadiness as if the duty was performing in a friendly port."

The oarsmen, however, had but a short respite. In less than an hour, the wind lulled again almost to a calm. The boats were once more hoisted out; two thousand gallons of water were pumped out, to lighten the ship; and every sail that would draw was set, to catch the slight breathings of the dying breeze. The Shannon, now having almost all the boats of her consorts towing her, began to forge ahead again. The men of the Constitution, however, made up for want of numbers by their prodigious efforts, pulling manfully at their oars, from which they got only now and then a little relief by an occasional puff of wind, of which the skilful seamanship of the officers of the deck took every advantage. Nevertheless, the enemy gained so much in the course of the day, that toward evening several of their ships were within cannon-shot, and the Constitution was obliged to fire her stern-guns, in response to their bow-chasers. No harm was done, however, on either side.

With towing and kedging, the hours passed wearily and anxiously on, until eleven o'clock at night, when a light southerly breeze again filled the sails. The boats in a moment dropped alongside, hooked on, and were run up; the top-gallant sails were set; and, as the ship felt the wind, the tired crew were allowed a short rest. At midnight, the breeze again died away, and the doleful flapping of the sails against the masts was heard with sad forebodings by all on board. The crew, however, were not set to their weary work of kedging and towing until the break of day, as the enemy had ceased their efforts, and Captain Hull was glad to prolong the rest of his hard-worked men. The boats and kedges were out again at an early hour of the morning; but the wind soon freshened so as to dispense with all other aid but the good ship's sails and speed. July 19.

As the morning advanced, the sun shone out on that midsummer day upon a brilliant scene. The sea was as smooth as a lake, and there was just wind enough to fill the sails, and render unnecessary all that wearisome towing and kedging that had tried the endurance of the sailors for so many hours. Eleven, twelve sail were in sight at the same moment, for an American merchantman had just appeared to windward. All the vessels-of-war were clouds of canvas from "their trucks to the water." The Constitution stood bravely ahead, the proudest of the whole; and, now that she had a fair chance, was proving her qualities. Her relentless pursuers followed in her wake, and, although striving with all their might to overtake her, were dropping, one after another, far behind. The nearest frigate, the Belvidera, was now about two and a half miles astern.

At noon, the wind freshened, and the Constitution sprang to her work nobly. Fast as she was, her commander did not trust alone to her speed, but took care that she should have every advantage of skilful handling. In the afternoon the Belvidera was full four miles astern, and the rest of the pack had been thrown behind still farther. The wind lulled toward evening, but nothing was gained by the enemy.

At nightfall, there were indications of a squall, with heavy wind and rain. Captain Hull, with a watchful and overpowering enemy in pursuit, could not spare a moment; so he resolved to carry every stitch of canvas to the last. The crew were stationed at the ropes; all was fast, and the ship moved on calmly and beautifully over the smooth water, as if, conscious of the skill which guided her, she feared not the coming danger. The vigilant commander was on the alert. He was scanning with a watchful eye the darkening horizon; and, as the storm-cloud gathered and came rapidly up, he waited until its black wings almost fluttered over his ship, and she began to tremble as it were with the dread of approaching fate, and then, with a word, wrested her from the impending danger. Just before the squall struck the ship, the order was given to clew up and clew down. All the light canvas was furled, a second reef was taken in the mizzen topsail, and the ship was brought under short sail in an incredibly little time.*

The enemy, less daring, had taken care to be in good time for the squall, and had made all snug before it came. The Constitution, by the bolder seamanship of her commander, thus lost not a minute, and got a great start of her pursuers. While the former were still steering in every direction, to escape the effects of the squall, the latter, having only waited until the heaviest of the gale was over, hoisted her fore and maintop-gallant sails, and was flying fast from the foe, "on an easy bowline, at the rate of eleven knots."

When the weather cleared, the enemy were seen to be so far astern, that there was but little chance of the Constitution being overtaken. The English ships did not give up the pursuit, however, till the next morning. Thus **July 20.**

* Cooper — to whose technical descriptions we here express our obligations.

terminated one of the longest and most persevering chases ever recorded. For three days and three nights the Constitution had been pursued by a whole squadron, containing some of the fastest vessels, commanded by the ablest captains, in the British navy. The consummate manner in which Hull and his officers eluded their pursuit won for them great glory, but no more than their skill and perseverance deserved.

From Captain Hull, whose father had been a sailor before him, and he himself a thoroughbred seaman, who had risen from the forecastle to the quarter-deck of a merchantman, the skilful handling of a vessel might naturally have been expected. Well known already as a clever Yankee skipper, born and bred in Connecticut, when he entered the navy as a lieutenant, he had nothing to learn in sailing a ship. He was yet, however, to show himself equal to the demands of naval warfare. We shall see that he was no less the sea-warrior than the navigator.*

CHAPTER VI.

The Essex.—Captain Porter.—His Cruise.—Stratagems.—Amid the Enemy.—A Prize.—The British aghast.—A Sudden Surprise.—His Majesty's Ship Alert.—The First British Man-of-War captured.—A British Lieutenant cashiered.—A Slip.—The Flattered Hull.—No Taste for Incense.—Magnanimity.—A Great-hearted Sailor.—The Constitution on a Cruise.—Prizes.—A Sail!—The Chase.—Disposed to fight.—The Englishman opens Fire.—Yard-Arm and Yard Arm.—A Close Encounter.—Broadsides.—Afoul.—Ready to board.—Fire from the Tops.—Fall of Morris.—Working free.—A Helpless Wreck.—The Victory.—Capture of the Guerriere.—The Gallant Dacres.—Condition of his Ship.—The Losses.—All Gallant Fellows.—Arrival of Hull at Boston.—Exultation.—Nothing to fear from English Ships.—Joy of the Nation.—Confidence of Dacres.—"Not the Little Belt."—Hope from the Little Navy.

1812. A SHORT time after Commodore Rogers sailed with his squadron in search of the Jamaica fleet, the Essex, of thirty-two guns, Captain David Porter, left New York on a cruise to the southward. Capturing rapidly in succession several merchantmen, and, after taking on board their crews, destroying them, Porter on changing his course to the northward got a sight in the evening of a fleet of English traders and transports, under convoy of a large British man-of-war and a bomb-vessel. Porter, who was fond of stratagem, cleared his decks ready for action, and stationed his men at the guns, but concealed his crew, and kept his lower ports closed.

Thus disguised, the Essex was boldly steered for the fleet. Coming up with the hindmost vessel, Porter spoke her,

* ISAAC HULL was born at Derby, in Connecticut, and was the nephew of General Hull, who surrendered Detroit. While a lad, after he had just completed the ordinary round of the elements taught in the country schoolhouse, he shipped as a cabin-boy. He soon rose to the command of a merchant-ship. On the establishment of an American navy, Hull was appointed a lieutenant, distinguishing himself in the attack on Tripoli, in 1805; and, on the breaking out of the war of 1812, was made captain, and given the command of the Constitution.

and, learning what she and her companions were, determined to lay his frigate alongside the British man-of-war, and if possible take her by surprise. Accordingly, he pushed ahead; but, on getting abeam of a second vessel, and passing a word with her, her commander became alarmed, and made ready to signalize to the fleet the fact of the presence of a suspicious stranger. Porter now showed his real character, and threatened to fire into his neighbor if she did not strike at once, and without the slightest disturbance, by which the suspicions of the rest might be awakened. She soon hauled down her flag, and was immediately taken possession of by the Essex. She proved to be a transport, with a hundred and fifty soldiers on board.

During the delay of securing his prize, day dawned, and Captain Porter was compelled to give up his purpose of surprising the British man-of-war, which was discovered to be the Minerva, of thirty-six guns, convoying a fleet of transports, with a thousand men.

The artful Porter continued his cruise, still preserving an *incognito*, and, with his gun-deck ports in, his top-gallant masts housed, and his sails slovenly trimmed, contrived to give his ship the look of a merchantman. His *ruse* soon proved effectual. A stranger hove in sight, and, as soon as he got a glimpse of the Essex, boldly bore down upon her. Captain Porter hoisted his ensign, and kept away, under short sail. The stranger was still more encouraged by this apparent effort to escape, and, hoisting English colors, got to the weather-quarter, and gallantly gave chase, firing his bow-guns as he came on. Porter now threw off all disguise, opened his ports, and poured in a brisk cannonade.

The stranger was aghast. His crew left their guns, and hurried below. In eight minutes he struck his flag, and Porter found himself in possession of his majesty's ship Alert, Captain Langhorne, with a full crew, and carrying twenty eighteen-pound carronades. This was the first British man-of-war taken since the commencement of hostilities, and with a facility that surprised the world, so long and so strongly impressed with the invincibility of English prowess on the ocean. The Alert had three men wounded. The Essex did not receive a shot. The British officers were strongly taken to task by their government, and the first-lieutenant was cashiered. Porter, anxious to get rid of his prisoners, who, irritated by their easy capture, showed a disposition to rise, converted his prize into a *cartel*, and sent her into St. Johns.

The Essex soon afterward fell in with a brace of British frigates; and her commander, with his usual daring intrepidity, resolved to pick one off by boarding her in the night. Unluckily, in the darkness, his expected victim gave him the slip, and escaped. The Essex now put into the Delaware for supplies.

The energetic Hull did not linger long at Boston, where he had arrived after his famous exploit in escaping from the British squadron. The flatteries he everywhere received were not so much to his taste as to be allowed to steep his faculties, with their incense, into a pleasing

contentment with the past and an apathetic indifference to the future. He, in fact, with rare modesty, took care to tell his obsequious friends that they were "good enough to give him more credit than he ought to claim," and to beg them to "transfer their good wishes to Lieutenant Morris and the other brave officers, and the crew under his command, for their very great exertions and prompt attention to his orders while the enemy were in chase." Thus spoke a generous-hearted sailor, who, conscious of his capacity to do great deeds and earn a great name, could well afford, from his wealth of honor, to give freely to others.

August 2. Captain Hull now stood again on the deck of the old Constitution. With the same ship, the same officers, and the same crew, he sailed out on another cruise, eager for battle and hopeful of victory. He could trust all, from man to boy, and his proud ship from keel to main-truck, for he had tried them well, and the stout timbers of the one had proved as true as the brave hearts of the other.

The Constitution cruised along the eastern coast, and off the mouth of the St. Lawrence, taking here and there a prize of little value (and had reached latitude forty-one degrees, forty-one minutes, and longitude fifty-five degrees, forty-eight minutes), when, about two o'clock in the

Aug. 19. afternoon, the lookouts at the mastheads reported a sail to leeward. The Constitution, discovering that she was a British frigate, made all sail in chase. The Englishman was not disposed to fly, but, laying his maintopsail aback, manfully awaited the encounter. Hull, finding him thus inclined to fight, furled some of his canvas, and, checking his headway, prepared for action. Taking a reef in his topsails, sending down his royal yards, and clearing his decks, he now beat to quarters. At about five o'clock, the enemy had got close enough to open fire at long cannon-shot, when, hoisting three English ensigns, he gave a broadside, at the same time striving by wearing and so handling his ship as to rake the Constitution. Hull, by his skilful seamanship, however, defeated the manœuvre of his antagonist, but returned only a gun or so, to show his readiness for the fight. His object was, to get the Constitution so close to the enemy, that his cannon might tell with their fullest effect.

The Englishman gallantly showed his disposition for a fair yard-arm and yard-arm fight, by bearing up and running off under his three topsails and jib, with the wind on his quarter. Hull was prompt to accept his challenge, and, immediately making sail, brought the Constitution up with her antagonist.

At about six o'clock, being alongside, within half pistol-shot, Hull commenced a heavy fire from all his guns, double-shotted with round and grape. So well directed was the fire of the Constitution, and so warmly kept up, that in sixteen minutes the enemy's mizzen-mast went by the board. The Constitution now moved slowly ahead — as she passed, throwing a terrible discharge of shot into her adversary — and, in order to avoid being raked, strove to luff short about the Englishman's bows. While effecting this, the ves-

sels fell foul; and the enemy's guns, almost touching the Constitution's stern, poured in such a close fire, that the cabin was soon in a blaze. This, however, was promptly extinguished.

No sooner did the vessels touch, than the people of both ships made ready to board; and the marines began to shower down their musketry from the tops with great havoc, though the British suffered the most. Mr. Morris, the first-lieutenant, while striving to lash the vessels together, was shot through the body, but the wound fortunately did not prove mortal. Aylwin, the able sailing-master, and Mr. Bush, a lieutenant of marines, were both toppled off the taffrail of the Constitution, which they had mounted, ready to spring upon the enemy's deck. The former was only wounded in the shoulder; the latter, however, fell dead, with a musket-ball through his head. Although the crews were all mustered, ready to board, it was found impracticable, under the tremendous fire which was kept up, and from the heavy swell of the sea, during this fierce conflict.

The two ships, now filling their sails, worked free, by mutual consent. As the Constitution moved ahead, her antagonist's foremast went by the board, carrying with it the mainmast, and leaving the Englishman a helpless wreck, rolling in the trough of the sea. As the enemy, however, still kept his flag flying from the stump of the fallen mizzen-mast, the Constitution, after having run off a short distance to repair, returned, and was taking a position to give a last broadside to her victim, when he struck.

The enemy proved to be the Guerriere, of thirty-eight guns, Captain Dacres, a gallant officer, who had been exceedingly anxious to meet Hull in combat, and had in fact so expressed himself, by writing an invitation to that purport on the register of a merchantman which he had fallen in with. The Guerriere was in such a damaged condition, with all her masts gone, her hull riddled, and four feet of water in her hold, that it was found necessary to abandon and set fire to her.

The Constitution had but seven killed and seven wounded; and, although she had been considerably cut up in rigging and sails, her hull was so slightly injured, that after this desperate engagement she was ready for another fight.* The Guerriere had seventy-nine men killed and wounded, comprising one third of her entire crew; and, besides being dismasted, she had received no "loss than thirty shot as low as five sheets of copper beneath the bends."† The engagement occurred off the coast of Massachusetts, and lasted about half an hour.

"They all," said Captain Hull, in his tribute to his crew, "fought with great bravery; and it gives me great pleasure to say that, from the smallest boy in the ship to the oldest seaman, not a look of fear was seen. They all went into action giving three cheers, and requesting to be laid close alongside the enemy."

The Constitution now came to anchor in the harbor of Boston. The victorious Hull landed on his native shore, amid the exultant acclamations of his countrymen, just a fortnight **Aug. 30.**

* Cooper. † Ib.

after the disgraceful surrender of the elder Hull, his uncle, at Detroit. The nation's muttering despondency suddenly gave way to a full-voiced outburst of joy. The people proudly boasted of the triumph over the tyrant of the seas. Our brave sailors had met, fought, and conquered the British, on the element over which they had so long exultingly domineered. Although the Constitution was larger, carried more and heavier guns, and was more fully manned, than the Guerriere, still the combat had been on so nearly equal terms, and the American victory was so decided, as to prove conclusively that American seamanship and American courage had nothing to fear from English skill and prowess on the ocean, however disastrous might be the military operations of the former, when conducted by a cowardly general under an imbecile administration.

Captain Dacres, confident in the supposed naval superiority of his country, had been, as previously observed, eager for the contest with Hull. He had for many weeks defiantly displayed his flag at the entrance of the American harbors, and had hoisted from his masthead the significant words, "Not the Little Belt!" in provoking allusion to the collision of the frigate President with that small vessel in May of the preceding year. The Guerriere had gone into the battle confidently; she had been skilfully handled, and her officers and crew had acted gallantly and fought well; and yet, with all the encouraging *prestige* of British naval superiority, the exercise of good seamanship, and the display of undaunted courage, the English frigate had been vanquished, nay crushed, by her American antagonist—one of those "few fir-built frigates, manned by a handful of bastards and outlaws," as our national vessels and sailors had been contemptuously termed by the insolent enemy.

The American naval officers, true to their promise, had begun to give the nation victories; and the people now confidently looked to their little navy to redeem the country from the disgrace into which the politico-military would-be heroes had plunged it.

CHAPTER VII.

Hopes of the Peace-Party.—An Armistice.—Repeal of the British Orders in Council.—The Great Question unsettled.—Impressment defended by New England.—The Democrats true to the Feeling of the Country.—No Impressment.—Peace or War.—Negotiations at London.—Hopeful Canada.—Free Trade and Sailors' Rights.—The Formidable Indians.—Excitement on the Frontiers.—The Creeks and Seminoles.—Activity in Georgia.—The Indians routed.—King Paine.—The Indians emboldened.—Suppressed again.—Military Enthusiasm of the West.—The Hunters of Kentucky.—Recruits in Congress.—Volunteers.—Henry Clay.—Explosive Words.—Martial Ardor.—General Harrison in Command.—His Life and Character.—Choice of the Ranks.—Expedition to Detroit.—Relief of Fort Wayne.—Its Gallant Defence.—An Indian Ruse.—Fort Wayne saved.—Fort Harrison.—Sturdy Resistance of Zachary Taylor.—The Indians baffled.—Fire.—Coolness of Taylor.—His Success and Promotion.—Harrison reinforced.—General Hopkins at Fort Harrison.—The Ever-ready Taylor.—The Majority declares for Retreat.—Would-be Heroes longing for Home.—Savages routed.—Harrison superseded by General Winchester.—Opposition of the Troops.—Magnificent Plans.—Waiting for the Winter.—Small Detachments.

1812. THE peace-party was now for a brief time encouraged by a prospect of a speedy termination to the hostilities from which, confirmed in its alarms by the disastrous results of the Canadian campaign, it had feared such fatal consequences to the country. On the return

June 18. of Foster, the British minister, to his court, upon the declaration of war, the pacifically-disposed Madison had authorized the American embassador in London to agree to an armistice, preliminary to a definitive settlement of all difficulties between the two countries. The British government had, in the meantime, of its own accord, repealed the obnoxious orders in council. There was, however, the great question of impressment of seamen still to be settled.

So eager were the advocates for peace to grasp at the hope of reconciliation presented by the repeal of the British orders in council, that they were willing to ignore all other considerations. The merchants of New England made light of the question of impressment. "What is impressment," they asked, "but an essential means of protection of the claims of the British sovereign upon his subjects? Is America to go to war, to uphold a few English sailors in shirking their duty to their country?"

Such, however, were not the thoughts and words of the great mass of the people. Their strong national instincts rebelled against the audacious disregard of the American flag by Great Britain. It should protect, they declared, all beneath it, whoever they were. Moreover, the sense of personal rights, firmly fixed in the breast of every honest American yeoman who had once fought for them, and was ready to fight again, was roused to indignant resistance at the idea of an insolent press-gang boarding an American ship, and wresting from beneath the very symbol of freedom those who had once sought the privileges which it betokened. The democratic politicians knew well the feeling of the country, and resolved that

upon the settlement of this question of impressment should depend that of peace or war.

While negotiation was being carried on at London, the representatives of the English government on the American continent became hopeful of a successful issue. Sir George Prevost, the governor of Canada, as soon as he received intelligence of the repeal of the British orders in council, proposed an armistice to General Dearborn, in command on the northern frontier. The latter immediately acceded to the proposition. He excepted the unlucky General Hull, however, from its provisions, whom he declared he did not consider under his command.

But intelligence was soon received that the British government pertinaciously refused to yield up its insolent claim to the right of impressing sailors under the protection of the American flag. The whole question was now narrowed down to the single point of impressment. This was easily understood by every man. Our countrymen now knew that they were to fight for personal rights, and prepared for the battle with that sturdiness of resolution with which every freeman strikes for his independence. The popular sentiment soon found utterance in a simple and expressive formula, as is generally the case when the people's intelligence is awakened and their heart interested in a cause. "Free trade and sailors' rights!" was the cry echoed from Maine to Georgia, and from the seaboard to beyond the Alleghanies. Its words fluttered over the ocean from the masthead, were repeated in the crowded ports of the seacoast, muttered by the solitary hunters of the West, caught up by each schoolboy, and shouted in every playground.

Disastrous as had been the first attempt under the pusillanimous Hull, the invasion of Canada was still persisted in, as the great object of the campaign. The Indians, however, now let loose by the fall of Mackinaw and Detroit, and set on by their British allies, presented another and formidable enemy. The inland frontiers were everywhere excited, and busy with military preparations. The whole country, from the northern lakes to the gulf of Mexico, was marshalling its bands —there to vindicate its lost honor in an attack upon the British foe; here to repress the cruelties of the Indians, whose savage instincts had been encouraged to pillage and murder by the success, if not at the direct instigation, of the English.

The Georgians, in a resolute band of a hundred and seventeen men, had gathered about the enterprising Colonel Newman, and determined to root out a horde of Creeks and Seminoles, who, from their lair in the swamps on the Florida frontier, had stolen upon the retired homes of the scattered settlers, murdered men, women, and children, robbed their fields, and left their devastated homes in smoking ruins. Driven from the Lotchway towns, the savages sought refuge in the adjoining morasses. Here, however, they were so resolutely and skilfully attacked by the Georgia riflemen, that their cover proved of no protection, and they fell in numbers. Their chief, King Paine, was among the dead. The Indians, inflamed by the loss of their leader, made a bold

W. H. Harrison.

onset, to recover his body, which had fallen into the possession of the whites. Although repelled again and again, they at length achieved their object. Emboldened by this success, they returned to the fight; but Colonel Newman and his Georgians met them resolutely, and so completely beat them back, that the country around was for awhile secured from all fears of Indian incursions.

Kentucky, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, were all up in arms. The military enthusiasm of the West was transcendent. No less than fifteen thousand Kentuckians alone were believed to have mustered —equally ready to take the field against Briton or savage. They came thronging in, dressed in leathern hunting-shirts, and with their unerring rifles on their shoulders, clamoring with the same eager spirit to be led on as if gathered for the chase. Nor was the enthusiasm limited to the "hunters of Kentucky." Men of all occupations were equally ardent. Members of Congress even volunteered as privates; and the young Henry Clay, "though not under arms, was abroad at the musters,"* urging with words of stirring eloquence his fellow-citizens to the battle. Alluding to the first disasters of Hull, which only he knew at that time, the young orator declared that they should retake Malden, and bring the British with them prisoners to Kentucky. His countrymen should remember that they were not only, as he proudly said, Americans, but Kentuckians too. Thus, loaded with patriotic ardor, and primed with these explosive words of the fiery Clay, the western militiamen were eager to give vent to their martial ardor.

* Ingersoll.

William Henry Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe, and subsequently the ninth president of the United States, was born at Beckly, in Virginia, twenty miles below Richmond, on the 9th of February, 1773. His father, Benjamin Harrison, was educated at the college of William and Mary, and went early into public life, commencing as a member of the house of burgesses of his native province. The British government offered him a seat in the executive council, which he declined, and remained true to his country. He was a prominent man during the Revolution, a member of the continental Congress from 1774 until 1777, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, governor of Virginia from 1782 to 1784, and a member of the Virginia convention for adopting the constitution of the United States. He traced his descent from a famous general of his name who fought under Cromwell, during the civil war in England.

His son, the subject of this notice, after receiving the customary education at the college of Hampden Sydney, studied for the medical profession; but participating in the general excitement which existed throughout the country against the barbarous mode of warfare at that time practised by the Indians on the northwestern frontiers, he suddenly abandoned the precepts of Galen, and began his military career as an ensign of artillery under the gallant General Wayne, in 1791, the year of his father's death. In 1797, he was appointed secretary of the Northwestern territory, then including what are now

the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan. In 1799, he was elected a delegate to Congress from the territory; and in 1801, he was appointed by President John Adams the governor of the territory of Indiana. Harrison was a man of popular manners, fluent in speech, and an effective political leader. His courage was undoubted, but he lacked promptness of decision and resoluteness of action.*

Ten thousand volunteer militia immediately gathered to the standard of Harrison, who had been recently appointed brigadier-general. To this force were added the remnants of the seventeenth and nineteenth regiments of regulars. Confidence and ardor pervaded the whole, from general to private. Harrison himself was the choice of his army, of which every soldier hailed with acclamation his appointment to supersede others entitled to the rank, who had been ousted to make way for their more popular successor.

The troops set out exultingly on their march toward Detroit, confident of bringing timely aid to the unlucky Hull, and co-operating with him in inflicting a severe retribution upon their British foes. Upon reaching the frontiers of Ohio, however, the buoyant spirits of the army were suddenly depressed by the gloomy intelligence of Hull's surrender of his whole force, together with Detroit and the territory of Michigan. The general, nevertheless, found employment for his troops. Fort Wayne, situated on the Miami of the lake, was invested by the Indians, and threatened by a British force. Harrison determined to march to its relief.

Aug. 24.

The situation of the fort was critical. The Indians had gathered in great numbers from the forests on the borders of Lake Erie and Lake Michigan. The fort was garrisoned by only seventy men; and day after day the savages, now by stratagem and now by direct attack, attempted to carry the place. The few American soldiers held out manfully. The Indians, however, became more and more determined; and at length, bringing up two mounted trunks of trees, to which they had artfully contrived to give the appearance of cannon, they threatened to batter down the walls, and massacre every man within, unless the garrison should capitulate. But the brave soldiers did not yield, and, always on the alert by night and day, succeeded in keeping their savage enemy at bay for weeks, until the arrival of General Harrison to their relief, when the Indians scampered off to their forest-haunts.

Another attempt of the Indians, made by the Potawatomies and Winnebagoes, upon Fort Harrison, on the Wabash river, was foiled by the sturdy resistance of Captain Zachary Taylor, the future Mexican hero and president of the United States. Trying stratagem, some few of the artful savages feigned weariness and hunger, and besought a night's shelter and hospitality at the fort. Finding their word disbelieved, they threw off the mask, and with a loud whoop summoning the rest of the band, who lay concealed in the neighboring thickets, they made a furious

* In 1828, Harrison was sent as United States minister to Colombia, and in 1840 he was chosen chief-magistrate. But one month after his election he was seized with a sudden illness, and died April 4, 1841.

attack upon the fort. Taylor had only eighteen effective men, but he resolved to hold out to the last extremity against his ruthless enemy. Finding themselves baffled, the Indians resorted to fire, and during the night set in flames one of the blockhouses. All attempts to extinguish it seemed ineffectual; and while the savages were howling in frantic excitement at the success of their manœuvre, and with eager appetite for their victims, and the children and women within the fort were with loud cries lamenting their expected fate, even the men began to despond. Two of the garrison, giving up all hope of defence, leaped the pickets, and strove to escape. One was killed and scalped; and the other, mangled and with his arm broken, came back to the fort and implored readmission.

Captain Taylor preserved throughout a cool composure, and triumphed over the occasion, desperate as it appeared, with a resolution which always characterized the man during his heroic career. Ordering the burning blockhouse to be unroofed by a few of his most daring men, while he protected them at their work by a brisk fire upon the Indians, the roof was used to fill in the gap in the walls, and to serve as a breastwork. Firing constant volleys of musketry the whole night, the garrison was thus enabled to keep off its fierce assailants. The savages finally became discouraged, and, carrying off their numerous dead, abandoned all further attempts upon the fort. Besides the deserter, only two of the garrison were killed and one wounded. Taylor's gallant resistance won for him the rank of major.

While General Harrison was marching to the relief of Fort Wayne, on the borders of Ohio, he was not unmindful of the dangers of the more southern and western frontiers. Anxious to concentrate his own force for a projected enterprise against Detroit, he called upon Governor Shelby, of Kentucky, to enroll fresh troops for the protection of Indiana and Illinois against the incursions of the savages.

The western settlers responded to the prompt summons of the governor with their usual military ardor. In less than twenty days, an army of four thousand men, "the flower of western chivalry," all mounted on horseback and equipped with rifles, gathered at Vincennes, in southern Indiana. Their commander, Major-General Hopkins, at once led on his willing troops to the scene of danger. His first object was to reinforce the meager garrison at Fort Harrison, on the Wabash, where, on sending a detachment, it was found that the gallant Taylor, by his resolute struggle with the savages, had so intimidated them, that they had not yet ventured on another attack. The little garrison of fourteen men, reduced to almost the last extremity for want of supplies, and barely nourished by the green corn which they plucked from a neighboring field-patch, welcomed gladly the timely arrival of aid in provisions and men. Major Taylor, however, resolutely determined to hold out to the last, had repaired the damages to the fort, and so strengthened his works, that he was ready with his handful of brave men to meet another assault from his savage enemy.

Sept. 30.

General Hopkins, relieved of his anxiety about the ever-ready Taylor, now led his cavalcade of riflemen to attack the Indian villages on the Wabash and the Illinois. Wearied with the long tramp through the prairie-wilderness, and suffering for the want of water and provisions, the men, impatient of military hardships, held a meeting — which, as volunteers, they felt themselves privileged to do — and resolved upon a retreat. The general strenuously objected, but the army, being the majority, carried the day; and the would-be heroes of but a few weeks before, forgot their "chivalry" in their irresistible longing for their western homes.

Hopkins was obliged to yield to the current, and turned homeward. He soon sought an occasion, however, with a corps of more resolute followers, to redeem the disgrace of his previous abortive expedition. With about fifty regulars and three regiments of Kentucky militiamen, he retraced his steps to the Wabash. After laying waste three Indian villages, he returned more triumphantly than before to Vincennes, where he sought rest during the winter from the arduous labors of his campaign.

Governor Edwards, of the Illinois territory, was also fully alive to dangers from the incursions of the savages, and accordingly sent Colonel Russell, of the rangers, to rout out the Indian town at the headwaters of Lake Peoria. The object was effectually accomplished. The savages were hunted into the neighboring morasses, "hotly pursued and speedily routed, leaving behind them twenty dead bodies, a considerable store of corn, and sixty horses laden with baggage."*

Harrison, who was the especial favorite of the troops, was now superseded by the aged General Winchester, of the regular army. Winchester was a Revolutionary hero, which would seem to predicate his fitness for command. He was also, however, a wealthy citizen of Tennessee, where he had lived many years in such "elegant luxury and ease," that some thought him not properly "seasoned for another campaign in the forest."† The army was quite opposed to the new appointment, and did not fail loudly to murmur against the change, but was finally appeased by one of those effective speeches from their old commander for which his biographer declares he was remarkable. Moreover, his soldiers hoped that Harrison would soon be reinstated, not only on the score of his capacity, but of his pre-eminent popularity. An army of ten thousand volunteers was conscious that its voting weight would entitle its voice to the highest consideration at Washington.

In the meantime, General Winchester marched the troops with cautious prudence toward Fort Defiance, while Harrison made his way to Piqua, where he hoped to muster a volunteer force for a brilliant *coup de main* against the British, in order to wrest Detroit from their grasp. While contemplating the prospective glory of such an attempt, and collecting his band, he received intelligence that he had been reinstated in the command of the western army. His old troops soon wel-

* Armstrong. † Life of Harrison, by Dawson.

comed him back, and warmed with a martial glow as he spoke to them of his intended campaign against the enemy on the Canada frontier.

General Harrison now prepared to advance against the British. Preliminary to his proposed attack upon Detroit, he, with the co-operation of Winchester and Tupper, reinforced with men and provided with supplies the intervening forts. His plan of campaign was magnificent. Granted almost unlimited authority by the government, in the employment of means, the general expanded his scheme proportionately. He proposed to establish immense *dépôts* of supplies at Fort Defiance, Fort M'Arthur, and Upper Sandusky; while from the falls of the Maumee of the lake, after accumulating one million of rations for his troops and forage for two thousand horses and oxen, he would march to Brownstown, cross the Detroit river, and before the beginning of winter take Malden, and wrest the Michigan territory from the possession of the enemy.

This grand plan, however, was defeated by Nature, man, and beast. The wild country was swampy, and deluged with the autumnal rains; the draught-horses, badly trained, would not draw; and the men became mutinous. Failing in every attempt to carry out his plans, save in the capture of a couple of Indian villages on the river St. Josephs, by a band of about five hundred Ohio volunteers, under the command of Colonel Treuble, Harrison was fain to give up all hopes of a fall campaign, and wait until the winter's cold should freeze over the swamps and make them more easily passable for the troops, artillery, and baggage.

In the meanwhile, General Harrison kept his troops in exercise and employment by sending out detachments under the commands of Tupper, Winchester, and Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, against the various Indian lodgments in the neighborhood of the great lakes. By these expeditions, the influence of Tecumseh and his prophet-brother over the hostile tribes was in some degree weakened; and the savages, who had been deceived with regard to the power of the whites to chastise them for their many outrages, were now made to feel that the strong arm of an organized military force was about to be laid heavily upon them.

CHAPTER VIII.

Great Preparations against Canada.—Large Force on the Frontier.—General Dearborn in Command.—His Line of Operations.—Division and Distribution of the Army.—General Van Rensselaer.—Thirsting for Action.—Brilliant Exploits in View.—Ogdensburg.—The Object of Hostility.—British Attempts.—General Jacob Brown.—A Quaker turned Soldier.—Successful Defence of Ogdensburg.—Applause of Brown.—The Great Lakes.—Sackett's Harbor.—Oswego in Former Times.—The Difficulties of the Americans.—Advantages of the Canadians.—Their Force on the Lakes.—Ships and other Vessels.—Great Demonstration.—Spirit of Wolsey.—A Fleet at Bay.—Sackett's Harbor saved.—Captain Isaac Chauncey.—Henry Eckford.—Chauncey on the Lakes.—Activity.—Captain Jesse D. Elliot.—His Dash.—Success.—Rewards.—Eager Soldiers.—A Willing Commander.—Attack on Queenstown.—Delay.—Renewed Attempt.—Failure to land.—Troops debarked.—Conflict.—Great Havoc.—Van Rensselaer wounded.—Wool in Command.—The Enemy repulsed.—General Brock to the Rescue.—His Fall and Death.—The Troops discouraged.—Scott takes part, and commands the Regulars.—Awaiting Reinforcements.—The British coming in Force.

1812. When General Dearborn, in command of the northern department, had, though with apparent reluctance, put an end to the armistice with the enemy, which had been agreed upon between Sir George Prevost and himself, im-

Aug. 29. mediate efforts were made to resume the war, on a scale commensurate with the difficulties which had been experienced in the first attempt upon Canada. The states of New York and Vermont, whose frontiers bordered on the hostile provinces, and the political sympathies of whose governments were with the democratic adminstration of Madison, generously poured forth their resources. A goodly show of force on the Canadian frontier was the result.

Near Plattsburg and Greenbush, on Lake Champlain, General Dearborn commanded in person three thousand regulars and two thousand militia. On his left was another force of two thousand militia, scattered at different points along the southern banks of the St. Lawrence to Sackett's Harbor. Still farther to the southward, a force of no less than six thousand men stretched along the eastern bank of Niagara river, from Fort Niagara to Buffalo. Fifteen hundred of these were regulars, under General Smythe; the rest were militiamen and volunteers, and all were commanded by Major-General Stephen Van Rensselaer, of the New-York militia.

Van Rensselaer, although a federalist, and not an eager advocate for war, was a man of chivalrous spirit, and accepted with a ready willingness the military duty which had been imposed upon him by his astute political rival, Governor Tompkins. Feeling acutely the disgrace of the first campaign under Hull, he was eager to vindicate the national character, and laudably ambitious of being himself the means. "The national character," Van Rensselaer declared, "is degraded, and the disgrace will remain corroding the public feeling and spirit until another campaign, unless it be instantly wiped away by a brilliant exploit of this." The troops shared in the martial ardor of their

commander, in which they were still further encouraged by some timely successes against the enemy on the frontier.

Ogdensburg, on the American side of the St. Lawrence, had, by its bold interruptions of the communication between Montreal and Kingston, drawn upon it the especial hostility of the British and the Canadians. Their convoys of supplies had been successfully attacked again and again, when, in order to put a stop to further interruption, the enemy made an attempt upon the place.

The British commander at Prescott, on the opposite bank of the St. Lawrence, collected a force of seven hundred and fifty men, regulars and militia, embarked them in twenty-five batteaux, and, preceded by two gun-boats, pushed across the river for Ogdensburg, under cover of a heavy cannonade from the batteries on the British side. The *quondam* Pennsylvania Quaker, teacher, journalist, and military secretary, then General Jacob Brown, of the New-York militia, and founder of Brownsville, a man of skill, courage, and enterprise, commanded at Ogdensburg at the time. The enemy were allowed to approach half way across the river, when Brown opened from his batteries such a fire of artillery, that they were forced to retire the best way they could. Their confusion became great, and their loss consequently heavy. In the rarity of our successes in those days, Brown's spirited conduct was greatly extolled, and he acquired a reputation for military capacity which his subsequent actions fortunately confirmed.

There were still other encouraging successes, on the Niagara frontier. The Americans soon became conscious of the importance of securing some control of the great lakes. Little progress, however, had been made toward attaining this object until hostilities had fully commenced. Although Lake Champlain was principally within the jurisdiction of the United States, there was not a single American cruiser upon its waters. On Lake Ontario there was but one armed vessel, the Oneida, of sixteen guns, which had been built but a few years before, and was commanded by that spirited and skilful sailor, Lieutenant Wolsey. On the eastern and American side of the lake there was, it is true, the naval station of Sackett's Harbor; but this, with every advantage of an excellent basin, was but an insignificant hamlet of a dozen or less houses. Oswego, on the same waters, was also only a village; and Ogdensburg, though somewhat larger, and a port of some importance, had been but recently settled, and was useless as a naval station. The resources of all these settlements were exceedingly limited, and their intercourse with the centres of American civilization was obstructed by deep forests or almost impassable roads. Supplies were accordingly obtained only by the greatest difficulty, and at the most enormous expense. The Canadas, on the contrary, possessed on the lakes—as, for example, at Kingston (the old Frontenac of the French), Prescott, York (now Toronto), Queenstown, and Malden, or Amherstburg—long-established towns, with all the resources of skilled artisans and prepared material that naturally accumulate in ad-

vanced communities. Their communication, by means of the St. Lawrence, with the ocean, however, opened to them all the resources of Great Britain, which, with her great commercial and naval marine, were readily brought to their docks.

With these advantages, the Canadas had easily secured a superiority in naval force on the lakes. Their vessels, however, were commanded and manned only by provincial officers and sailors, who were far from being thoroughbred mariners.

Presuming upon their superior force, a few weeks after the declaration of war, the enemy, concentrating their fleet on Lake Ontario — the Royal George, of twenty-two guns; the Prince Regent, sixteen; the Earl of Moira, fourteen; the Duke of Gloucester, the Seneca, and the Simcoe — made a formidable demonstration off the fort of Sackett's Harbor. Capturing a customhouse-boat, the British commander sent her back, with a demand for the immediate surrender of the Oneida, and a small schooner called the Lord Nelson, which had fallen into the hands of the Americans a short time before. Lieutenant Wolsey, observing the overpowering numbers pursuing in full cry his solitary little brig, and not disposed to yield her up, strove to give the British vessels the slip, by running past them, out of the harbor, into the open lake. Finding that this was impracticable, and that he was hemmed in, he was determined to resist to the last. He accordingly anchored his little vessel close under a land-bank, where he could rake the entrance to the harbor, and deliberately set to work to keep the whole fleet at bay. While he brought the guns on the side of the Oneida toward the enemy to bear upon them, he removed those on the other, to mount a battery on shore, near the fort on the height, where there was a long thirty-two pounder, which Wolsey took charge of in person. The enemy closed in toward the entrance of the harbor, and began an irregular and inefficient fire, which was returned by the Americans with such skill, that in less than two hours every British vessel was making sail with all haste to return to Kingston, on the opposite side of the lake. The gallantry of Lieutenant Wolsey had saved his little brig and Sackett's Harbor without the loss of a drop of blood, although it was believed that the enemy suffered considerably.

July 19.

The government of the United States, conscious of the importance of the control of the lakes, had selected Captain Isaac Chauncey, a good practical seaman, and an able as well as chivalrous officer, to take the command there. He promptly buckled to the work. At New York, where he was commander of the navy-yard, he quickly gathered fifty or more ship-carpenters, among whom was the famous naval architect Henry Eckford, a Scotchman by birth but an American by adoption, a supply of guns and stores of all kinds, a number of skilful officers and able seamen, and despatched them immediately to Sackett's Harbor, where he himself soon after arrived. While Captain Chauncey was at work constructing his new vessels, he bought a number of the trading-schooners com-

Oct. 6.

mon on the lake, and turned them into armed craft, and thus speedily secured a tolerably respectable force, of forty guns in all, to keep the enemy in awe on Lake Ontario.

Chauncey was not less mindful of the other lakes. On Lake Erie, since the surrender of Hull, the enemy held complete sway. They had taken possession of the solitary American armed vessel, the Adams, and changed her name into the Detroit; and, possessing all the other cruisers, they had the undisputed control of the great lakes from the falls of Niagara to the head of Lake Michigan. Captain Chauncey was determined that his country should also be represented on these great waters, and immediately despatched Lieutenant Jesse D. Elliot (subsequently Commodore Elliot) to the upper lakes, in order to purchase vessels and equip them as cruisers. While young Elliot was on this service, he had an opportunity of distinguishing himself, which he spiritedly caught at.

Oct. 7. One morning, two armed vessels came down the lake, and anchored under Fort Erie. One proved to be the Detroit (the old Adams), and the other the Caledonia. Elliot now determined to make a dash at them, and try to cut them out. Fortunately, just at that time, a party of sailors, on their way from New York, were reported to be close at hand. Elliot immediately despatched a messenger to hurry them on. They arrived, luckily, on that very day; but, as they were without arms, Elliot was obliged to call in the aid of the military department. He accordingly appealed to Brigadier-General Smythe, in command of the regular troops at Niagara, who at once responded, and gave him not only arms, but allowed fifty soldiers, under Captain Towson, who volunteered to join in the enterprise.

Waiting until night, Elliot started with two boats on his daring expedition, he himself commanding one of them in person. The whole affair was gallantly executed and successfully accomplished. Both vessels were carried, and the Caledonia was safely brought, a prize, into Buffalo. The Detroit, however, grounded, and it was found necessary to abandon and set fire to her. Elliot's gallantry was acknowledged by Congress in the vote of a sword. The soldiers had shown no less skill and courage than the sailors in this dashing enterprise, the success of which greatly encouraged the American armies gathered on the frontiers.

The military ardor of the troops under General Stephen Van Rensselaer was now, in fact, so greatly stimulated, that it was believed necessary to find a vent for it in immediate action. The men declared that they must act, or they would go to their homes — an alternative which the militiamen, in their independence, felt that they were perfectly free to choose. Their leader did not hesitate to acknowledge, if not the threatened basis of their claims, at any rate the necessity of yielding to them. His soldiers clamored for the fight. Van Rensselaer not unwillingly determined to gratify them.

Queenstown, on the Canadian side of the Niagara, between Lakes Erie and Ontario, and about seven miles from the lat-

ter, was the point proposed for the first attack, with the purpose of obtaining a lodgment in Canada, preliminary to the campaign against that province. General Van Rensselaer had under his immediate command at Lewistown, on the American side of the river, about twenty-five hundred of the New-York militia. To these were added four hundred and fifty regulars, who had been detached, under Colonels Fenwick and Chrystie, from the camp at Niagara, to be in readiness to co-operate in the projected enterprise.

The enemy's position at Queenstown was near the village, upon a high bank of the river fronting Lewistown, defended by three batteries, a few artillerists, two companies of the forty-ninth British regiment, and a detachment of Canadian militia. The resolute and active General Brock, although reported by a pretended spy to be far away, was near at hand, and watching faithfully over the threatened post.

General Van Rensselaer, having assembled his troops, and given the command of the expedition to his cousin, Lieutenant-Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, gave orders for the embarkation. On reaching the shore, in the midst of a pelting northeasterly storm, and the boats being called for, it was discovered that none of them were ready; as the man who had been engaged for the service, had not only withdrawn himself, but carried off all the oars. The troops were accordingly marched back to their quarters, and the expedition was postponed.

Oct. 11.

Again, in two days more, it was determined to renew the attempt. Three hundred militia, under Colonel Van Rensselaer, and three hundred regulars, commanded by Colonel Chrystie, were, before daybreak, marched to the river, prepared to cross. It was the intention to throw over the whole force of six hundred men together. These were to assail and carry the enemy's batteries, while the rest of the army was kept in reserve, to follow and occupy the village and heights of Queenstown. The boats, however, proved insufficient in number to carry over the troops at once. They were therefore obliged to cross in detachments. Colonel Chrystie's boat, breaking a row-lock, and being badly managed, got adrift, and was swept down the current. It finally reached the opposite shore, but below the landing-place. The colonel, amid a concentrated fire of the enemy, made a gallant but vain effort to land. He was wounded, driven off, and forced to retire to the American side of the river, whence again, however, later in the day, he crossed over and bravely bore his share in the struggle.

Oct. 13.

Colonel Van Rensselaer was more successful, and effected a landing with a detachment of about a hundred regulars. These were immediately marched from the shore up the bank which overhung it, where they stood awaiting the arrival of the troops. Day now broke, however; and the enemy, aroused to their danger, opened their batteries upon the Americans crossing the river, and poured a volley right upon the advanced detachment on the bank. So great was the havoc, that not a single commissioned officer

escaped either death or a wound. Van Rensselaer himself received four severe wounds, and was obliged to yield up the command to Captain Wool*—giving, as he left the field, the order that the troops should mount the heights and storm the British batteries. The order was faithfully obeyed. Wool, now joined by Captain Ogilvie, who had just crossed the river with a few more regulars, led on the troops in gallant style. Up the heights they sprang, in the very face of the enemy's guns; attacked, half way up the ascent, an eighteen-pound battery, and rapidly carried it; drove back the British regulars; and, pushing briskly on, soon planted their flag upon the loftiest peak, or "mountain," as it was called. The enemy, thus forced from the heights, strove to recover their ground, but were as often repelled, and finally driven into a strong stone building which stood near the water's edge.

At this moment, General Brock, having been aroused by the cannonading, came dashing up at full speed, in company with his aid-de-camp, to the rescue. With a hearty cheer, his favorite grenadiers of the forty-ninth welcomed his arrival, and, rallying under his command, made a sortie and a gallant push up the heights to recover their lost ground. Brock was at their head, leading them on to the attack, and crying out, "Charge the Yankees! charge the Buffalo militia!" when a musket-ball struck him in the breast. He fell from his horse, and died almost immediately. His last words were, "Push on the brave York volunteers!" His aid, Captain M'Donald, soon met the same fate. The fall of their gallant leader so discouraged the British, that they retreated, and, again seeking their cover, left the Americans (now reinforced by two or three hundred more regulars and militia) in undisturbed possession of the heights.

The victory seemed secured; and the gallant men, who had so successfully begun the day, looked from the heights which they had won, over the river, in eager expectation of the means of completing their triumph. They looked, however, in vain. Everything was in confusion on the American side; only one piece of artillery had been sent across the river, a meager supply of ammunition, and not a single intrenching-tool! The main body of the army still remained on the eastern bank. Some few had gone to the support of their comrades. Lieutenant-Colonel Chrystie, accompanied by Major Mullany, had at last found means to cross with his detachment of regulars; General Wadsworth, without waiting for orders, had gallantly passed over with a small number of militia; and Lieutenant-Colonel Winfield Scott and Lieutenant Totten (of the engineers) were likewise on the ground.

Scott had arrived at Lewistown at the very moment when the troops were embarking. He earnestly sought permission to take a part in the expedition. His request, however, was refused by General Van Rensselaer; and he was stationed on the American shore of the Niagara, where he planted his artillery so as to cover the debarkation of the troops. **Oct. 13.**

* Afterward General Wool, of Mexican celebrity.

Seeing the stress of his comrades on the other side, and obtaining leave to go to their aid, Colonel Scott jumped into a boat with his adjutant, Roach, and hastened across the river. On landing, he was met by General Wadsworth, who promptly yielded the command to him, saying: "You, sir, know best professionally what ought to be done. I am here for the honor of my country and that of the New-York militia." Scott was thus induced to assume the general command, both of the regulars and the militia, although he only claimed that of the former.

The whole American force now mustered on the Canadian side amounted to three hundred and fifty regulars and two hundred and fifty volunteers, who, being advantageously posted to command the river, awaited the coming of the rest of the troops, whose safety in crossing was thus secured.

As yet, however, there were no indications of the passage of the principal body of the American troops, some fifteen hundred in number, which still unaccountably remained on the opposite bank of the Niagara, to the astonishment of their brave comrades who had crossed. The latter, with straining eyes, looked anxiously for the embarkation, as there was every prospect that the enemy would soon be largely reinforced, and thus enabled to leave their strong covert, and act on the offensive. The British garrison at Fort George (situated on the western bank of the Niagara river, about one mile from Lake Ontario), which was only eight miles distant from Queenstown, a large force of Canadian militia from Chippewa, and numerous Indian auxiliaries, were known to be advancing in all haste against the invaders. The sun had risen upon the American arms in triumph: was it destined to shed its declining rays upon them in defeat? Will those impulsive volunteers, who on their arrival at Lewistown clamored so fiercely to be confronted with the foe, maintain their first resolve? or, acting the part of cravens, will they see their brethren overwhelmed by superior numbers, and basely refuse to follow their commander to the rescue?

CHAPTER IX.

General Van Rensselaer to the Rescue.—Recreant Troops.—To go or not to go.—Entreaties.—Afraid to face the Fire.—Appalling Sight.—Political Scruples.—Constitutional Objections.—Despair.—Dastards.—Renewal of the Conflict at Queenstown.—Courage of the Regulars.—Success of Colonel Scott.—A Panic.—Scott in Front.—A Conspicuous Mark.—A Rally.—The Enemy driven back.—Anxious Expectation.—Advance of the British.—Spirited Appeal.—A Council of War.—Nothing done.—The Shock.—The Rout.—The Visible Scott.—A Flag.—Massacre.—Scott seeks a Parley.—Dangerous Exposure.—Surrender.—Burial of General Brock.—American Respect for the Dead.—The American Prisoners.—The "Tall American."—A Tussle with the Savages.—"Guard! Guard!"—Rescue of Scott.

1812. General Van Rensselaer, as soon as his cousin the colonel had been brought back wounded, hurried across the Niagara river, to take the command in person. Finding, however, that his troops had failed to follow him, he returned to Lewistown, to urge the militia to their duty. But his presence proved of no avail. The men, frightened by the fire which was still kept up by the enemy from a small battery of two light guns at the stone house that they occupied, and which commanded the landing, objected to cross. They were ordered, threatened, and entreated. The militia, nevertheless, were not disposed to move. As one half of the twenty boats had drifted away or been swamped in the confusion, the men pleaded the want of means to carry them over.

It was then suggested that they should cross in detachments; and, as the general became still more urgent in his entreaties, he so far prevailed as to induce a militia company, "handsomely equipped," to consent to go. Just as they were entering the boats, however, a firing was heard from the opposite side of the river; and these gallantly-arrayed soldiers halted and firmly stood their ground, declaring that they would not cross! Moreover, they took occasion to express their scruples about invading a foreign territory, and affirmed that they, as militia, had constitutional objections which no general could induce them to waive on that occasion!

General Van Rensselaer was now compelled to give up all hope of bringing his troops to the rescue of their brave countrymen who had so gallantly begun the day. Thus stood the militia, fifteen hundred strong, on one side of the river, while on the other their heroic comrades were resolutely awaiting the foe. Not a regiment, not a company, not a man of the dastards, would stir to aid their endangered countrymen. They could hear the distant guns of the coming enemy; they could see their battalions forming for the fight; they could behold the struggle. The danger of their comrades did not excite them to manly sympathy. The shouts of victory did not arouse them to a desire to share the deeds of glory of their fellow-Americans. Insensible alike to pity, to honor, and to duty, they, cowards as they were, still re-

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mained, concerned alone about their own personal safety.

The conflict had begun to rage again at Queenstown. About two o'clock in the afternoon, a band of Indian warriors, numbering some five hundred, came rushing out of the neighboring forest, howling and driving before them a party of straggling militia. Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, placing himself at the head of his regulars, advanced to meet the savages. The latter were now joined by the British soldiers, who had sallied out from the stone house on their approach. A severe struggle ensued, but Scott soon forced the enemy from the ground — driving the savages in confused rout back to their forest-covert, and the English grenadiers to the protection of their stone walls.

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The Americans, thus having possession of the field of battle, manfully held it, in spite of frequent attacks of the Indians, who, rallying under cover of the woods, came again and again to the charge. On one occasion, the advanced pickets of the American line were driven in by an impetuous rush of a large body of the savages, and a general defeat seemed inevitable. Scott was in the rear, showing some of his men how to unspike a cannon, when he was suddenly made aware of the panic and danger of his troops. In a moment he was in front of his line. His commanding appearance, with his great height of six feet six inches, and brilliant uniform, made him at once a conspicuous mark for the rifles of the Indians. He, however, unmindful of danger, thought only of bringing his troops to their duty; and with a few spirited words, and by his own courageous example, he immediately rallied them. With a shout, his soldiers sprang to the ranks again, and threw themselves forward with a rush upon the enemy, driving them back in confusion.

Scott, finding that his troops, though successful in every engagement, were unnecessarily exposed by their position on the borders of the woods, where the savages were yet lurking and keeping up a stealthy fire, withdrew them to the more open ground on the edge of the heights, and there awaited the more formidable foes who were fast approaching.

From the rising ground, Colonel Scott could see, in the distance, a column of artillery and infantry steadily advancing. Their approach was slow and cautious, as if moving against a formidable enemy. They were not conscious of the small though resolute band that awaited them. Scott anxiously cast his eyes over the Niagara river, to catch some sign of movement on the part of his expected reinforcements from the militia. There was yet no appearance of relief in that quarter. A few boats were struggling with the eddies, but these were now making for the American shore, and were filled with thronging militiamen, who were cowardly flying from danger, and abandoning their comrades.

The British force continued its steady march, coming closer and closer, but still with wary caution. The American troops were now reduced to less than three hundred effective men, with only a single piece of artillery. The enemy, when the junction should be effected with the ap-

proaching reinforcement (which proved to be a large body composed of regulars, militia, and Indians, from Niagara, under General Sheaffe), would count about one thousand in all. Colonel Scott, however, resolutely determined to await the shock of this overwhelming force, for he still hoped that succor would come from the opposite side of the river, and he knew that, without boats, there was no chance of a retreat. Surrender seemed the only alternative, but the brave Scott was resolved not to yield without a struggle. Advancing in front of his line, he encouraged the men with these spirit-stirring words: "The enemy's balls begin to thin our ranks. His numbers are overwhelming. In a moment the shock must come, and there is no retreat. We are in the beginning of a national war. Hull's surrender is to be redeemed. Let us, then, die, arms in hand! Our country demands the sacrifice. The example will not be lost. The blood of the slain will make heroes of the living. Those who follow will avenge our fall and their country's wrongs. Who dare to stand?"—"All!" was the resolute response from every man.*

The British commander, on reaching the village of Queenstown, left a detachment of troops there to occupy and defend it, and then approached the heights with the rest of his force, with wary circumspection. As he came on, he continued to manœuvre from right to left, and from left to right; countermarching nearly the whole length of the American line twice, as if resolved to count every man in the ranks, and to make himself familiar with every foot of the position, before he risked an attack.*

While the enemy were thus hovering about their expected victims, a note came from General Van Rensselaer to General Wadsworth, the senior American officer on the field, commanding him to save his troops, as he himself had observed the movements of the British, and knew that their force was overwhelming. He could not (Van Rensselaer said) induce a regiment or a company of the militia to move to the aid of their comrades, but he would endeavor to furnish boats to cover their retreat. In a postscript, he added, however, that General Wadsworth might govern himself according to the circumstances of his position. A council of war was instantly held on the field, and Van Rensselaer's letter read; but nothing was decided.

In the meantime, the enemy continued their manœuvres, and made ready for an attack. Another council was now held, when it was resolved to attempt a retreat. As soon as the Americans began to move for this purpose, the enemy commenced their fire. The Indians, being more alert than the troops, were thrown in advance, and made the first attack, but were driven back on the main body. The British now set up a shout, accompanied by the war-whoop of their savage allies, and came on at a running pace.† As the militia had been brought in front while the American column was manœuvring to retreat, they were the first to receive the shock. They

* Life of General Winfield Scott, by Edward D. Mansfield, Esq.

* Armstrong. † Chrystie.

were soon forced to give way, when they fled in confusion. Some hurried to the shelter of the woods; others leaped from the high banks of the shore, and were killed; and others, again, letting themselves down the precipices, by clinging to the trees and bushes, sprang into the river, and were drowned in attempting to swim across. A few only succeeded in reaching the two or three boats to be found, and paddled in safety to the other side. The savages committed terrible havoc with the scattered fugitives.*

During this sad termination to a day which had opened so gloriously for the American arms, Colonel Scott was seen everywhere, encouraging his men by his words and own gallant example. His lofty stature made him so conspicuous, that the Indians singled him out for their shots. He was urged to change his dress, which, upon his commanding person, rendered him still more visible. "No," said he, coolly, "I will die in my robes."

There being no boats, and no hope of retreat, and as further resistance against the overpowering numbers of the enemy was useless, it was determined to send a flag to the British commander, with a proposal to capitulate. Messenger after messenger was sent, but not one returned. They had all been either massacred or captured by the savages.

Scott at last resolved to go in person. He prepared a flag of truce—a white handkerchief fastened upon his sword—and, accompanied by Captains Totten and Gibson, went forth, almost as a forlorn hope, to seek a parley. "Keeping close to the water's edge," says Scott's biographer, "and under the cover of the precipice as much as possible, they descended along the river. They were exposed to a continual random fire from the Indians, who sprang upon them. It was in vain that Scott declared his purpose, and claimed the protection of his flag. They attempted to wrench it from his hands, and at the same instant Totten and Gibson drew their swords. The Indians had just discharged their rifles at the American officers, and were on the point of using their knives and hatchets, when a British officer, accompanied by some men, rushed forward and prevented a further combat."

On being conducted to General Sheaffe, terms of capitulation were settled; and Colonel Scott surrendered his whole force, amounting to two hundred and ninety-three of those who had actually been engaged, although the number was greatly swollen by the coming in of numerous militiamen who had been skulking during the whole day under the rocks, and had only ventured to show themselves to the enemy when they had no longer reason to fear their hostility. The whole loss of the Americans during the day was one thousand men. A hundred had been slain in battle, two hundred captured, and the rest surrendered.

The valiant Brock, who had fallen early in the day, was buried, soon after the capitulation, under one of the bastions of Fort George. While the last honors were being paid by his English comrades, minute-guns were fired from Fort Niagara, on the American side—for the memory of

* Chrystie.

the gallant soldier was reverenced by foe as well as friend.

The American prisoners were conducted to the village, now called Niagara. Here the officers were lodged in an inn, and kept under guard. The sentinel was ordered not to let a prisoner pass out, but not otherwise to restrain him in his movements. Soon a message was brought in that some persons wished to speak with the "tall American." There could be no doubt who was intended; and the lofty Scott came forward, and, passing into the hall, found himself face to face with his visiters. These were two savages, hideously bedaubed with paint, and tricked off with Indian gewgaws and feathers. Scott recognised them at once as those who had sprung upon him while he bore the flag of truce. They were both famous warriors of their tribe. The older was the chieftain known as "Captain Jacobs," a strong, stalwart fellow. The younger was the son of Brant (the celebrated Mohawk chief in the Revolution), lithe, active, and full of fire. Both began, in broken English, to question Scott rudely about his wounds, holding up their fingers in his face, to indicate the number of times they had shot at him. The old chief became more and more importunate in his inquiries, and at last seized Scott by the arm, to turn him round, in order to look for the shot-marks in his back!

Vexed at this rudeness, Colonel Scott threw the savage from him, exclaiming, "Off, villain! You fired like a squaw!" Both Indians, in a moment, plucking their knives and tomahawks from their girdles, cried out, "We kill you now!" and sprang forward to execute their threat. Fortunately, within reach, in one corner of the hall, there lay a heap of swords and other arms given up by the American officers on surrendering. With a step backward, Scott was enabled to grasp a long sabre lying on the top. In an instant it was unsheathed, and the beleaguered colonel, with drawn blade, stood in an attitude of defence. He felt secure of either of his antagonists, should he strike; but, while aiming at one, the other would probably interpose with his tomahawk and inflict a fatal blow. He therefore withheld his hand, and kept the savages at bay.

Scott was at the closed and narrow end of the hall, between the staircase and the wall; and the savages were in the wider part, toward the door. The former held a position which had the advantage of not admitting an attack in the rear; but the latter had more room to manœuvre in, which was of great benefit, with the odds in their favor of two to one. The savages, with uplifted knives and tomahawks, kept their eyes upon their antagonist's, and sought with Indian suppleness and stealthiness of movement to close in and get the advantage of him. At this moment a British officer entered the door, and, seeing at a glance the state of things, seized the elder savage by the arm, pointed a pistol at the head of the other, and cried out lustily, "Guard! guard!" The sentinels, rushing in, arrested the Indians and marched them off to the guardhouse.

Colonel Scott, with the other prisoners, was subsequently removed to Quebec, whence he was soon after sent to Boston in a *cartel*, and there exchanged.

CHAPTER X.

Resignation of General Van Rensselaer.—He is succeeded by General Smythe.—A Rhetorical Flourish.—Detroit or Death!—Comparative Repose.—Preparations for a Canadian Campaign.—General Dearborn's Force.—His Glorious Antecedents.—A Thorough Democrat.—Friends at Court.—Great Expectations.—A Blockhouse burned.—Surprise of St. Regis.—William L. Marcy.—The First Colors.—Old Union-Jack.—Success of the British.—The Great Enterprise.—What Dearborn could have done.—The Road to Montreal.—Attack of the Post on the La Colle.—A Fatal Error.—An Abortion.—Dearborn in Winter-Quarters.—Another Portentous Proclamation from Smythe.—Pompous Words.—Heroic Deed.—Bombardment of Fort Niagara.—An Heroic Soldier's Wife.—Hot Shot.—Effect of Smythe's Proclamations.—An Extensive Force.—Great Preparations at Black Rock.—Small Results.—Success of King at Red House.—Caught by the Enemy.—Colonel Boerstler's Advance and Retreat.—Spirit of the English Leaders.—Adventures of a Boy-Midshipman.—Smythe's Grand Demonstration.—The Belligerent Porter.—Great Spirits.—A Sudden Change.—Murmurs.—Needless Precautions.—Another Attempt.—A Second Thought.—The Invasion abandoned.—Smythe running the Gauntlet.—A Summons.—"Come and take it."—A Discreet Resolution.—Smythe running for his Life.—A Bloodless Duel.—The Appearance in Congress.—Disgrace.

1812. GENERAL VAN RENSSELAER, mortified by the pusillanimous conduct of the militia, in consequence of which the day so gloriously begun at Queenstown had terminated so disas-

Oct. 13. trously, resigned his command on the Niagara frontier. Brigadier-General Alexander Smythe, of Virginia, became his successor.

This doughty leader, after the close of the three days' armistice which he had obtained from the enemy, began his campaign with a rhetorical flourish of words.

Nov. 10. He issued a sonorous proclamation, addressed to the "soldiers of the army of the centre."—"Companions-in-arms!" grandiloquently said the general, "the time is at hand when you will cross the streams of Niagara to conquer Canada, and to secure the peace of the American frontier. You will enter a country that is to become one of the United States.... Soldiers! you are amply provided for war. You are superior in number to the enemy. Your personal strength and activity are greater. Your weapons are longer. The regular soldiers of the enemy are generally old men, whose best years have been spent in the sickly climate of the West Indies. They will not be able to stand before you—you who charge with the bayonet! You have seen Indians, such as those hired by the British to murder women and children, and kill and scalp the wounded. You have seen their dances and grimaces, and heard their yells. Can you fear THEM? No! you hold them in the utmost contempt.....

"Volunteers! I esteem your generous and patriotic motives. You have made sacrifices on the altar of your country. You will not suffer the enemies of your fame to mislead you from the path of duty and honor, and deprive you of the esteem of a grateful country. You will show the *eternal infamy* that awaits the man who, having come within sight of

the enemy, *basely shrinks* in the moment of trial!

"Soldiers of every corps! it is in your power to retrieve the honor of your country, and to cover yourselves with glory. Every man who performs a gallant action shall have his name made known to the nation. Rewards and honors await the brave; infamy and contempt are reserved for cowards. Companions-in-arms! you came to vanquish a valiant foe: I know the choice you will make. Come on, my heroes! And when you attack the enemy's batteries, let your rallying-word be, '*The cannon lost at Detroit, or death!*'"

After this effort, Brigadier Smythe indulged in a period of comparative repose. He began his preparations, however, by collecting boats, and concentrating his forces, for the terrible invasion of Canada which in his blustering proclamation he threatened.

General Dearborn, the commander-in-chief of the northern department, had under his general command on the Canadian frontier no less than thirteen thousand men in all. Of these, there were six thousand three hundred on the Niagara, under the immediate command of General Smythe. Twenty-two hundred were encamped at Sackett's Harbor, and five thousand at Plattsburg, on the western shore of Lake Champlain, under the especial command of Dearborn himself.

Henry Dearborn, of Massachusetts, a man of popular manners, was in high favor with the democratic administration, and had served as secretary of war (in 1801) under the master-spirit of the democratic party, the great Jefferson himself. He had proved himself of heroic temper in the Revolutionary struggle, reaching Lexington, the day after the fight, with sixty volunteers; had commanded a company at the battle of Bunker's hill; had accompanied Arnold through the forest-wilderness of Maine, and fought side by side with Montgomery at Quebec; had borne a conspicuous share in the battles of Trenton, Princeton, and Monmouth, and distinguished himself at the siege of Yorktown.

The government had shown its confidence in Dearborn by giving him almost unlimited authority as to expense, and had, moreover, enjoined upon him "not to lose a moment in attacking the British posts in his front." Accordingly, when the general advanced with his large force from Plattsburg to the Canadian frontier, the whole country was in a high state of expectation of some grand movement and a triumphant result.

Incursions had already been made into the enemy's territory by small advanced detachments previous to the arrival of Dearborn in person with the main body of troops. Colonel Zebulon M. Pike had crossed the borders, **Oct. 19.** and burned a blockhouse. Again, four days afterward, Major Young, at the head of four hundred volunteers, surprised the British picket at the Indian village of St. Regis, killing eight of the enemy, taking twenty-three prisoners, and bringing off all the baggage, despatches, and an English flag. Captain William L. Marcy—subsequently the eminent statesman—was the hero to whom was accredited the proud achievement of having captured

"the first colors taken during the war." The British, however, insisted that the boasted prize was no more than an old "ensign or union-jack" found in the house of the resident interpreter, and kept only to hoist upon a flagstaff at the door of the Indian chief on Sundays or holydays.*

Nov. 23. But the enemy shortly afterward had their revenge, in a successful attack upon a small American party on the Salmon river, near St. Regis, which was forced to surrender, leaving in the hands of the British three officers, forty-one men, and four batteaux.

These, however, were small attempts in comparison with the great enterprise expected from General Dearborn and his formidable force. The enemy, though on the alert, could hardly, with only three thousand men to guard a frontier of nine hundred miles, thrust back from their borders thirteen thousand resolute invaders; for such, as we have seen, was the number of troops stationed at the different points, ready to march into Canada. Yet there was no combination of movement, and each general was left to carry out his individual aspirations for glory in his own peculiar manner.

Great things, nevertheless, could have been accomplished by each independent leader, had he made the attempt, or conducted it with skill and resolution. General Dearborn, with the five thousand men under his immediate command, without calling upon Sackett's Harbor or Niagara for reinforcements, could readily have taken and held the Isle aux Noix, on the Sorel river, the outlet of Lake Champlain, and the very key of central Canada. The road to Montreal, too, was open to him. These were prizes worthy of a spirited general, who was ambitious for distinction, or eager for his country's glory. Dearborn, however, had no longer the heroic temper of his youth. With the advance of years, he had become overcautious in counsel and timid in action.

With all his boundless resources, extensive preparations, and great opportunities, General Dearborn contented himself with sending a strong column of fifteen hundred men, under Colonels Pike and Clarke, to attack in the night-time a small post of the British on the river La Colle. The troops set out in two detachments. The first waded through the stream at one ford, landed on the opposite side, and set fire to the fortified blockhouse. The Canadians and Indians, after firing a single volley, dashed through the American line, and succeeded in making their escape. The second detachment, crossing at another ford, had in the meantime come up; when the first, which had preceded them, in the darkness and confusion of the night mistaking them for the enemy, fired, and killed and wounded several of their own countrymen. The error being discovered, and the enemy having in the meanwhile effected their escape, the whole American force retired to Champlain-town. Nov. 20.

After this abortive beginning of General Dearborn's grand campaign, he was discouraged from its further prosecution, and went into winter-quarters with his whole force at Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain, and Burlington, in Vermont.

* Chrystie.

General Smythe, in the meanwhile, had issued another portentous proclamation, in which he freely descanted upon the short-comings of all the contemporary generals, and left it to be inferred that he himself was the man for the occasion. "The nation," he proclaimed, "has been unfortunate in the election of some of those who have directed it. One army has been disgracefully surrendered and lost. Another has been sacrificed by a precipitate attempt to pass over at the strongest point of the enemy's lines with most incompetent means. The cause of these miscarriages is apparent. The commanders were popular, 'destitute alike of theory and experience' in the art of war. In a few days the troops under my command will plant the American standard in Canada. They are men accustomed to obedience, silence, and steadiness. They will conquer, or they will die!"

Let us for a moment turn from these swelling promises of the pompous and inflated Smythe, to the heroic deed of an humble follower of his camp. Since the affair of Queenstown, and the cessation of the three days of armistice, the forts on the Niagara river had kept up an occasional cannonade against each other. Having strengthened their works at Fort George, and erected batteries on the margin of the river, the British began a heavy bombardment of the American fort Niagara, on the opposite side. From morning till night they maintained a terrible fire of shells and red-hot balls, having thrown one hundred and eighty of the former and two thousand of the latter in the course of the day. The American garrison stood to their post with resolute firmness throughout; and, though they had fewer guns, they plied them with such cool and deliberate aim, that they succeeded in returning an effectual cannonade.

Nov. 21.

In the midst of the shells and red-hot balls which were falling thick and fast—now setting the barracks in a blaze, now striking a man at his gun, throwing him aside a mangled corpse, and dashing his scattered brains and hot blood upon his surviving comrades—there appeared a woman. This heroic person was the wife of a man of the name of Doyle, a private in the American artillery, who had been taken prisoner at Queenstown. In her husband's absence, she bravely resolved to do his duty; and accordingly, during the cannonade, she served a six-pounder with a constant supply of hot shot. This duty, which she had so heroically assumed, she performed, without faltering a moment, from morning till night, when the last gun was fired.* There was evidently among the people the necessary courage to secure a victory, if their leaders had possessed sufficient skill or enterprise to direct it.

Brigadier-General Smythe's noisy and turgid proclamations seemed to have had some influence in arousing the warlike spirit of the militia, for they flocked to his camp in great numbers; and in a few weeks his force had so increased, that he was prepared to begin the campaign with no less than five thousand men. Smythe's preparations had been on an extensive

* Thompson.

scale, and he had collected at Black Rock, on the Niagara river, seventy row-boats and a large number of batteaux, to transport his whole force into Canada, which he now declared it was his intention to invade on the 28th of November.

When, however, the day approached, the general postponed his grand scheme, and determined for the present to risk only a night attack, with two small detachments. Accordingly, about midnight, Captain King, with a hundred and fifty regulars, and seventy seamen, under the immediate command of Lieutenant Angus of the navy, was despatched with orders to attack and carry the British posts at the "Red House;" while Lieutenant-Colonel Boerstler, with two hundred regulars, was directed to land at another point, and, after storming the batteries on shore, to destroy the bridge on the road between the Canadian forts of Erie and Chippewa.

Nov. 27.

Captain King started, with his force embarked on board ten boats, only four of which, however, reached the point proposed for the landing, which they accomplished in spite of a severe cannonade from the British. In these was the party of sailors, and King with about the same number of his regulars. The sailors had no sooner landed, than they impetuously rushed at the foe with their pikes and cutlasses, and succeeded, after a bloody struggle, in carrying the post. Securing their prisoners, throwing two pieces of artillery and their caissons into the stream, and setting fire to the fort, they turned toward the river, to look for King and his troops. On reaching the landing, Lieutenant Angus found but the four boats; and, unaware that no more had succeeded in crossing, he concluded that Captain King had already returned. The sailors accordingly embarked in the four boats, and pulled over to the American side.

In the meantime, King and his soldiers had been busy. They had succeeded in storming one of the exterior batteries, and frightening away the garrison of another; and, after spiking the guns and destroying the caissons, they made their way to the river-side. Here, however, they were surprised to find that all the boats were gone. On stirring the bushes along the shore, King fortunately found a couple of the enemy's craft, in which he embarked as many of his men as they could carry, and sent them over to the American side. He himself, however, and the rest of his followers, were left at the mercy of the British, to whom, coming up in large force, they were obliged to surrender themselves as prisoners.

Colonel Boerstler had only succeeded in getting three out of his seven boats across, but reached the shore with these unopposed. After having attacked with success the batteries on the shore, and put the guard to total rout, he marched toward the bridge, in order to destroy it, which had been set down as his especial duty. On his way, however, Boerstler, having heard that a large English force was on its march in that direction, discreetly retraced his steps to the river, and recrossed in safety to the American camp.

When Boerstler and Angus came back,

and were unable to give any account of their comrade King and his men, Colonel Winder and a few soldiers volunteered to go in search of them. They accordingly set out, but, on approaching the Canadian shore, they found the British on the alert, and prepared, with their batteries reconstructed and guns unspiked, effectually to repel them. The Americans were therefore compelled to retreat, with the loss of six killed and twenty wounded.

The parties of both King and Angus behaved with great spirit in this small enterprise, but especially the sailors, who suffered considerably, though so decidedly triumphant over the enemy. Lieutenant Angus received a wound. Two of the sailing-masters were killed, and one wounded. Five of the six midshipmen who accompanied the expedition were wounded. Three of these young officers, still in their teens, were left on the Canadian side, after their shipmates had recrossed the river. At daybreak, they met together at the water-side, and got into a leaky canoe, which the only one of the three who was unwounded, and able to move readily about, had brought out of a creek. With two oars which he had hewn with a battle-axe out of some fence-rails, he proposed to paddle the frail boat across the river, loaded down with himself, his two wounded fellow-midshipmen, and five seamen, two of whom only were unhurt. They were obliged to continue constantly bailing with their hats, to keep the canoe afloat; and, with all their efforts, she finally sank under them just as they reached Squaw island, in the midst of the stream. Here the wounded were dragged ashore, and the boat emptied, when they embarked again, and, pushing off, made another attempt to reach the American shore. They at last succeeded, but the canoe sank just as they landed.*

The next day, General Smythe made a grand demonstration, apparently indicative of an extensive movement with his whole force. The seventy large barges, the ten batteaux, and a numerous flotilla of small craft, were gathered by the shore. Two thousand men, under General Peter B. Porter (formerly the belligerent chairman of the committee of foreign relations in Congress, and now the leader of the New-York volunteers), embarked, prepared to lead the van. The batteries on the American side opened a heavy cannonade, in order to cover the disembarkation; and General Smythe in person paraded on the shore near Black Rock with three thousand troops, ready to follow the first division at the proper moment. The British troops on the other side of the Niagara river, which is only a mile wide at that point, could be distinctly seen, in the clear atmosphere of the fine November day, drawn up in battle array; and the sound of their trumpets and bugles came defiantly across the water. The Americans were in fine spirits, and awaited eagerly the order to move. Thus they remained from morning until the afternoon, when their general gave the order for the troops to disembark, and the whole force to return to their quarters. The men went grumblingly to their camp;

Nov. 28.

* Cooper.

and the officers did not fail to murmur loudly against their commander for his apparently capricious change of conduct.

General Smythe, however, was ready to justify himself. He had called to mind the orders of the government, which had forbidden him to make the invasion of Canada with less than three thousand men. It is true that he had nearly twice that number; but at the last moment he began to doubt whether, as the "regulars were so sickly, and the volunteers and militia so insubordinate," he could command the effective force required. The government seems to have been exceedingly anxious about the ardent temperament of the general, of which, however, his blustering proclamations were the only manifestations, and had striven, by its orders, to restrain him from any exhibition of reckless daring. Its caution proved needless.

The murmurs of his men, and the manifest disapprobation of the public, induced the general to set down another day for a second attempt at invasion. Accordingly, three days afterward, the troops were again drawn up. The ardent General Porter, as before, embarked his men, and, moving his own boat in advance into the stream, hoisted his flag, and awaited eagerly at the head of the van for orders to cross. The regular infantry also entered their boats, and prepared to follow. The remainder of the troops marched with cheerful spirits toward the shore, to make ready to take their turn.

Dec. 1.

At this moment, General Smythe bethought him of another order of his government, and very discreetly obeyed it. "No attempt at invasion," said his despatches from Washington, "should be hazarded without the advice and approbation of your principal officers." While the troops, eager for action, were impatiently awaiting the word to move, their prudent commander was holding a council of war. After a tedious deliberation, it was agreed that "the further prosecution of the present plan of invasion should be abandoned." It was surmised that the officers had, with a wise intent, concurred in their general's eager desire for this decision; since, from this very eagerness, they were persuaded that, however effective his force, he was totally unfit to conduct the enterprise, and that it could not fail under his leadership to result in disaster and disgrace.

When, however, the troops received the order to return to their quarters, and learned that the invasion of Canada was abandoned for the season, they became tumultuously indignant. The regulars, obedient to discipline, prepared to go into winter-quarters; but the militia and volunteers, when ordered to stack their arms and return to their homes, flatly refused, and seemed determined to force their recreant general to lead them against the enemy. Four thousand men assembled riotously about Smythe's headquarters, and with muskets in hand threatened his life. He was obliged to shift from tent to tent, and to double his guard. The volunteers vainly besought him to allow them, under the leadership of General Porter, to invade the enemy's territory. Smythe, however, made another demon-

stration—in his usual manner—against Canada. He sent a flag to Fort Erie, demanding a surrender. The British commander sent back word, "Come and take it," and Smythe closed the campaign.

The craven general was now obliged to fly for his life to his native Virginia. On his route he was mobbed in the streets, and refused by the inhabitants even a cover beneath their roofs to hide himself in his disgrace. He and General Porter, who charged him with cowardice, after an abusive newspaper correspondence, fought a bloodless duel. Smythe finally made his reappearance in public as a member of Congress, in which arena of wordy battle his command of sonorous language probably made him a doughty antagonist.

We turn with shame from the disgrace of our arms on land, during the first year of the war, and proudly hail those glorious triumphs on the sea won by our gallant sailors.

CHAPTER XI.

Government Favorites.—Nothing done for the Navy.—Scorn of the Politicians.—Naval Spirit.—Fidelity to Duty.—Commodore Rogers on a Cruise.—Stephen Decatur.—His Life.—Service.—The Philadelphia captured by the Algerines.—Heroic Attempt of Decatur.—The Philadelphia recaptured.—Attack of the Algerines.—The Philadelphia in Flames.—Promotion.—A Marked Man.—Attack on Tripoli.—A Desperate Encounter.—No Signal for Retreat.—A Spring upon Deck.—The Tussle.—A Brother's Death.—Revenge.—After the Murderer.—The Flying Turk.—Hand-to-Hand Fight.—An Heroic Sailor.—The Combatants down.—Decatur uppermost.—A Settler.—Personal Characteristics.—Decatur in Command of the United States.—Great Hopes.—No Disappointment.—An Engagement.—Tack-and-Tack.—A Good Shot.—A Ship metamorphosed into a Brig.—Soon a Sloop.—A Mistake.—The Capture of the Macedonian.—The Losses.—Comparative Strength.—Arrival in the United States.—The News at Washington.—Announcement at a Ball.—Renewed Gayety.—Cruise of the Argus.—Prizes taken.—Skilful Seamanship.—Return of Commodore Rogers.

1812. NOTWITHSTANDING the triumphs our little navy had already won, the government seemed to concentrate all its attention upon the military service. No expense in money, arms, and men, was spared to bring into the field great armies, which, though exhausting the resources of the country, had as yet done nothing to manifest the power or to add to the glory of the nation; while, with a contemptuous indifference or an unwise economy, hardly a dollar was expended during the first year of the war, for the increase of the navy, which, in its infancy, had already, by its victories over Great Britain on the sea, so humbled the pride of that foremost naval power.

Though not basking in the sunshine of governmental favor, the naval service, conscious of its high duties, continued to fight the battles of the country, with a devoted patriotism and a noble enthusiasm for glory which could well scorn the neglect of self-seeking politicians and corrupt partisans. The naval officers, to a man, were so eager for duty, that they

sought every opportunity for action. Our few naval vessels were constantly in and out of port. Not a moment was lost in idle delay.

Commodore Rogers, the senior commander, had no sooner refitted his vessels after his first cruise, than he sailed on a second in search of the enemy. In his squadron was the United States, a forty-four gun ship, and the Argus, a sixteen. These two parted company with the commodore at sea, and they in their turn separated from each other a few days after. **Oct. 12.**

The United States was commanded by Commodore STEPHEN DECATUR. This gallant officer was born on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, January 5, 1779. Though still a young man of only thirty-two years of age, there was hardly one in the navy who had seen more service, and none who had won so brilliant a reputation. Unlike many of the others, he was a thoroughly-bred naval officer, having entered the service as a midshipman. As a youth, he had enjoyed every opportunity (now during a cruise on the Spanish main, and now in the Mediterranean) of acquiring a thorough knowledge of seamanship and the duties of his profession. While a lieutenant, he greatly distinguished himself by recapturing the frigate Philadelphia, which, having in 1804 run aground on the Barbary coast, had fallen into the hands of the piratical Tripolitans.

The Philadelphia was moored within half gun-shot of the bashaw's castle and of the principal battery. A couple of the enemy's cruisers lay within two cables' length on the starboard-quarter, and their gun-boats within half musket-shot on the starboard-bow. All the guns of the Philadelphia were also mounted and loaded. Against these formidable ships, in a fortified harbor, Decatur ventured in a ketch which he had captured from the enemy, and a crew of seventy men, to make his heroic attempt.

At eleven o'clock at night, Decatur had entered the harbor, and got within two hundred yards of the Philadelphia, when he was hailed by the enemy on board of her, and ordered to anchor, or he would be fired into. Decatur directed his pilot, who was a Maltese, to answer that the ketch had lost her anchor in a gale on the coast, and that it was impossible to obey the command. In the meantime, the weather had become perfectly calm, and the ketch had got within fifty yards of the Philadelphia. Decatur now ordered a small boat, that had come alongside his vessel, to take a rope and make it fast to the frigate's fore-chains. This being done, the ketch was warped alongside, when the enemy began to suspect the character of their visiters. Decatur and young Morris, a midshipman, sprang immediately on board the Philadelphia, and were several moments on the deck unsupported by any of their own men. The Turks, however, stood huddled together on the quarter-deck, so perfectly taken by surprise, and aghast with fear, that they did not move; and when the American crew boarded and attacked them, they offered hardly any resistance. Twenty of the Turks were killed on the deck, many of them jumped overboard and perished in **Feb. 3.**

the water, and the rest fled into the hold of the ship.

The Tripolitans were now all awake, and began to fire upon the captured frigate from their batteries, the castle, and two corsairs lying near. Decatur ordered the vessel to be set on fire; and in the high wind the flames spread so rapidly, that he and his men had great difficulty in saving the ketch. The breeze now suddenly veered and blew directly out of the harbor, and thus carried them in their little vessel far out of the reach of the Tripolitan guns.* Lieutenant Decatur was promoted to the rank of post-captain in the navy as a reward for his gallant exploit, in which he lost not a man.

Captain Decatur was now a marked man, and his daring spirit and skill were soon put again to the test, with the triumphant result which always characterized his career. He was appointed to the command of one of the divisions, consisting of three gun-boats and a bomb-vessel, which Commodore Preble had obtained from the king of Naples to co-operate with the American squadron in an attack upon Tripoli. The gun-boats being cut off from the men-of-war which had them in tow, Decatur prepared to lead his division into immediate action. The enemy's gun-boats, a formidable line, were moored along the mouth of the harbor, under the cover of several corsairs, and the land-batteries, bristling with cannon. The Tripolitan boats had been stripped of their sails, that all hope of flight might be taken from them, and their officers ordered to sink their vessels rather than give them up to the Americans.

August 3.

Decatur did not hesitatet o seek the desperate encounter. Going alongside each of his gun-boats, he ordered them to unship their bowsprits and follow him, as he had resolved to board the enemy. Lieutenant James Decatur, though he belonged to the other division, had brought his boat farther to windward than his companions, and joined his brother. The captain boldly took the lead, going right for the entrance of the harbor. A heavy fire from the batteries, the corsairs, and the long range of gun-boats of the enemy, was now opened to repel the daring invader. Decatur blazed away in return, and went right on, not varying his course a point, but dashing his boat with a shock against the foremost of his fluttering antagonists. At this moment, Commodore Preble, observing from his flag-ship, the frigate Constitution, the daring of Decatur, thought him rash, and ordered the signal for a retreat. No signal, however, could be found. Preparations had been made with deliberate care for every emergency of the fight; but not one of the brave fellows having ever thought of the possibility of retreat, no signal had been put on board.

The enemy's gun-boat had a crew of forty men. Decatur's was manned by an equal number, of whom, however, thirteen were Neapolitans. The Americans followed their gallant leader's example, and with drawn hangers sprang after him with a cheer upon the enemy's decks. The timid Neapolitans remained behind. In ten minutes there was not a living Turk

* Analectic Magazine.

to be seen. Eight fled into the hold of their vessel, some lay dead upon the deck, and the rest had leaped overboard. Only three Americans were wounded in the encounter.

As Decatur was moving out of the harbor with his prize, the gun-boat which had been commanded by his brother came under his stern and hailed him. Her crew had captured one of the enemy, they said; but the Turkish commander, after surrendering, had treacherously shot Lieutenant Decatur, and, making off with his boat, was now pushing for the harbor.

To avenge a brother's murder was naturally the desire uppermost in the mind of a man already heated by the excitement of action. Captain Decatur, without regard to a cautious prudence or his own safety, thought only of clutching the murderer. He turned at once in pursuit, and, dashing on with his single gun-boat, broke through the enemy's line and overtook the flying Turk. Leaping on board, followed by eleven Americans, all he had now left, he rushed for the object of his vengeance, and a fierce struggle ensued. For twenty minutes the result was doubtful. All the Americans except four were severely wounded. Decatur had found the commander, and they were now engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. The Turk was armed with an *espartoon*, or spear—Decatur with a cutlass. As the latter struck at his antagonist's weapon, to cut off its head, his own, falling upon the well-tempered metal, broke close to the hilt. The Turk followed up his advantage by a push, and slightly wounded the right arm and the breast of Decatur, who, however, quickly seized the spear, and closed with his adversary. Thus clutched together, a terrible struggle began.

The men rushed to the aid of their respective commanders; and one of the enemy, coming up behind Decatur, had lifted his sabre and was about bringing it down with a fatal blow upon his head, when an American sailor, who had been so badly wounded that he could use neither hand, with heroic devotion interposed his own head to receive the thrust intended for his commander.*

As the struggle between the two commanders continued, both fell, but Decatur uppermost. The Turk now drew a dagger, and was about plunging it into the body of his antagonist, when Decatur caught his arm and shot him dead with a pistol. The Tripolitan vessel now made no further resistance, and Decatur triumphantly sailed out of the enemy's harbor with his second prize and joined the squadron.

A contemporary writer† describes, in a few well-balanced sentences, the personal characteristics of Decatur. "Such," he says, "has been the brilliant career of this naval hero. In private life his fortune has been equally propitious. Honored by his country, beloved by his friends, and blest by the affections of an amiable and elegant woman,‡ he is now in the very prime, pleasing in his person,

* This noble sailor, though supposed at first to be mortally wounded, finally recovered, and was pensioned by the government.

† Analectic Magazine (Washington Irving?).

‡ Decatur married a Miss Wheeler, of Norfolk, a lady celebrated for her accomplishments, and at the time a reigning belle in Virginia.

of an intelligent and interesting countenance, and an eye in whose mild and brilliant lustre, spirit, enterprise, and urbanity, are happily blended. His deportment is manly and unassuming, and his manners peculiarly gentle and engaging, uniting the polish of the gentleman with the frank simplicity of the sailor."*

Decatur had given proofs of his truly heroic temper, and, when the war of 1812 broke out, was known to be eager to try his mettle with the enemy; and now that he was in command of the United States, the people, with whom he was popular, confidently expected from him a triumphant cruise. They were not destined to be disappointed by their heroic favorite.

Decatur, having parted company with the Argus, stood with his ship, the United States, to the southward and eastward, with the purpose of getting in the track of the British West-India traders. He had

Oct. 25. reached mid-ocean, some two or three hundred miles south of the Azores, when a large sail was observed. It was soon made out to be an enemy's ship, and the United States immediately stood for the stranger, to give him battle. The Englishman was apparently not indisposed for the encounter, and the two vessels soon began to draw near to each other. When within about a mile, the enemy opened his fire, but with little effect. The United States returned it with a broadside. The two ships now continued to tack-and-tack, backward and forward, and to exchange shots as they passed and repassed, at wide gun-shot distance from each other.

In this way the action continued for an hour, during which the Englishman was much the greater sufferer. Finally, a shot struck his mizzen-mast about ten feet above the deck, and brought it down with a crash over the quarter. As it fell, "Jack," said a sailor to a chum, "we've made a brig of her."—"Take good aim, Jack," interposed Decatur, who had overheard the remark, "and she will soon be a sloop."

Finding himself crippled, the Englishman strove to close. As soon as he got near enough, the United States poured a broadside into him with terrific effect. His fore and main topmasts were shot away; his main-yard hung useless; his sails and rigging were in shreds; and his foremast so shattered, that it was toppling to a fall.

After committing this havoc, the United States filled her mizzen-topsail, gathered fresh way, and tacked. The enemy's ship was now almost unmanageable, and was drifting away before the wind; but, notwithstanding, seeing the manœuvre of his antagonist, and fancying that it was for the purpose of running away, the Englishman gave three cheers, and raised a triumphant flag in his main rigging, the only place left to hang one. When, however, he saw the United States closing up again, to renew the fight, he soon pulled down his union-jack, and ceased all resistance.

Decatur now brought his ship under the stern of the English vessel, hailing her as he passed, and asking her name,

* Decatur died in 1820, at the early age of forty-one, from a wound received at Bladensburg, in a duel with Commodore Barron.

and whether she submitted. "The Macedonian, thirty-eight, Captain Carden," and "We strike," were the prompt replies. The Macedonian was found to be terribly cut up. A hundred round-shot were counted in her hull alone; and nothing was left of her masts, sails, and rigging, but fragmentary shreds. Out of three hundred men on board, thirty-six were killed and sixty-eight wounded. On the other hand, the United States had suffered but comparatively little. She was hulled only two or three times; and, although her rigging was a good deal cut up, one of her topgallant-masts gone, and some of her spars shattered, she was not much injured aloft. Of her officers and men, she had only five killed and seven wounded.

The Macedonian was smaller, of lighter armament, and had fewer men, than her opponent, but the disproportion between the force of the two vessels was much less than that between the execution.* The victory of Decatur was therefore a triumph which justified the exultation with which it was hailed by his country. The Macedonian, notwithstanding the injuries she received, was so far repaired at sea, by securing her tottering fore and main masts, and rigging a jury-mast, as to admit of her being taken into port. She was carried into Newport, while the United States arrived at New London.

On his arrival, Decatur immediately sent Lieutenant Hamilton, the son of the secretary of the navy, to Washington, as bearer of despatches, and also with the captured flag of the enemy. Young Hamilton reached the capital at night. His father was at a ball, which was given in honor of the naval officers. All the dignitaries of the government were present —the president and Mrs. Madison, the secretary of the navy and Mrs. Hamilton, Commodores Hull and Stewart, and many of the gallant representatives of the naval service. Young Hamilton sought his father in the midst of this brilliant and gay assemblage of official personages, dignified matrons, distinguished veterans, grave senators, aspiring subalterns, pleasure-seeking youth, resplendent beauty, and showy fashion. The naval secretary no sooner received the intelligence of Decatur's victory, than, with a proud satisfaction that his son had borne a share in the glory of the triumph, he announced the joyful news to the gay throng. The announcement was echoed with a shout which rang through the hall. The music ceased, the dancers left their places, and all crowded about the youthful Hamilton, upon whose arm his mother was proudly resting, to listen to the story of the triumph. The captured flag was now brought into the hall, and laid by Commodores Hull and Stewart at the feet of Mrs. Madison. The music again struck up; the dancers resumed their places; and the night was passed in an excited glow of pleasure, stimulated by the universal emotion of heartfelt joy and patriotic pride.

The brig Argus, of sixteen guns, commanded by Captain Sinclair, after parting company with the United States, had (although she had taken several merchantmen) no opportunity of winning a great

* Cooper.

naval triumph. Her commander, however, had occasion to show his clever seamanship in escaping a large squadron of the enemy. For three days and three nights the little brig was hotly pursued; and, although she was obliged to start her water, cut away her anchors, and throw overboard some of her boats, she succeeded, by the coolness and skill of her officers, in getting away without the loss of a single gun. In the very heat of the pursuit, moreover, with the British squadron close at her heels, she daringly took and manned a prize, though the enemy got so near as to open their fire. The Argus got safely into port, with five prizes as the trophies of her well-conducted cruise.

Commodore Rogers was so fortunate as to capture the British packet Swallow, with a large amount of specie; but, with all his activity, he did not succeed in getting into action with any of the enemy's more formidable vessels. The good fortune of the cruise had fallen to the lot of Decatur, who had proved himself so worthy of it by his skill, intrepidity, and glorious triumph.

CHAPTER XII.

Victory after Victory.—Captain Jacob Jones.—His Life and Character.—Caprice.—Fretful Efforts.—A Student.—A Doctor.—Clerk of the Court.—A Midshipman.—A Prisoner.—Liberty.—A Lieutenant.—Commander of the Wasp.—A Fruitless Cruise.—A Memorable Victory.—Cruise of the Wasp.—An English Convoy.—Fight with the Frolic.—A Wallowing Sea.—Determined to board.—Afoul.—Fair for Raking.—A Close Hug.—Order to board.—Nothing but Blood.—The Surrender.—A Complete Wreck.—Comparative Strength and Losses.—A Suspicious Stranger.—The Poictiers.—Recapture of the Frolic and Capture of the Wasp.—Return of Jones.—Welcome and Honors.—Commodore William Bainbridge.—His Life and Character.—No Fondness for Study.—Goes to Sea.—A Young Commander.—Quells a Mutiny.—Attacked by a Privateer.—The Englishman compelled to strike.—Boarded by a Press-Gang.—Retribution.—True to his Word.—Bainbridge in the Navy.—A Neat Evolution.—Tribute to Algiers.—First Pennant in the Mediterranean.—A Miscellaneously-assorted Cargo.—Portents.—Bainbridge without a Firman.—Through the Dardanelles.—Favor at Constantinople.—Return to Algiers.—An Enraged Despot.—In Command of the Essex.—Of the Philadelphia.—Attack on Tripoli.—The Constitution.—Explosion of the Intrepid.—Restoration of Prisoners.—Forced Peace with Tripoli.—Marriage of Bainbridge.—In the Merchant-Service.—War of 1812.—Command of the Constitution.

1812. Victory followed victory. The navy was faithfully performing its promises. The country was still exultant over the triumph of Decatur, when news of another naval victory came to heighten the joyful enthusiasm. In Captain Jacob Jones the United States found another hero to fill a place upon her roll of fame. Though twenty-nine years of age when he entered the navy as a midshipman, such was the elastic spirit of the man, that he began his new career with all the enthusiasm of a boy. His previous life had been changeful; but what by many was supposed to be caprice, proved to be the fretful efforts of an enterprising spirit to throw off the formal constraints which bound it to dull and uncongenial

pursuits. From his father's farm in Delaware, where our hero was born, he was sent at the ordinary age to a classical school, at which he industriously prepared himself for the study of medicine. Subsequently he became a student in the university of Pennsylvania, where he received his degree as a physician. On returning to his native place, he commenced the practice of his profession; but, growing tired of the dull routine of a country doctor's life, he accepted the appointment of clerk of the supreme court of the state of Delaware, for the county of Kent.

This new position was not calculated to content the apparently wayward desires of an ambitious and restless spirit. Accordingly, in 1799, when a war with France threatened, Jones sought and obtained (although well advanced in life) a midshipman's warrant. He entered upon his new profession with spirit, rapidly acquired a thorough knowledge of its duties, and won the reputation of an able officer. As midshipman on board the frigate Philadelphia, in 1804, when she fell into the hands of the pirates of the Barbary coast, he suffered a long and painful captivity of some twenty months among that cruel people. The American crew were at the same time reduced to slavery by the bashaw of Tripoli. On his restoration to liberty, Jones was made a lieutenant; and in 1811, having in the meantime risen to the rank of captain, he was given the command of the sloop-of-war Wasp.

In 1812, Captain Jones was sent with despatches from the government of the United States to its representatives at the courts of England and France. During his return, war with Great Britain was declared. Immediately on reaching port, Jones refitted his ship, and sallied out on a cruise. This, beyond a small capture, proved fruitless. Shortly afterward he sailed again, and the result was the memorable victory which we now proceed to relate. **Oct. 13.**

The Wasp mounted sixteen thirty-two pound carronades and two long twelves, and was manned by a crew of some hundred and fifty men. She was a beautifully-modelled and fast ship. On leaving the Delaware, the Wasp ran off eastward, to clear the coast, and get on the track of British vessels sailing to the north. When out three days, a gale came on, in which she lost her jib-boom, and two men who were on it at the time. On the next day the weather became less tempestuous, but the sea still continued rough. Near midnight, several sail were observed; but Captain Jones thought it prudent not to close with them until the dawn of morning should give him an opportunity of a clearer view. At break of day, the vessels were seen to be six large English merchantmen, four of which were apparently under convoy of a heavy brig-of-war, the Frolic. Jones resolved to give battle. The Englishman chivalrously waived the aid of the merchantmen, and, shortening sail, let them pass ahead, while he awaited the coming up of the Wasp. We shall give the description of the conflict which ensued almost in the words of a contemporary observer.* **Oct. 18.**

* Analectic Magazine.

There was a heavy swell on the sea, and the weather was boisterous. The topgallant-yards of the Wasp were taken down, her topsails were close reefed, and she was cleared for action. About eleven o'clock the Frolic showed Spanish colors, and the Wasp immediately displayed the American ensign and pennant. At thirty-two minutes past eleven the Wasp came down to windward within sixty yards on the larboard-side of the enemy, and hailed her. The Frolic immediately responded by hauling down her Spanish colors, running up the British ensign, and opening a fire of musketry and cannon. This the Wasp instantly returned, and, drawing near, the action became close and incessant.

In a few minutes the maintopmast of the Wasp was shot away, which, falling down, together with the yard, across the larboard fore and foretopsail braces, rendered her head-yards unmanageable during the rest of the engagement. In two or three minutes more, her gaft and mizzen-topgallant sail were shot away. Still she kept up a close and constant fire. The sea was rough, and the Wasp rolled greatly, wallowing so deeply that the muzzles of her guns frequently dipped in the water. The Americans fired as their vessel sank, while the English fired as theirs rose upon the waves. Every shot of the former thus told with effect, by either falling upon the deck of the enemy, or hulling him; while those of the latter merely struck the rigging of the Wasp, or bounded over and beyond.

The Wasp now shot ahead of her antagonist, raked him, and then resumed her position on his larboard-bow. Captain Jones, perceiving his fire telling with great effect, and that of the Frolic slackening, was disposed to continue the action without boarding; for such was the roughness of the sea, that they could hardly grapple without endangering both vessels. In the course of a few minutes more, however, every brace of his ship being shot away, and his rigging so badly cut up, he began to fear that his masts, being unsupported, would go by the board, and the Frolic be enabled to get away from him. Jones therefore decided, in spite of the danger from the turbulence of the sea and the deep wallowing of the ships, to board at once. He accordingly wore ship, and, running down upon the enemy, struck her. In the collision, the Wasp's side rubbed along the Frolic's bow in such a manner that the jib-boom of the latter came in between the main and the mizzen rigging of the former, directly over the heads of Captain Jones and his first-lieutenant, Mr. Biddle, who were then standing near the capstan.

The Frolic now lay so fair for raking, that Jones decided not to board until he had thrown into her another broadside. While they were loading, so close had the two vessels got together, that the rammers of the Wasp hit against the Frolic's side, and two of the guns actually thrust their muzzles through the enemy's bow-ports, and, when they were fired, swept the whole length of his deck. At this moment, one of the sailors of the Wasp, known as "Jack Lang," and who had an old score to settle with the British for having been impressed by one of their

men-of-war, mounted a gun, and, brandishing his cutlass, prepared to spring on board the enemy. Jones, wishing to fire a broadside before boarding, ordered him down; but it was too late to check Lang's impetuous headway, and he was already on the Frolic's bowsprit. His comrades pressed forward, to follow; when Lieutenant Biddle, seeing the ardor of the crew, sprang for the bowsprit, and gave the order to board. The lieutenant's feet, however, getting entangled in the rigging, and one of the midshipmen, in his eagerness to follow, having laid hold of his coat, he fell back upon his own ship's deck. But in a moment, Biddle was on his feet again; and, as the next swell of the sea brought the Frolic nearer, he made good his footing upon her bowsprit, where Jack Lang and another sailor had got before him.

Oct. 18.

From the bowsprit Biddle passed along the forecastle, and was surprised to find not a single live man from stem to stern, except the seaman at the wheel, and three officers on the quarter-deck. As Biddle went aft along the deck, "slippery with blood and strewn with the bodies of the dead," the captain of the Frolic and the two other officers cast down their swords, and inclined their heads, in token of surrender. The colors of the enemy were still flying, for not one of the English sailors would venture aloft, for fear of a shot from the muskets of the Wasp. Biddle therefore sprang into the rigging himself, and, hauling down the British ensign, thus took possession of the vessel, just forty-three minutes after her first fire on the Wasp.

The captured ship "was in a shocking condition. The berth-deck, particularly, was crowded with dead, and wounded, and dying; there being but a small portion of the Frolic's crew who had escaped. Captain Jones immediately sent on board his surgeon's mate, and all the blankets of the Frolic were brought from her sloproom for the comfort of the wounded. To increase this confusion, both the Frolic's masts soon fell, covering the dead and everything on deck, and she lay a complete wreck."

The two vessels had been pretty equally matched in size, number of guns, weight of metal, and crew. The Frolic, in fact, had four guns more than the Wasp; the latter, on the other hand, may have had a few more men than her opponent. The Frolic was only a brig, but she was quite as large as her three-masted antagonist. The strength in the engagement, if we may judge from the result, had been altogether on the side of the Americans. The Wasp, it is true, was completely cut up aloft, but her hull was hardly touched, and she had only five men killed and five wounded. The Frolic, on the contrary, had been hulled at every shot, and was almost a total wreck; while the havoc among her people was fearfully great. Not a score out of the whole crew of a hundred and twenty escaped unhurt.

As soon as the Frolic's decks had been cleared, the dead thrown overboard, and the wounded housed, Lieutenant Biddle was ordered to do his best toward repairing her, and try to take her into port. Captain Jones himself, in the Wasp, having caught sight of a suspicious-looking

stranger to the windward, determined to pursue his cruise. The Frolic and the Wasp now parted.

The suspicious vessel, with all sails set, came down very fast, right for the Frolic. At first it was supposed that she was one of the convoy of British vessels which had made off during the engagement, and was now about attempting to recapture the disabled prize. Lieutenant Biddle made ready to receive him, by loading the guns, and clearing the brig's deck for action. The stranger, however, turned out to be a British seventy-four, the Poictiers, Captain Beresford, who, as he came up, fired a gun over the Frolic, and then passed by in pursuit of the Wasp.

Jones did his best to get away; but, on shaking out his sails, he found them so torn into shreds, that his ship could make but little headway, and, being overtaken, was of course obliged to strike to the overpowering foe. After securing the Wasp, the Poictiers made for the Frolic, recaptured her, and took the two vessels into Bermuda.

On being restored to liberty, Captain Jones returned to the United States, and was received with acclamation by his fellow-citizens. His gallantry was acknowledged by eulogistic resolutions, festive celebrations, gifts of gilded swords, and all the usual manifestations of a grateful and demonstrative people.

Commodore WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE was another of those worthies whose heroic conduct contributed so largely toward the establishment of the early fame of the American navy. Born May 7, 1774, at Princeton, of a distinguished family long settled in New Jersey (which traced its origin to Sir Arthur Bainbridge, of Durham county, England), young Bainbridge enjoyed all the social privileges and advantages calculated to secure his advancement in life. The boy, however, being naturally of a bold, enterprising spirit, and of a vigorous, active temperament, rebelled against subjection to that discipline essential to the acquisition of a liberal education. His father was a physician, and would have had his son prepare himself also for a professional life. At the early age of fifteen, the youth, however, prevailed by his importunities in obtaining the consent of his parents to go to sea.

There was no American navy at the time, and young Bainbridge entered the merchant-service. He rose so rapidly, that he obtained the command of a ship before he was nineteen years of age! At that early period he not only gave proof of his skill as a navigator, but exhibited that dauntless courage and unflinching resolution which afterward so conspicuously distinguished him as a great naval commander. On one occasion, the ship Hope, of Philadelphia, of which he was master, was lying in the Garonne, on the western coast of France, when she was hailed by another American merchantman, to send aid in quelling a mutiny. Bainbridge hurried to the rescue in person, and by his prompt courage, sustained by his commanding mien and stalwart frame, at once succeeded in restoring discipline.

In the same ship (the Hope), while bound for one of the West-India islands,

he was attacked by a British privateer, mounting eight guns, and manned by thirty men. His own force was only an armament of four nines, and eleven men before the mast. The privateer began the attack without showing colors; but when the Hope returned it with a broadside, she hoisted the British flag, with the expectation of frightening her antagonist. Bainbridge, however, was not to be thus alarmed, and continued his fire with such skill and obstinacy, that the privateer, after having been well cut up, and lost a goodly portion of her crew, was obliged to lower her flag. Bainbridge could not legally take possession of the vessel, and, as he had but eleven men, he did not care to show his weakness, and refused even to board her. So, speaking the commander, he took his leave of him with these parting words: "Go tell your owners, if they want the Hope, they will have to send some one else to take her."

During the same voyage, the British man-of-war Indefatigable, commanded by Sir Edward Pellew, brought the Hope to with a gun, when a press-gang boarded her, and laid hold of the first-mate, who, on the strength of his name (Allan M'Kinsey), was claimed as a Scotchman, and so a British subject. M'Kinsey, however, who was a native of Philadelphia, seized a cutlass, and defended himself against the outrage. The English lieutenant at the head of the gang then pounced upon one of the sailors as a substitute, and bore him off, in spite of his protestations that he was an American, confirmed by the word of his captain. As the British officer left the deck of the Hope, Bainbridge solemnly declared to him that, if he fell in with an English vessel, he would take a sailor out of her, to fill the place of the man who had been so ruthlessly snatched away from his own ship. In a week afterward, Bainbridge was true to his word. He seized a man on board of an English merchantman at least equal in force to the Hope, and, shipping him as one of his crew, carried him into port.

These spirited acts of Bainbridge made him so noticeable a person, that when an American navy was organized in 1798, on a rupture with France being threatened, his application for a commission was readily granted. His first service was as lieutenant commandant of the cruiser Retaliation, previously known as *Le Coyatte*, a French privateer, which had been captured by the Delaware, Captain Stephen Decatur, the father of the celebrated commodore. Bainbridge had the misfortune, on his first cruise, to fall in with a large French force, and was obliged to strike. He was taken prisoner, but was soon restored to liberty.

On returning to the United States, he was appointed master commandant of the Norfolk, of eighteen guns. While in command of her, he performed "a neat and delicate evolution," which proved him no less skilful in manœuvre than he was bold in action. Having convoyed out of St. Kitts more than a hundred American traders, he was on his course, bound homeward, when a large French frigate hove in sight. It was vain to offer battle with his small brig to so superior an enemy. Bainbridge accordingly signalled his convoy to disperse; while he himself, with

his little vessel, occupied the attention of the frigate, and induced her to follow him, taking care to lead her a wild chase far out of the way of the merchantmen. The Norfolk just kept out of gun-shot until night came on, and then, giving her pursuer the slip, spread all her canvas, sailed on her course, and overtook her charge. Not a single vessel out of the hundred merchantmen was found missing, and the little Norfolk led them safely into port. Bainbridge, having subsequently made a satisfactory cruise to the West Indies, was on his return promoted to the rank of captain (May, 1800).

The next appointment of Bainbridge was to the command of the George Washington, formerly an East-Indiaman. His first service was to carry tribute to the dey of Algiers, which the United States, in common with other maritime nations, paid to that monarch of pirates, to purchase immunity from pillage, slavery, or murder. Bainbridge fulfilled the unwelcome duty with discretion, and, by his own manly and independent conduct, almost redeemed his country from the disgrace of having sent him on so ignoble a service. The George Washington was the first vessel of the new navy to carry the American pennant into the Mediterranean. The dey of Algiers, not satisfied with receiving his tribute, was so inordinate as to require a further service of Bainbridge.

The Algerine monarch had a tribute to pay himself. He had, somehow or other, lost the good will of the sultan of Turkey (Selim III.), but had been promised a return of it for the handsome consideration of half a million in gold, two or three hundred slaves, and a whole caravansary of wild beasts. This miscellaneously-assorted cargo the dey requested Captain Bainbridge to take on board and carry to Constantinople. Our hero objected, protested. The dey stormed and threatened. The only alternative was compliance, or capture and slavery, as the American ship was at the mercy of the Algerine pirates. Bainbridge, however, was firm in his own convictions of duty, and would not have yielded, had not the American consul insisted that the function he was asked to perform was usual, and essential to the protection of trade.

The George Washington finally sailed, with her decks loaded with caged tigers and lions, and thronged with Turks and Nubian slaves. Captain Bainbridge was humiliated to think that a national vessel should be thus degraded; but, although the roar of the wild beasts and the clatter of his turbaned passengers reminded him hourly of the dishonor, his personal good nature was not insensible to the humors of the occasion. He himself, on his return, was wont to keep the table in a roar with accounts of that memorable voyage. He would describe, with a sailor's unctuousness of merriment, how, as the ship tacked, the Mohammedans were puzzled, in their frequent prayers, to keep their pious faces toward Mecca; and of a nautical expedient, ingeniously suggested in the emergency—a man being stationed at the compass, to give the faithful due notice when it was necessary to "go about" with the frigate.*

* Cooper's Lives of Distinguished American Officers

On reaching the straits of the Dardanelles, Bainbridge, not having been supplied with a *firman*, was afraid of being detained, and he accordingly resolved to slip through without one. As the George Washington approached the castles with a strong southerly breeze, her sails were clewed up as if preparing to anchor, and salutes fired. Gun for gun was returned from the works, raising immense clouds of smoke, in the midst of which Captain Bainbridge hoisted all sail, swept at dashing speed through the straits, out of gunshot of fort and castle, into the sea of Marmora, and anchored under the walls of Constantinople. The George Washington was the first national vessel which had unfurled the United States flag in the face of the old city. The dreamy Turk, when he awoke to the sight, was greatly bewildered. When the George Washington was reported as belonging to the United States, the Turkish government sent back word that it knew of no such country. The explanation that the ship came from that New World which Columbus had discovered, served, however, to enlighten the sultan and his ministers; and the usual tokens of amity and welcome (a bunch of flowers and a lamb) were sent on board.*

At Constantinople, the handsome and courtly Bainbridge was received into high favor. The capudan pasha, who had married a sister of the sultan, took an especial liking to him, and entertained him frequently. On one of these occasions, his high mightiness casually alluded, as a matter of small interest, to the fact that the governor of the castles at the straits was about to lose his head for having allowed the George Washington to pass without a *firman*. Bainbridge was naturally shocked at this announcement, and, frankly acknowledging that the fault was his own, succeeded, through his influence with his distinguished Turkish host, in saving the life of the innocent governor. The American commander handsomely sustained in return the hospitable character of his country, and on one occasion gave a dinner, memorable for a company of guests, as well as a supply of eatables, from the four quarters of the globe.

After several weeks' stay at Constantinople, Captain Bainbridge returned to Algiers, where he arrived on the 20th of January, 1801, and anchored the George Washington off the town, and out of the reach of cannon-shot. The dey, with affected disinterestedness, expressed a fear that the ship would not be safe outside, and entreated Bainbridge to bring her in within the mole. Our hero, however, not putting much faith in Algerine hospitality, declined the offer. The dey now hit upon an expedient to force him to come in. The George Washington had some guns on board which had been borrowed from his Algerine majesty, and which could not be safely unshipped without being replaced by ballast. The despot now refused to allow this to be taken outside, and Bainbridge finally brought his ship within the mole.

The dey, having the George Washington in his power, asked that she should go back again, to carry his embassador to Constantinople! Bainbridge refused.

* Cooper.

The enraged despot threatened death or slavery as the alternative. At this moment, our hero, knowing that the lives of himself and countrymen were at the mercy of the barbarian, and still determined not to yield to his demand, fortunately calling to mind a letter of protection that he had received from his Turkish friend, the capudan pasha, produced it. The effect was magical. From a furious tyrant, the sovereign of Algiers was at once changed into a servile vassal; his "tongue all honey—his face all smiles." Not a word more was said about sending the George Washington to Constantinople. Bainbridge, in fact, had so strengthened himself in the opinion of the dey, that his interposition in behalf of some Frenchmen condemned to slavery proved effectual, and he had the satisfaction of landing them in safety at Alicant, an act of magnanimity which was heightened by the fact that, at the time, France was at war with the United States.

Bainbridge now returned home, where the government highly approved of his conduct during the adventurous oriental expedition, and manifested its confidence by appointing him to the command of the frigate Essex, of thirty-two guns. Joining the squadron under Commodore Dale, which was sent to the Mediterranean to check the piratical raids of the corsairs of the bashaw of Tripoli, the Essex did good service in the cruise, and returned home in 1802, after an absence of twelve months.

Another squadron having been ordered to the Mediterranean, under Commodore Preble, in 1803, Captain Bainbridge was given the command of the frigate Philadelphia, of thirty-eight guns. Each vessel of the force, however, went to sea separately as it got ready. The Philadelphia, soon after reaching the straits of Gibraltar, captured a cruiser from Morocco, and then sailed for Tripoli. While here, in chase of a corsair, the Philadelphia ran aground, and was taken possession of, as before related, by the barbarian enemy. For nineteen months, Captain Bainbridge and his officers suffered a cruel captivity, during which they beheld at midnight, through their prison-bars, the blaze of fire lighted up by the flames of the Philadelphia, when so gallantly attacked and burned by the spirited Decatur.

Again, on the 1st of August, 1804, the American captives clambered up to the windows, and saw with excited hope the gathering of the naval force of their country, come to avenge upon the piratical Tripolitans their oft-repeated wrongs and insults. Then they beheld, with proud expectation, their native flag flying from frigate, gun-boat, brig, and schooner, as the fleet boldly stood for the harbor in which lurked the barbarian monarch's horde of sea-robbers. With eager interest they watched the approach of their deliverers, and with the pride of sailors exulted in the beauty of their native craft, and in the skill with which they were handled. With straining eyes they saw the flash of the guns and the collecting clouds of smoke; listened with beating hearts to the thunder of the cannon; and, now that the struggle began, felt in that moment the full bitterness of a cap-

tivity which kept them from the decks on which stood their brave shipmates.

Louder roared the cannon, and thicker gathered the lurid smoke. The conflict was at its height. Now the shot fell fast, dashing the spray upon the sea-walls of their rock-bound prison. Turkish batteries and corsairs, and American broadsides, were thundering in mingled din. The cloud of smoke being swept away for a moment by the freshening breeze, the Constitution, "that glorious frigate," was seen proudly advancing to join the fray, with the men on her topgallant-yards gathering in the canvas as she closed, with as much coolness as if she were about to anchor in a native harbor. A glimpse, too, was caught of the gallant Decatur, as he dashed through the enemy's line of corsairs, past battery and castle, to avenge the murder of his brother, and his country's wrongs, upon the Turk. Closed up by the walls of their prison from all communication with their countrymen, and from sufficient sight to comprehend all that was passing, Bainbridge and his officers remained uninformed of the issue, but little doubting that the courage of their countrymen had been triumphant.

Again, four weeks later, the prisoners were aroused at night by the firing of guns. They at once sprang to the windows. The cannon no longer sounded; but here and there a light as of a ship's lantern, swinging with the gentle swell of the sea, glimmered out of the darkness. In a moment the night as it were passed away, and sky, and sea, and ship, and castle, and battery, and guns, and men, were illuminated by a blaze of light which brought them with a frightful suddenness and distinctness into view. Now a burning mast, with its canvas in flames, flashed upon the sight; then a loud explosion shook castle and tower, made the ships reel to and fro, and caused every heart to quake with fear. An instant afterward all was over, and darkness fell again on sea and land. Silence ruled the night.

That darkness was the pall which covered for ever the gallant Somers and his brave crew. While making an onset upon the enemy, the ketch Intrepid had thus suddenly exploded, leaving not a man to tell the history of the catastro phe. Many, knowing the daring of her heroic commander, declared it as their belief that he fired the train of his own vessel, to prevent her from falling into the hands of the swarming foe.

The result of the attack upon Tripoli was, a forced cessation of hostilities on the part of that barbarous power, and the restoration to liberty of the American prisoners.

At the time of Commodore Preble's expedition to the Mediterranean, Hamet, the legitimate sovereign of Tripoli, was an exile, having been deprived of his government by the usurpation of a younger brother. On the 23d of February, 1805, Mr. Eaton, the American consul at Tunis, in conjunction with Hamet, planned an expedition against the usurper, and obtained the sanction of the government of the United States to undertake it.

Accordingly, with about seventy seamen from the American squadron, togeth-

er with the followers of Hamet and some Egyptian troops, Eaton and the deposed prince, on the 16th of March, set out from Alexandria toward Tripoli, a distance of a thousand miles. Their route lay across the great Libyan desert, and in the passage the troops endured much hardship from fatigue, heat, and thirst. On the 26th of April, the invading army arrived at Derne, a city of Tripoli, situated on the Mediterranean, about six hundred and fifty miles eastward from the capital. The place was taken by assault on the following day, and the invaders pressed forward. Two engagements took place with the Tripolitan forces (on the 18th of May and the 10th of June), in which the latter were defeated. The reigning bashaw now offered much more favorable terms of peace than any which had previously been presented, and they were accordingly accepted by Mr. Lear, the authorized agent of the United States, who promptly concluded a treaty within the month of June.

Captain Bainbridge, on his return to the United States, finding that, with his growing family—for in his youth he had married a beautiful woman, the daughter of a governor of one of the West-India islands, and had been blessed with several children—it was scarcely possible, with six hundred dollars a year, to support them, sought to improve his fortune. He accordingly obtained leave to make several voyages in the merchant-service. These proved successful, and he was still pursuing them, when, being in the Baltic, he heard of the declaration of war with Great Britain, in June, 1812. Hurrying home, he presented himself at the seat of government, for duty. We have seen how, in conjunction with Commodore Stewart, he had succeeded in releasing the navy from that disgraceful inaction to which a timid administration had condemned it. He had, on that occasion, confidently pledged his favorite service to do honor to the country, and he was now eager to fulfil his bond.

Captain Bainbridge was immediately appointed to the command of the frigate Constellation; but, in a few weeks afterward, he was glad to be transferred to the Constitution, which the gallant Hull, sated with victory, and with a generous consideration for his fellow-commanders, had offered to give up.

CHAPTER XIII.

Bainbridge in the Constitution.—He commands a Squadron.—A Cruise.—Constitution and Hornet off San Salvador.—The Bonne Citoyenne.—A Challenge refused.—The Hornet on the Watch.—Departure of the Constitution.—A Sail.—The Enemy.—Eager for Battle.—Manœuvres.—Closing of the Combatants.—A Shot.—Showing Colors.—A Wary Antagonist.—The Action begun.—Bainbridge hit.—A Copper Bolt in the Thigh.—Loss of Wheel.—Trying to rake.—Clever Handling.—Luffing close.—Getting afoul.—Working clear.—Momentous Minutes.—Nothing but Stumps left.—The Java strikes.—Captain Lambert mortally wounded.—A Magnanimous Conqueror.—The Java blown up.—Comparative Strength and Losses.—Arrival of the Constitution at San Salvador.—Visit to the Dying Lambert.—Courtesies.—Death of Lambert.—Acknowledgments of the Enemy.—Future Greatness.—Bainbridge returns to the United States.—Triumphs and Promotion.—The Hornet seeks Refuge at San Salvador.—Escape.—Meets an Enemy's Ship.—Manœuvres.—A Speedy Victory.—Capture of the Peacock.—The End of the Peacock.—Death of her Commander.—Comparative Losses.—A Discreet Consort.—Return of Lawrence to New York.—Applause.—Popularity of the Navy.—Government Generosity.—New Ships.—Effect in Europe of our Naval Victories.

1812. COMMODORE BAINBRIDGE was now, for the first time, in command of a squadron; and he stood upon the deck of the Constitution, on which he hoisted his broad pennant, proudly exulting in his charge, and determined to justify the confidence of his country. The Essex, of thirty-two guns, Captain David Porter, and the sloop Hornet, of eighteen, Captain James Lawrence, were the two other vessels which, with the Constitution, formed the squadron, under Bainbridge, now ordered to cruise in the south Atlantic for the English East-Indiamen. The Constitution and the Hornet sailed in company from Boston. The Essex, then refitting in the Delaware, was ordered to follow and meet her consorts on the coast of South America. She, however, failed of the rendezvous, and became involved in a series of memorable adventures, which will hereafter be duly chronicled.

Oct. 26.

Dec. 13. The Constitution and the Hornet arrived off San Salvador, on the coast of Brazil, in due time. On the latter entering the harbor, she found the British cruiser, *La Bonne Citoyenne*, lying at anchor. The chivalric and impetuous Lawrence, notwithstanding the enemy's vessel was larger, and had more men and guns than his own, challenged her commander, Captain Green, to sail out and fight, pledging his honor that neither the Constitution, then off the harbor, nor any other American vessel, should interfere. But the British commander declined the combat, declaring that, although he was satisfied that the result of such an engagement would be favorable to his own ship, he was "equally convinced that Commodore Bainbridge could not swerve so much from the paramount duty that he owed his country as to become an inactive spectator, and see a ship belonging to the very squadron under his orders fall into the hands of the enemy."* In order to relieve his anxiety on this point, Bainbridge sailed away, and left the Hor-

* Analectic Magazine.

net alone. The British captain, however, still declined the challenge, and, from the fact that he had on board a large amount of specie intrusted to his keeping, was fully justified; although the reasons he alleged for his refusal, as they expressed a distrust of the word of Lawrence and Bainbridge, were gratuitously insulting.

Dec. 26. The Constitution, having left her consort, the Hornet, off San Salvador, on the watch for *La Bonne Citoyenne* (which was thus kept for a whole month blockaded in the harbor), sailed down the Brazilian coast to the southward. When three days out, about thirty miles from land, and the same distance south of San Salvador, the Constitution made two strange sail, in-shore and to the windward. They were soon discovered to be ships; and, when one stood in for the land, and the other off-shore, directing her course toward the Constitution, it became evident that the latter was an enemy's frigate, closing to give battle. Bainbridge, confident in his ship, in his officers and his crew, almost every man of which had shared in Hull's victory over the Guerriere, and ambitious himself of honor, eagerly sped to the encounter.*

Dec. 29. At a quarter of eleven o'clock in the morning, the Constitution tacked to the northward and westward, and stood for the approaching enemy. At eleven o'clock she tacked to the southward and eastward, hauling up her mainsail and taking in her royals, and in half an hour more setting them again, in order to draw off the stranger from the coast, and increase the distance between her and her companion. At about noon, being sufficiently far from the land, the Constitution took in her mainsail and royals, but, as the wind was light and the sea smooth, kept everything aloft ready for use, hoisted her ensign and pennant, tacked again, and stood right for the enemy. The strange ship now hoisted English colors, and bore down with the intention of raking, which the Constitution avoided by wearing.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, when the Englishman was within half a mile, to the windward, he was observed to have nothing but the union-jack flying at his mizzen. Bainbridge, to make him show all his colors again, ordered a shot to be fired across his bows. The signal was understood, and answered by hoisting the proper bunting, to which the Constitution rejoined by a full broadside. The enemy returned the fire; and then began a general action, with "round and grape" from both sides, while each vessel manœuvred to rake and to avoid being raked. Bainbridge strove to get closer, but his antagonist warily kept at a distance.

The action had hardly begun, when Bainbridge was wounded in the hip by a musket-ball; and, almost immediately afterward, came a shot which carried away the wheel, and drove a copper bolt into his thigh. The gallant commodore, how-

* "In receiving the Constitution from Hull, Bainbridge found her with only a portion of her old officers in her, though the crew remained essentially the same. Morris, her late first-lieutenant, had been promoted, and was succeeded by George Porter, a gentleman of Virginia, and a man of spirit and determination. John Shubrick and Beekman Hoffman, the first of South Carolina and the last of New York, two officers who stood second to none of their rank in the service, were still in the ship, as was Alwyn, her late master."—COOPER.

ever, kept at his post, hobbling as best he could along the quarter-deck, giving his orders without a falter, and refusing even to sit down. The loss of the wheel, which was dashed into splinters, was a serious matter, particularly as the enemy's vessel, being well manned and actively handled, and the better sailer in the light tropical wind, was constantly manœuvring to rake, and thus kept the Constitution always on the alert to check her purpose. It required all the tact of her officers, with her wheel gone, to work their ship by the awkward substitute by which the Constitution was now steered.*

Wearied of this fatiguing manœuvring, Bainbridge determined to close with his antagonist, in spite of his raking; and accordingly, setting the fore and main sails of his ship, he luffed up close to him. The enemy, finding himself thus hard pressed, and suffering greatly by the nearer fire, made an attempt to run the Constitution aboard; and, in the manœuvre, his jib-boom got foul of the Constitution's mizzen-rigging. In less than ten minutes, however, the Englishman's bowsprit and foremast being shot away, the two ships worked clear of each other. The rest will be best told in Bainbridge's own words: "At fifteen minutes past three, shot away his maintop-mast, just above the cap. At forty minutes past three, shot away the gaft and spanker-boom. At fifty-five minutes past three, shot away his mizzen-mast, nearly by the board. At five minutes past four, having silenced the fire of the enemy completely, and his colors in the main rigging being down, we supposed he had struck; we then hauled down courses, and shot ahead, to repair our rigging, which was extremely cut, leaving the enemy a complete wreck. Soon afterward, discovered that the enemy's flag was still flying. Hove-to, to repair some of our damage. At twenty minutes past four, wore ship and stood for the enemy. At twenty-five minutes past five, got very close to the enemy, in a very effectual raking position, athwart his bows, and, when about to fire, he most prudently struck his flag; for, had he suffered the broadside to have raked him, his additional loss must have been extremely great, as he lay an unmanageable wreck upon the water."

After these momentous "minutes," during which Bainbridge had won his victory, the Constitution, although her canvas was riddled and her rigging well cut up, came out of the battle with royal yards across as she had gone into it, and with each mast and spar in its place. The enemy's vessel, how different her plight! Stick after stick had been shot away, inch by inch, until nothing was left but a few stumps.*

As soon as the enemy struck, Bainbridge sent a boat (one out of the two only left of the eight with which he had gone into the struggle), with his first-lieutenant, to take possession of the conquered ship, which proved to be the frig-

* "When a frigate's wheel is gone, the tiller is worked by tackles, below two decks, and this makes awkward work; first, as to the transmission of orders, and next and principally, as to the degree of change, the men who do the work not being able to see the sails. There are two modes of transmitting the orders: one by a tube fitted for that express purpose, and the other by a line of midshipmen."—COOPER.

* Cooper.

ate Java, rated a thirty-eight, but carrying forty-nine guns, and with upward of four hundred men on board. The havoc among her people had been terrific. The English themselves acknowledged a loss of a hundred and twenty-four men in killed and wounded. Her commander, Captain Lambert, a man of high naval repute, had received a mortal wound, but still survived. On board the Java was Lieutenant-General Hislop, accompanied by his staff, on his way to India, where he had been appointed governor of the presidency of Bombay. When this gentleman and his officers were brought on board the Constitution, Bainbridge received them with his characteristic courtesy and that gentle kindness which always marks the conduct of a magnanimous conqueror. When the officers and crew had been taken out, with their personal baggage, and the wheel of the ship removed, to replace the lost one of the Constitution, the ill-fated Java was blown up, with all her valuable stores.*

The Constitution's loss in killed and wounded was comparatively small, there being but nine of the former and twenty-five of the latter. Among the dead, however, was the gallant Alwyn, who, for his courage and skill while sailing-master on the Constitution, in her previous battle with the Guerriere, had been promoted to a lieutenancy. The wounds of Bainbridge himself were so severe as to threaten the fatal result of lock-jaw; but so resolutely did he cling to his duty, that he remained from early afternoon, when first shot, until eleven o'clock at night, actively engaged on deck. Those eight hours of fatigue and irritation, torturing and inflaming an ugly wound made by a copper bolt, came near closing the commodore's life for ever; but, with a strong constitution, and the aid of a skilful surgeon, he succeeded in passing through the crisis of danger, and finally recovered.

On the arrival of the Constitution at San Salvador, where the wounded and dying prisoners were now conveyed, Bainbridge, with the magnanimous courtesy which always characterized him, returned to Captain Lambert his sword. The English commander was lying prostrate upon his cot, on the quarter-deck of the Constitution, when Commodore Bainbridge, himself still suffering from his severe injuries, approached, supported by two of his officers, and handed to the dying captain the weapon with which he had once so bravely fought, but which he would never wield again. As Bainbridge, with an expression of manly sympathy upon his face, and a few gentle words of condolence, bent his tall form over his dying antagonist, Lambert with a feeble grasp received his sword, and with a faint smile welcomed this generous recognition of that human fellowship which the brave and chivalrous never fail to acknowledge,

* "There is no doubt," says Cooper, "that she [the Constitution] was a heavier ship than her adversary [the Java], but the difference in the batteries was less than appeared by the nominal calibres of the guns; the American shot, in that war, being generally of light weight, while those of the Java, by some accounts, were French." The English always contended that the American ships had Kentucky riflemen in their tops. When this matter was being investigated by an English court of inquiry, a frank British tar was asked "if they had suffered much on the forecastle from musketry." — "Yes," he answered, "and likewise from *round and grape!*"

be they friends or foes. Captain Lambert lived but a few hours after this interview, which greatly cheered the last sad moments that were hurrying him on to the grave.

The courtesy and liberality with which Bainbridge treated his captives were acknowledged by Lieutenant-General Hislop in the gift of a handsome sword. Lieutenant Chad, who had succeeded to the command of the Java on Lambert's being disabled, wrote, in the report of the fight to the British government—"I can not conclude this letter without expressing my grateful acknowledgments thus publicly for the generous treatment Captain Lambert and his officers have experienced from his gallant enemy, Commodore Bainbridge and his officers." Admiral Jarvis declared that the deportment of the American commander toward his prisoners resembled the proud bearing of a grandee of Spain, in the days of her chivalry; and that this trait of national character, which indicated so much of future greatness, had given him, as an Englishman, much uneasiness and apprehension.

Bainbridge now hastened home with his ship, as she greatly required repairs, and reached Boston on the 27th of February. The victor was hailed with loud acclamation of praise throughout his native land, and was immediately appointed to the command of the navy-yard at Charlestown, in Massachusetts, where the Independence, a seventy-four gun ship, was building, on which the gallant commodore hoped to fly his broad pennant, and to win more laurels in another struggle with the great enemy on the ocean.*

1813.

The sloop Hornet, Captain Lawrence, as will be remembered, was left off San Salvador, blockading *La Bonne Citoyenne.* Here she remained on the watch for eighteen days, when the arrival of a British seventy-four, the Montague, forced her, in her turn, to enter and seek refuge in the neutral harbor, by the side of the enemy which she had challenged to combat. Lawrence, finding the tide thus strongly turned against him, resolved to give the slip to the Montague, which had come expressly to relieve *La Bonne Citoyenne* from her hard durance.

Accordingly, taking advantage of a dark night, the Hornet silently sailed out of the harbor, and, escaping the enemy, got safely to sea. While cruising on the coast, and having made a long stretch, to within a short distance of the mouth of

* The Independence was not ready for sea until after peace was declared. In 1815, Bainbridge sailed in her as flag-ship, to take command of the Mediterranean squadron, then engaged against the dey of Algiers. On his arrival, however, he found that his predecessor, the bold and dashing Decatur, had closed the war. He soon returned home, but was again despatched to the Mediterranean on a cruise, with no other purpose than a peaceful demonstration of American force to the piratical nations on that sea, that they might be impressed with the necessity of regarding the maritime rights of the United States. He again returned home; and, after serving at the head of the board of naval commissioners, and in command of the navy-yards at Philadelphia and Charlestown, he was finally so weakened in constitution, that he was obliged to retire to the repose of his own fireside. After lingering with a complication of diseases for more than half a year, he died in Philadelphia, on the 28th of July, 1833, at the age of fifty-nine. In the delirium of his last moments, he rose convulsively from his bed, demanded his arms, and ordered all hands to be called to board the enemy. In a moment more, however, he was forced to strike to the great conqueror Death; and the hero, vanquished at last, fell back dead.

the Demerara river, in British Guiana, she got sight, on the 24th of February, of a
1813. man-of-war brig, with English colors. As his enemy bore down, Captain Lawrence cleared his ship for action, and beat to quarters. Both vessels were hauled close to the wind, each striving for the weather-gage, and rapidly closed. Nearer and nearer they came, until now, with their heads turned in opposite directions, they passed within half pistol-shot distance, and, as they sailed by, discharging full broadsides from their larboard-batteries. As soon as he got past, the Englishman put his helm hard up, and wore short round, in order to rake his antagonist. The Hornet, however, skilfully defeated the purpose of this manœuvre by doing the same, and thus coming down on his quarter in a "perfect blaze of fire." Lawrence, closing in with his ship, and keeping the position which he had so skilfully obtained, poured in his broadsides with such vigor, that in ten minutes afterward the enemy had not only hauled down his colors, but hoisted a signal of distress, while in a moment more his mainmast fell by the board.

Lawrence sent his lieutenant to take possession of the prize. That officer hurried back with the intelligence that she was the British sloop-of-war Peacock, of eighteen guns, Captain Peake, and that she had been so damaged in the conflict, that she had already six feet of water in her hold, and was fast sinking. Captain Lawrence at once ordered his boats to her relief. The wounded were removed, the anchors let go, the guns thrown overboard, the shot-holes plugged, and the pumps set a-going, but all in vain. She gave a lurch, and down she went, carrying with her thirteen of the British sailors and three brave American seamen who were striving to save them. The commander of the Peacock had received two wounds, the last soon proving fatal. His body, wrapped in the national flag, was laid in the cabin, to sink with the vessel.

The slaughter had been great for so brief an engagement. The Peacock had her captain and four men killed, and thirty-three wounded. The Hornet had but one man killed and two wounded.* Although Captain Lawrence had somewhat the more powerful vessel, his rapid and complete victory was due to the superior manner in which he had sailed and fought his ship.

During the action, the British brig *L'Espiegle*, of considerable force, lay at anchor in-shore, about six miles distant. Lawrence, thinking it possible she might come out to battle, took care to be in readiness to receive her. The Hornet had new sails bent, her boats all snugly stowed, and her decks cleared ready for another conflict, by nine o'clock at night, although the first had not closed until

* "The Peacock was a vessel of the Hornet's size, being a little shorter but having more beam. Her proper armament was thirty-twos, but, for some reason that is not known, they had been changed for lighter guns; and in the action she mounted sixteen twenty-four pound carronades, two light long guns, a twelve-pound carronade on her topgallant forecastle, and another light long gun aft. By her quarter-bill she had one hundred and thirty men on board at the time she was taken. This force rendered her inferior to the Hornet, which ship mounted eighteen thirty-two pound carronades, and two long twelves. The Hornet, in the action, mustered one hundred and thirty-five men fit for duty."—COOPER.

nearly six o'clock, and much of the evening had been passed in the attempt to rescue the sinking Peacock. The Englishman, however, showing no disposition to engage, the Hornet at break of day made sail for home, and arrived in New York toward the end of March.

Feb. 25.

On his arrival, Captain Lawrence was hailed with applause, as had been Bainbridge, his superior in the service, and was promoted to the command of the frigate Chesapeake.

The victories of the Constitution and the Hornet, following the earlier triumphs of the little American navy, served to confirm its popularity with the people. The government was now convinced that a service which showed so much vigor in its neglected infancy, was capable of being cherished into a maturity of grandeur and power. Congress no longer disowned the navy, cutting it off as it were with a shilling, but proudly welcomed the once-abandoned offspring, and bestowed upon it its share of the national bounty. An act was passed on the 2d of January, empowering the president to build four seventy-fours and six ships of forty-four guns each. Again, on the 3d of March, six sloops-of-war were ordered to be built for ocean-service, and as many vessels as might be required for disputing the control of the lakes.

1813.

The effect in Europe of our naval triumphs was no less manifestly great. "No words," says Alison, the intensely British historian, "can convey an adequate idea of the impression which the successive capture of these three frigates and two sloops made, not only in Great Britain and America, but over the whole civilized world. The triumphs of the British navy, for above a century, had been so uninterrupted, and the moral influence they had in consequence acquired had become so prodigious, that it was generally believed, both at home and abroad, that they were invincible, and that no other nation had any chance of success in combating them on the ocean but by the most decided superiority of force. When, therefore, it was seen that, in repeated instances of combats of single vessels of the same class against each other, the ships of the United States had proved victorious, the English were stunned as by the shock of an earthquake; the Americans were immeasurably, and with good reason, elated; and the other nations in Europe thought that they discerned at last the small, black cloud arising over the ocean which was to involve the British maritime power in destruction."

CHAPTER XIV.

Consolation of the War-Party.—Favorable European News.—Trumpet-Blast in Congress.—Downfall of Great Britain.—The Triumphs of Napoleon.—The War-Question in Congress.—Quincy.—Pathos of Clay.—Renewal of Energy.—President Madison forced to move.—The Cabinet revolutionized.—The New Members.—Another Loan.—Stephen Girard.—John Jacob Astor.—Parrish.—Lives of the Financiers.—Confidence.—More Regulars, and Better Pay.—Major-Generals and Brigadiers appointed.—Movement on the Frontiers.—Force of Harrison.—Plan of Campaign.—Clearing the Way to Malden.—Winchester's Winter March.—Slow Progress to the Rapids.—Huts and Indian Corn.—French Arrivals.—Sad Story.—More Messengers from Frenchtown.—An Irresistible Appeal.—To the Rescue.—Meeting with the Enemy.—A Struggle.—Rescue of Frenchtown.—Arrival of Winchester at Frenchtown.—Daring Kentuckians.—Advance of General Proctor.—A Forced March.—Reckless Confidence.—A Fortunate Delay.—Call to Arms.—The Ready Lewis.—The Injudicious Winchester.—Assault on Frenchtown.—Rout of the Americans.—Barbarity of the Indians.—The Prisoners.—A Ruse.—The Capitulation.—Protests.—Better Terms.—Breach of Faith.—Ferocity of the Indians.—The British and American Losses.—Tardy Interposition of General Harrison.—Harrison at the Rapids.—Fort Meigs.

1813. THE war-party found consolation for the failure of their magnificent schemes for conquering Canada, in the triumphs of the little navy, which they were now glad to welcome to their especial favor, and in the increasing European troubles, which seemed to be gathering in crushing force upon Great Britain. Believing that England had full employment for her resources in the great conflict which she was waging with all Europe, marshalled to battle under Napoleon, the Congressional partisans of the war raised their voices still louder for the continuance of hostilities, and more confidently than ever sang their anticipatory pæans of victory. With the second election of Madison (now their sworn confederate) to the presidency, the late naval triumphs, and the "favorable European news," to inspirit them with fresh martial ardor, the young democratic orators opened the second session of the twelfth Congress (1812 and '13) with a trumpet-blast.

The downfall of Great Britain was confidently predicted. The French eagles were again flying in triumph over Madrid; and Napoleon, having subdued western Europe, had (in search, as it were, of another world to conquer) marched to Russia. Fresh from the tragic glories of Borodino, he had entered Moscow; and the universal dominion which he coveted seemed within his grasp. This was the intelligence which gave apparent sanction to the policy of our young statesmen in favor of continuing the war with an enemy who, however great, was preoccupied with a greater.

The report of the army-bill revived the discussion of the war-question. The vehement Quincy, as the spokesman of the federalists, bitterly denounced the invasion of Canada as wanton and senseless, and its advocates as young politicians only half hatched, to whom reason and justice were nothing, and revenge everything. Henry Clay, himself one of the "young politicians" against whom Quin-

cy's rude sarcasm was directed, in his eloquent answer won the sympathy of his audience, from many of whom he drew tears, by his pathetic story of the wrongs inflicted by Great Britain upon our sailors — wrongs which he declared justified war to the uttermost. In alluding to the ill success of the first campaign against Canada, the young orator insisted that it had been owing, not to a want of courage or capacity, but of discipline and experience. He was not to be discouraged by past disaster, but would seek to repair it by more efficient action in the future. He would call out the fullest resources of the country, and, striking the enemy at sea and on land, negotiate a peace at Quebec or Halifax.

Clay's speech was expressive of the feeling of the dominant party, and the action of Congress and the administration was in accordance. It was determined to carry on the war with renewed energy, and great efforts were made to invigorate every department of the government with a more efficient spirit. The cabinet was the first to feel the effect of the revival. President Madison himself, however inert, was necessarily a fixture; but he was so far induced to comply with the general stir among his party, as to revolutionize his cabinet. Eustis, the secretary of war, made way for Monroe, who subsequently, in his turn, yielded to General Armstrong. Hamilton was forced to transfer the navy department to the practical William Jones, who was once a shipmaster and merchant.

Another loan was authorized, toward supplying the estimated deficiency, in the revenue for the year, of twenty-four millions of dollars. The federalists, whose influence was pre-eminent among the merchants and bankers, succeeded in greatly thwarting the government, by opposing subscriptions to the loan. Three trials were made in vain before the amount could be obtained, and then only, as the federal journals took care contemptuously to remark, by the aid of three foreigners, who conjointly subscribed more than half the loan. These were Girard, Astor, and Parrish. The two former were remarkable examples of the sudden rise from the humblest poverty to the greatest opulence.

STEPHEN GIRARD, a Frenchman, beginning life as a cabin-boy, rising to the command of a small West-India trader, and subsequently establishing himself as a merchant, had now purchased the building of the late Bank of the United States, set up a bank of his own, and was already considered the richest man in Philadelphia. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, originally a poor immigrant from Germany, advertising on his arrival in New York his whole stock in trade for sale (consisting of a single rickety piano made by his brother in London, and intrusted to the young adventurer on commission), was now the great fur-merchant of the West, with millions at command, and financial shrewdness to employ them at any advantage which might offer. Astor, though at the time of much less wealth than Girard, was destined, in the future, by a longer life, and the fortunate circumstance of being a denizen of the more progressive city, to accumulate much the greater riches.

These foreigners had experienced, in their own rapid rise to wealth, the great resources of their adopted country, and, whatever might be the temporary effect upon trade of the war, did not doubt the future affluence of the American Union. They therefore loaned the government their millions, with unhesitating confidence in its security. Parrish, the partner of a great Hamburg house, was perhaps more tempted by the discount offered than by the trust which he felt in the future greatness of the country. It was a function of his trade to take risks, and a government loan at eight per cent. was a temptation not easily resisted.

Other measures were resorted to, to give efficiency to the campaign of the year. To encourage recruiting, the pay of the private soldier was raised from six to eight dollars per month; and recruits were allowed the option of serving for five years or during the war, and were guarantied from arrest for debt while in service. The president was authorized, in lieu of the inefficient volunteer system, to enlist twenty regiments of regulars, who were to serve for twelve months, and to receive each a bounty of sixteen dollars.

Six new major-generals and eight more brigadier-generals, together with an increased number of other officers, were authorized. Accordingly, the popular Harrison, Wilkinson, Hampton, Morgan Lewis, William R. Davie, of South Carolina, and Aaron Ogden, of Revolutionary renown, were raised to the rank of major-generals. The eight raised to the new brigadier appointments were Cushing, Parker, Izard, Pike, Winder, M'Arthur, Cass (the secretary of state, under President Buchanan), and Howard. Swartwout, of New York, succeeded Morgan Lewis as quartermaster, and had also the rank of a brigadier.

In the meantime, the American army on the Canadian frontier had begun, as the new year opened, to show signs of fresh activity. General Harrison held his force in three divisions: one under General Tupper, at Fort M'Arthur; the second under General Winchester, at Fort Defiance (which was situated at the confluence of the river Au Glaize with the Maumee, in the northwest part of Ohio, and at the southeast extremity of Williams county); and the third under his own personal command, at Sandusky.

Harrison now proposed to carry out the great purpose of his northern expedition, that of wresting the territory of Michigan from the British, into whose hands it had fallen, as will be recollected, through the cowardice and pusillanimity of General Hull. His plan was, first to strike at Malden, on Lake Erie. This post, by its proximity to Detroit, on the American side, from which it was only separated by the width of the outlet of the lake, was of great aid (by securing the communication with the Canadian provinces) in giving the British a firm hold upon Michigan. A successful blow at Malden, Harrison believed, would lead to the capture of Detroit, and the recovery of the whole territory.

Harrison's first object was, to clear the way to Malden, by dislodging the Indians, who here and there might interrupt

the march of the troops or the transportation of supplies. In November of the previous year, General Tupper had been sent to the rapids of the Maumee (about eighteen miles from the mouth, and near the ground where General Wayne defeated the savages in 1794) on this duty, at the head of seven hundred Ohio militia, but had miserably failed in its performance, and returned ingloriously to Fort M'Arthur.

Now that Harrison was reinforced, and prepared, as he believed, effectually to carry out the objects of his expedition, he ordered General Winchester to precede him, and clear the way for the march to Malden. He was directed to push immediately forward to the rapids of the Maumee, to root out all Indians and hostile parties, to construct log-houses for the protection of the coming supplies, and to prepare sledges for the expedition through the snow and over the ice into Canada.

At the head of a thousand Kentuckians, General Winchester accordingly began his march for the rapids just at the close of the old year. The northern winter was at the height of its severity. The snow covered the whole country to a depth everywhere of two feet, and here and there was heaped up in drifts towering far above the heads of horse and man. Through the deep snow the hardy Kentuckians, harnessing themselves to sledges, dragged their baggage, and laboriously but cheerfully struggled on their march. They moved so slowly, and were obliged to encamp so often by the way, that they were ten days in going from Fort Defiance to the rapids of the Maumee, a distance of less than forty miles.*

Dec. 31.

Here Winchester, in obedience to the directions of General Harrison, finding no show of an enemy but a small Indian encampment, which he promptly dispersed, immediately began to construct huts and sledges, and to gather Indian corn from the fields for the use of the proposed expedition to Malden. While thus employed, there arrived in the camp two Frenchmen from Frenchtown,† about thirty miles in his advance, on the river Raisin, which empties into the northwestern extremity of Lake Erie.‡ These came in with a sad account of the horrors of the position of the town. The British were about to carry off the grain and cattle, and the fierce savages to burn the houses and massacre the inhabitants. "Our wives and children are in danger," they said, as they earnestly appealed to General Winchester for aid. "Without it, we have no hope; with it, we may be able to save them. Come, but come at once, or it will be too late!" Such were the words of their piteous entreaties.

Jan. 13.

The day following the arrival of the Frenchmen, there came another delegate from the endangered town, with a more anxious solicitation for aid in behalf of

* Armstrong.

† Frenchtown is situated on the north bank of the river Raisin, near its mouth, and about twenty-five miles southwest from Detroit. The flourishing town which has since grown up on the south bank of the stream at this place, is now called Monroe.

‡ The Raisin river, so called by the early settlers, from the numerous wild grapes which formerly grew upon its banks, enters Lake Erie from the west, some two and a half miles below the village of Monroe.

the terrified inhabitants. Again, on the third day, a third messenger, still more expressive of alarm, and urgent for aid, appeared. General Winchester, though at first not disposed to swerve from the plan of the campaign, finally yielded to the appeal from Frenchtown, and determined to send a detachment to its relief. Accordingly, Colonel Lewis, with five hundred and fifty men, who cheerfully plodded their way through the deep snow and rotten ice, marched to the rescue of the inhabitants. Colonel Allen, who had warmly advocated the measure, cheerfully followed Lewis with a hundred and ten more. "Can we turn a deaf ear to the cries of men, women, and children, about to perish under the scalping-knife and tomahawk of the savage?" said the latter officer in the council of war, as he forcibly spoke in behalf of the claims of humanity. Colonel Allen overtook Lewis at Presque isle, where the combined forces encamped for the night.

Jan. 17.

Having received intelligence that a party of British and Indians were already in possession of Frenchtown, and that Colonel Elliott was on the way from Malden (only eighteen miles distant, on the other side of the lake) with a considerable reinforcement, Colonel Lewis hastened forward, in order, if possible, to save the inhabitants from both the immediate and the coming danger. A rapid march brought him within view of the enemy, who, already apprized of the approach of the Americans, were prepared to receive them.

On approaching the bank of the river Raisin, opposite the settlement of Frenchtown, Lewis drew up his little force in order of battle. Colonel Allen commanded the right, Major Graves the left, and Major Madison the centre, while Captain Ballard was sent on with two companies in advance. On reaching the frozen river, the enemy began a brisk fire from a howitzer which they had planted on the opposite side; but the Americans, being ordered to the charge, rapidly pushed across the ice, and fell with such vigor upon the works of the foe, that they soon demolished his pickets, silenced his guns, and drove both British and Indians into the neighboring forest.

Jan. 18.

Here, under cover of the wood, the enemy rallied again, but were once more put to flight by a spirited onset by Colonel Allen and the right wing. Again, the British, under Major Reynolds, made an attempt to break the American line, but were repulsed. Night coming on, the enemy collected their dead and wounded, and gave up the useless struggle, leaving Frenchtown and its inhabitants to the protection of those who had so gallantly gone to their rescue.

When intelligence of the success of Colonel Lewis reached General Winchester, he placed himself at the head of two hundred and fifty men, and led them at once to Frenchtown, where he arrived only two days after the victory. The daring Kentuckians, flushed with triumph, and confident in their skill, held their exposed position in the "open village," without the least distrust of their power of defending it until General Har-

Jan. 20.

rison (who had been duly informed of their success, and was now on the march) might arrive with a reinforcement. So emboldened were they, that they became reckless, and, with the license of militiamen and volunteers, straggled wilfully away from the encampment, while the ordinary precaution of placing a picket-guard was neglected.

In the meantime, General Proctor, the British commander at Malden, being duly informed of the progress of events, rapidly gathered a miscellaneous force, consisting of five hundred regulars, seamen, and militia, and a horde of six hundred savages, and pressed forward to attack the Americans. By a forced march, Proctor reached within striking distance on the very night of the day on which he had set out, and came to a halt, waiting for the break of day. Thus had the British commander been permitted to advance, and even to establish a battery, within "point-blank shot of the town," without being discovered or disturbed by the Americans, in whose camp "nothing was seen but disregard for themselves, nor anything heard but contempt for their enemy."* Proctor's force, having fortunately delayed its attack till morning, was thus prevented from taking the reckless Kentuckians entirely off their guard.

Just as the morning *reveille* was arousing the American camp from its thoughtless slumber, an "outlying sentinel" gave the first alarm of the presence of the enemy. The drums beat to arms, and the force was hurriedly posted to await the coming assault. The six hundred men under the ever-ready Colonel Lewis rapidly took a position behind the pickets. The veteran General Winchester, however, who appears to have been less prompt in the emergency, or less judicious, drew out his two hundred and fifty men in a line, in an open field on the right of the town.

Jan. 22.

The enemy came on to the assault covered in front by artillery, and on the flanks by their savage allies. When they arrived within musket-shot of the pickets, the Kentuckians received them with a fire so well directed, so galling, and so incessant, that they were forced to wheel about and retire.

Finding himself repulsed in this direction, General Proctor rallied his whole force, and concentrated it in an impetuous attack upon the two hundred and fifty men whose unprotected position in the open field had not escaped his notice. The Americans were necessarily at the mercy of their opponents, and soon began to give way before their overwhelming numbers. General Winchester and Colonel Lewis, at the head of fifty men each, rushed from behind the pickets, on the left, to the rescue of their comrades on the right; but they were too few to stay the onset of the enemy, and were overwhelmed in the common fate. The Wyandot Indians, though boasting to be civilized Christians, now proved themselves still savages by their ruthless cruelty. A few of the Americans, however, were saved from the tomahawk by the interposition of the English officers, and borne as prisoners to the British com-

* Armstrong.

mander. Among these were Winchester and Lewis.

General Proctor showed no disposition to renew the attack upon that part of the American force which had so gallantly repelled him, and still from behind its slight defences bade him defiance. The British commander now strove to obtain by a diplomatic manœuvre what he hesitated to attempt by military tactics. He summoned his prisoner, General Winchester, to his presence, and, magnifying his force, and exaggerating his resources, addressed him thus: "I have the means of setting fire to every house in the village, without risk to myself; and may thus soon and safely reduce the party which so unwisely attempts to defend it. But, in this case, what will be the fate of the inhabitants (men, women, and children), and of the American militia associated with them? Such of them as may escape the fire of our musketry and cannon will unavoidably fall under the tomahawks of our allies, whom it will be impossible to restrain in the heat of action. May I never witness such a spectacle! But, need I tell you that private feelings can not be indulged at the expense of public duty; and that however agreeable it would be to me, as a *man*, to avoid the employment of means so terrible in themselves as those I have suggested, yet, as an *officer*, I can not be justified in omitting to do whatever may be necessary or useful to the king's service? I have, therefore, to submit to you a single and short proposition, containing the only remedy the case admits of; and that is, that in your quality of commanding general, you will immediately surrender to me Frenchtown and the garrison it contains."

General Winchester, singularly open to appeals to his humanity, was persuaded by Proctor's artful address, and consented to capitulate. But when the aid-de-camp entered the town and informed Majors Graves and Madison (who, by the capture of their superiors, had succeeded to the command) "that they and their followers had been surrendered prisoners-of-war to the arms of his Britannic majesty," they indignantly spurned the act, and declared that, since their general had become a prisoner, he had no right to surrender that portion of his troops which had not only remained unconquered, but were victorious. Major Madison, however, who was now the superior in command, and upon whom the whole responsibility rested, after reflection upon the weakness of his defences, the superiority of the enemy, and the act of the American general, though open to question, resolved to consent to a surrender, but only on terms of his own dictation. "We shall run all risks," he replied to the messenger, "of a prolonged resistance, and perish, if such must be our fate, in a free and full use of our arms, unless the British commander will come under a solemn engagement that private property shall in all cases be respected; that the side-arms of officers shall be restored to them on their arrival at Amherstburg; that the wounded shall be promptly and securely transported to that post; and that, until this last provision be complied with, a guard sufficient for their protection shall be assigned to them." After hesitating awhile, and

indulging in some "unmanly" prevarication, Proctor finally consented to Major Madison's terms, and Frenchtown and the Americans who held it were surrendered to the enemy.

How far the British commander was true to his word, solemnly pledged, may be learned not only from American but English records. An American annalist (M'Afee) declares that the prisoners, to the number of about six hundred, were hurried off in the night to Amherstburg (Malden), where "they were penned up in a small and muddy woodyard, and exposed throughout the night to a cold and constant rain, without tents or blankets, and with only fire enough to keep them from freezing." The dead were left on the ground, "a prey to the hogs and dogs of the village;" and the wounded were abandoned to the mercy of the Wyandot savages, who, it was remarked with a cruel mockery, "would be found excellent surgeons."

Jan. 23.

"It must be regretted," says a British writer, "that the ungovernable ferocity of our Indian allies (who, on the day after the battle, are said to have slaughtered, in spite of the British, such of the wounded prisoners as were unable to walk) should have tarnished the honor of the victory."*

By the battle and the massacre, the Americans lost nearly three hundred, and over six hundred were taken prisoners. The loss of the enemy was also severe, amounting, according to their own statements, to twenty-four killed and one hundred and fifty-eight wounded. Kentucky, which had lost a number of its most distinguished citizens by the disaster on the river Raisin, and the cruelty of a barbarous foe, was overwhelmed with sadness.

* Chrystie.

END OF VOL. II.

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